



MACMILLAN'S
READING BOOKS.

Book VI.

(STANDARD VI. AND HIGHER CLASSES.)

London :
MACMILLAN AND CO.
1885.

STANDARDS VI. & VII.

ENGLISH CODE.

Standard VI.—To read a passage from one of Shakespeare's historical plays, or from some other standard author, or from a history of England.

Standard VII.—To read a passage from Shakespeare or Milton, or from some other standard author, or from a history of England.

CLASS SUBJECTS.

Standard VI.—To recite one hundred and fifty lines from Shakespeare or Milton, or some other standard author, and to explain the words and allusions.

To parse and analyse a short complex sentence, and to know the meaning and use of Latin prefixes in the formation of English words.

Standard VII.—To recite one hundred and fifty lines from Shakespeare or Milton, or some other standard author, and to explain the words and allusions.

To analyse sentences, and to know prefixes and terminations generally.

SCOTCH CODE.

For Ordinary Pass.

Reading with improved expression, explanation, and grammatical analysis, of passages selected by the Inspector.

Specific Subject—English Literature and Language ; 3rd year. (*Art. 21 and Schedule IV., Scotch Code.*)

Three hundred lines of poetry, not before brought up, repeated ; with knowledge of meaning and allusion, and some general knowledge of the history, construction, and etymology of the English language.

N.B.—Poems of some length should preferably be selected.

NOTE.—This book is intended also for Pupil Teachers and for higher classes.

BOOK VI.

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INTRODUCTION

TO

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

THE extracts in this book, which represent the chief English authors in verse and prose, will be made more interesting if we obtain a connected view of our literature, and its growth. In this way, by seeing how each age was influenced by that which preceded it, we shall have some idea of the relation which these authors bear to one another.

For this purpose it is necessary to divide the history of our literature into several parts. The division may very well be made in various ways; and we must not hope to find that any one epoch or period is very clearly marked off, either in time or in character, from that which precedes, and from that which follows it. It will be quite enough if the division tells us something of the character of each age, and does so in such a way as to make what it tells us remain in our memories.

* The division, then, with which we begin is

I. The Period of Old English.

1. This period is often distinguished by the name Anglo-Saxon; but this name is misleading, if for no other

INTRODUCTION TO

reason, because it leads us to suppose that there is some decided break between the language then in use and the language of a later time. The older and the later languages are indeed one and the same; only into the later language great changes and additions have been admitted. But the groundwork remains.

449-1066.

2. This period extends from the conquest of Britain by our ancestors, in the fifth century, down to the year 1066. These ancestors came from the country lying about the mouths of the Elbe and the Weser, and spoke a Teutonic tongue, a dialect of the Low Dutch. The earlier part of the period was too much occupied with war and conquest, which was slow and gradual, to produce anything in the way of literature. But the conquering race had brought over with them a number of legends and songs, which were current amongst them, although perhaps not written down.

*Legend of
Beowulf*

3. It was one of these, the Legend of the hero Beowulf and his toils, that became the subject of perhaps the earliest English poem of which any fragments remain. It was written in the form in which it has come down to us, certainly after the English became Christian (at the close of the sixth century), and we may take it to belong to a period not earlier than the seventh century. But the deeds it describes belong to the countries with which the race had been familiar before they came to England, though the scene is laid in Yorkshire; and the poem preserves the general colouring of Pagan times, in spite of the occasional touches of Christianity with which it has been overlaid. It is interesting, not so

much from its poetry, as because it tells us how much of courage against adversity, of perseverance in toil, of determination never to yield, there must have been in the race for whom it was written ; and how prone they were to imagine some sympathy with themselves in the storms and the convulsions of nature.

4. The next English poem is the **Paraphrase of Caedmon**. *Caedmon's Paraphrase*
670. This is a metrical version of several books of the Old and New Testaments, and in the treatment of its subject it bears a striking resemblance to the 'Paradise Lost' of Milton. The author lived on the lands of the monastery of Whitby, a house connected with the Celtic monastery of Lindisfarne. This shows us how the early impulse to poetry in England was perhaps stirred by contact with the Celtic race ; that race about whose life and character there was so much of picturesqueness and of poetry. In the ordinary songs of his companions, we are told Caedmon would not join ; and, in obedience to a vision seen in his dreams, he began to "sing of the origin of things."

5. In northern England lived also Baeda or Bede, *Bede.*
658-735. who belonged to the monastery of Jarrow-on-Tyne. He lived a generation after Caedmon ; and, although we hear of his writing in English, although his name is celebrated in the early history of our literature, yet his only works which remain to us are in Latin. The principal of these is his *Ecclesiastical History*, which tells us of the conversion of England to Christianity. His name is venerable, not for what he wrote only, but for the earnest work of education, on which he spent his life

and strength. Surrounded by his students, he dictated to them, even on his death-bed, his English translation of St. John's Gospel.

*Danish
Invasions.*

6. The Danish invasions of the ninth century broke up many of the monasteries, and distracted men's attention from literary work. Scholarship decayed; and

*Alfred
871-901.*

King Alfred found work to do, not only in settling some terms with the Danes, but in bettering the state of learning in his country. The decay of Latin Scholarship, if no better reason, compelled him to give his

*His transla-
tions.*

attention to English, and he translated from Boethius, the latest Pagan philosopher, and from other Latin authors, for the benefit of his people. In his time also

*Saxon
Chronicle.*

the **Saxon Chronicle**, which keeps up a continuous record of events in old English, down to the reign of Henry II., was, in its present shape, begun. Alfred's is the earliest English prose.

*Norman
Conquest.
1066.*

7. No other name of marked importance occurs in the remainder of this period. Occasional songs, the principal occurring throughout the Saxon Chronicle, and celebrating some victory for the national arms, show that the national genius was still alive. But with the Norman Conquest, the oldest form of the language comes to an end, and a new period begins.

II. Period of Transition.

FROM 1066 TO 1360.

1. With the Norman Conquest, a race, which, though Teutonic like our own, had adopted French customs and the French language, becomes dominant in England.

Henceforward the English language ceases to be a written, and sinks into a spoken language only. The conquering race use French and Latin, and these for a time continue to be the only written languages in the country. The English language, now no longer fixed by being used as in literature and by the educated, undergoes continual change, and diverges more and more into local dialects. It was disused in the schools; the language of the scholar was Latin; of the courtier, French.

2. This continued to be the case for at least a century and a half. During this century and a half, literature was not inactive; but it was not properly English literature, though produced on English soil. Chroniclers were numerous. Religious treatises were spread abroad by an active, but really foreign, clergy. With **Geoffrey of Monmouth**, began the long line of Arthurian romance, which was soon after read by much the same audience in the French version of Wace, where it blended with the legends of Brittany on the same subjects. Legal treatises again proved the active working of constitutional principles. The satire of **Mapes** and **Wireker** shows that abuses of the Church were not sheltered from criticism. On the whole the time was active; but added nothing to English literature.

English in abeyance.
1006-1215.

Geoffrey of Monmouth.
Circ. 1156.

E. G. Glanvil.
Circ. 1190.

Walter Mapes.
1140-1200.
Wireker.
Temp. Henry II. 1154-1189

3. Soon after the beginning of the thirteenth century, the English language began to recover itself. The English part of the population was no longer down-trodden and unimportant. Their language now began to have its literature. The first book of any importance

*Layamon.
Temp. John.*

was the **Brut of Layamon**, which gave in the English tongue the early legends of the island which had already received a Latin and a French dress (from Geoffrey of Monmouth and Wace). It was followed by the probably contemporary **Ormulum of Ormin**, in which the Gospel lessons were amplified for the English reader; and by many other English books of less importance. In these books hardly a trace of French intermixture appears in the language; the Old English remains, but it is greatly transformed by dialectal peculiarities, and by the dropping of case inflexions; both the results of its long use as a spoken language only.

*Ormin.
Temp. John.
(1199-1216.)*

4. The English language has thus regained so much of its position as to have a place in the literature of the country, after a lapse of one hundred and fifty years. But it still remains, for more than a century longer, a language less read in England than either French or Latin. The new scientific impulse, of which **Roger Bacon** is the most striking representative, took a Latin dress. The bulk of the romance literature, on the other hand, was written, for the use of the court and aristocracy, in French. Only very slowly did the different channels converge, and a new language take shape out of the three which had previously divided the nation.

*Roger Bacon,
1214-1293.*

III. The New, or Mixed Language.

FROM 1360 TO 1500.

1. In 1360 the first part of Edward III.'s war with France was brought to a close in the peace of Bretigny.

The claim on the French crown was abandoned; the feudal tie between the French and English kings was dissolved. The French spirit, the French manners and customs, did not die out of the society of the English court. There was not likely to be a falling back upon the Old English, already dissipated in local dialects. French sympathies could not be so rudely broken. But, on the other hand, England, no longer an appendage to France, must have a language of her own. The old language was asserting its importance; it had already pushed its way into the schools; it soon became the language of the Law Courts. At length the two converged, and out of English, with a large infusion of French, was formed the New, or Mixed Language.

2. The impulse which led to the formation of this language, soon brought forth a poet who was to give it new grace. Geoffrey Chaucer was born in 1328, Chaucer, 1328-1400 and lived to the end of the century. With him we have the first great outburst of genius in English literature. Chaucer was at first influenced by French literature in the shape of metrical romances. His English, although not more French than that of contemporary authors, yet was French enough to make it a ground of accusation against him that he spoiled the purity of the language. Besides this he lived at a court where French habits still prevailed. He served in Edward's wars, and was for some time a prisoner in France. Much of his subject-matter is drawn from scenes which he saw at court, or in the course of the foreign embassies in which he was employed. But, in

spite of all this, Chaucer is very thoroughly English. He was English in his sympathy with all grades of the national life. He could describe the "very perfect gentle knight," or the noble lady; but he could also describe¹ those whose only gentleness was the doing of gentle deeds; or the patient Griselda,² who, though of humble rank, proved herself worthy of the highest place by her meekness and fidelity. He can give us the polished speeches of knights of chivalry, and tell us of pageants and tournaments;³ but he can also repeat the rough language of the miller, the merchant, and the shipman,⁴ and let us have glimpses of the homely life of England in the lower class. In his most famous poem, the 'Canterbury Tales,' he gives us an account of a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Thomas at Canterbury, he describes the pilgrims to the life, and recounts the tales they tell to beguile the way. Each of these tales is full of character; some are of high lords and ladies;⁵ others are drawn from foreign sources;⁶ there are tales of miracles such as were popular amongst the religious people of the day;⁷ and tales, again, of a kind no doubt repeated from mouth to mouth, in which the knaveries and deceptions of those who made their livelihood out of the religious feelings of the devout were exposed.⁸ There are other tales, again, which are full of fun and merriment, and which seem to carry us into a different world from that of the stately knights and dames whom we have just left.

Chaucer could not only describe the character and the life of those around him of whatever class; he

¹ See 'Prologue to Canterbury Tales: and Knight's Tale.'

² See 'Wife of Bath's Tale.'

³ See 'Clerk's Tale.'

⁴ See 'Knight's Tale.'

⁵ See 'their Tales.'

⁶ e.g. 'Knight's Tale.'

⁷ e.g. 'Clerk's Tale and Doctor's Tale.'

⁸ e.g. 'Second Nun's Tale.'

⁹ e.g. 'Friar's Tale.'

¹⁰ e.g. 'Cook's Tale.'

could also see and describe the beauties of outside nature. We see in his pages English scenery just as it is in our own day; the morning mist rising slowly from the new-ploughed earth; the sun piercing dully through the misty vapour, and, high above, "the busy lark" saluting the rising day with his song; below, the daisy, or "eye of day," opening to the morning sun in May. Of all flowers Chaucer loved it most, and he tells us how, after long poring over books, which he calls "of remembrance the key," he used to leave his books to wander out over the meadows to seek the daisy:

"To see this flower again the sonne sprede
When it upriseth early by the morrow;
That blisful sight softeneth all my sorrow."

Chaucer's was the greatest name in literature in his own age, and for long after. Yet he was not the only one who used this new mixed language, and who used it with some vigour. A poem called the '**Vision of Piers the Ploughman**,' that is to say, the vision in which Piers the ploughman appears, was written by **William Langland**, a contemporary of Chaucer. We do not know much of his life, and are not sure even of his surname. But he tells us he lived in the Cornhill, in London; that he wandered through the London streets, studying men and manners; that he loved best the long clothes which he wore as a poor clerk in the church. He was married, and tells us of his wife and daughter. But what is more important, and what we can gather from his poem, is, that he belonged to the

*Vision of
Piers the
Ploughman.
By William
Langland.*

lower class, that he knew all their feelings, and had shared their life. He does not flatter them, and tells them in plain terms of their laziness and extravagance, and want of foresight in good times. Yet he sees the dignity of labour; he complains of the rich and selfish prelates who care nothing for their flocks; he upbraids the haughty knights who do not defend the poor, but plunder them. He would have the clergy learned and hardworking; the knights true to king and country, and ready to defend the down-trodden; the labourer is ready to till the ground for them, but let those who will do nought but idle be put to death. Langland is earnest and energetic, and his descriptions are so life-like that we cannot help feeling their truth. But he has not the grace and poetry of Chaucer. It was Chaucer's object, as one of his followers tells us, "out of our tongue to avoiden (to expel) all rudeness." But Langland attempted nothing of the sort. His language has more of the dialectical English of the transition period in it than Chaucer's has; he keeps to the old alliteration (or rhyme by means of words beginning with the same letter), as used in the Old English, rather than the similar endings of lines in which Chaucer's rhyme consists. He is not poetical, except sometimes by his very earnestness; but he is forcible and vigorous, and his *Vision of Piers the Ploughman* is the best illustration we have of the feelings prevailing in the middle classes during the reign of Richard II.

2. Another contemporary of Chaucer was John

Gower: He was a quiet country gentleman, who, though he saw the corruptions of the Church and wrote against them, was yet far more alarmed by the movements amongst the people which those corruptions provoked. He seems to have been a timid man, set in a difficult time. He saw three languages in use around him, the French, the Latin, and the new English; he felt that the English language was that to be encouraged, and yet he was not sure enough of this to trust to it, so he wrote a long poem in each of those languages. Of these the Latin and the English poems only remain. His English poem is very prolix, and indeed very dull. He was learned; but he makes so much parade of learning, and that with so little judgment, that he falls into mere pedantry. He evidently writes as a labour, not naturally. He saw faults on both sides in the disputes of his time, but he was not earnest enough to side with either party. He began his poem at Richard II.'s order, but he dedicated it to Henry IV., who, before it was finished, had deposed Richard.

*Confessio
Amantis.*

8. Amongst Chaucer's contemporaries we have writers of English prose as well as of English poetry. The first prose-writer was Sir John Mandeville, who followed up his Latin and French accounts of his travels by an English translation of them. His English is easily intelligible to us, so much is it affected by the changes that had already come over the language. So it is also with the translation of the Bible in which Wiclif had at least the largest share.

*Sir John
Mandeville
1300-1372.*

*Wiclif.
1324-1384.*

The translation had the effect of making that mixed language, which must at first have been confined to an audience of the higher ranks, more popular with the mass of the nation. Although superseded, of course, by the later and authorized version, which is a model of classic English, yet in its own day the influence of this translation of Wiclif can hardly have been inferior to the influence of Chaucer and his poetry.

4. The decay of this early outburst of literary activity was not long in making its appearance. Two poets, who were about thirty years old at the death of Chaucer, kept the poetry of England alive, though rather feebly, down to the middle of the fifteenth century. These were **Thomas Occleve** and **John Lydgate**. The first was a gay spendthrift, whose salary as clerk of the council was not sufficient to meet his expenses, and who takes us into his confidence, and tells us of his follies and distresses in verse that is not without liveliness and touches of fun. The second --- Lydgate --- was a monk, and of a graver cast, whose longer poems were written at the command of his patron, the Duke of Gloucester, and consisted of long tragedies, in woful tales of wrecked fortunes, sad falls of princes, and the sack of cities. But he found time, too, for what was a profitable employment for the poet, celebrating city pageants, or writing verses to recount the miracles of some saint whose monastery would repay him for the advertisement. Literature in a fierce and warlike time (during the wars of the Roses) was compelled to have recourse to any shifts to gain

Occleve.
1370-1454.

Lydgate.
1375-1460.

a livelihood. Occleve and Lydgate were themselves greatly inferior to Chaucer, and they had no successors who could carry on even their song. Until near the end of the century our literature was a blank. Sir John Fortescue, an able lawyer of the Lancastrian party, and the author of Latin books, wrote also an English one '**On the Difference between Absolute and Limited Monarchy.**' But it is interesting rather for its matter, which is worthy of the chief lawyer of a free country, than for anything which it added to our literature.

Fortescue.
1396-1485.

Towards the close of the century, however, matters again looked more hopeful. First of all the Printing press was brought into England by William Caxton, and, through its agency, copies of all that was worth reading in the language were multiplied. The wealthy nobles began to show a graceful patronage to literature. A still stronger impulse came when the movement which is called the New Birth, or the Renaissance, passed from southern Europe into England. Greek had begun to be studied; Greek scholars from fallen Constantinople were spreading over Europe, and men's minds awoke to a new freshness, and felt themselves, as it were, born again. The old gloom and depression which had enthralled men's minds in earlier times, and from which only a few were able to escape, now seemed to clear off in the dawn of a new day. And when this bright ray of sunlight spread to England, it called into action all the slumbering energy of her genius. Our literature passes into a new age.

Printing introduced into England
1475.

Renaissance

Fall of Constantinople
1452.

IV. English after the Renaissance.

FROM 1500 TO 1600.

1. First of all there was formed a small circle of men who shared in the new stimulus which the study of Greek awakened. Through that study the greatest literature that the world had ever seen lay open to them. The feeling with which it inspired them was not merely admiration and a desire to imitate, but a boundless hope for the future. Old causes of enmity and separation, old bonds that had enchained men's minds would, they hoped, pale away before energies so keen as those which were stirred by the New Learning. This was the name which they gave to that spirit with which their new studies inspired them. They did not merely read or imitate; they applied the new ideas to all that interested men, to the government of their country, to the arrangements of society, to the affairs and the doctrines of the Church. The chief of these men were Sir Thomas More, Dean Colet (who founded St. Paul's School), Linacre and Grocyn; their friend was Erasmus; their chief patron was the wise and good Archbishop Warham. Some of them had been abroad in Italy and attended the lectures of the great professors there; they introduced the new study of Greek into our universities, and, in hope of realising their great aims, they spent labour and money in providing for the education of the young. Sir Thomas More, especially, has left a book

*More, Colet
Linacre, etc.*

called the 'Utopia,' which we might translate the *More's Utopia.* Land of Nowhere, in which he gives us the description of an imaginary state, and from the description we can tell of what sort he would have the government and customs of his own country to be. No one was to be persecuted for religion, each was to be allowed to persuade others to his views; but if any one was loud, or noisy, or troublesome in pushing his own opinions, he was to be banished. The poor were to be better cared for; the good were to have more influence in the State. And all this was to be brought about by better education; and so to education these disciples of the New Learning devoted all their care. From the young King Henry VIII., whose mind was intelligent and well trained, they hoped for much.

Their hopes were ardent; but, though they did much, they were also doomed to much disappointment. Henry entered on expensive and harassing foreign wars. He became more and more tyrannical. It grew dangerous to preach new doctrines that might be offensive to the king. More died on the scaffold, and the little circle of his companions was broken up. They had done much to help on our literature, but when we come to seek for what they actually wrote themselves, we find it small. They were too practical in their aims, and were too much absorbed in schemes for improvement to have time for writing, but they greatly helped those who came after them to write.

2. It was not so dangerous to write poetry as to broach new opinions. Italy, which had given so *Italian influence on our poetry.*

Surrey.
1516-1517.
Wyatt.
1503-1512.

The Sonnet.

much to England in the new learning, also helped her by giving a model for her poetry. The two principal names of the reign of Henry VIII. in poetry are those of **Lord Surrey** and **Sir Thomas Wyatt**. Both fell into disgrace with the court; but it was not for their poetry, in which they imitate the delicate and graceful style of Italy. From Italy they drew that form of verse which is called the **Sonnet**. Through it they added new grace and polish to the language; and pervading their poetry we feel the influence of the fresh buoyant spirit which marked the time.

3. The reigns of Edward VI. and Mary were evil times for literature. In them religious intolerance on one side or the other rose to its height. Men who were selfish, arrogant, and insolent, held sway in England; and especially during the reign of the boy Edward VI. learning was under a cloud. The libraries in the universities were scattered; opinion was fettered; men's worst passions were aroused, and civil war was spread over England. Under Mary poetry was not dead; but it was not encouraged. With Elizabeth's accession all the former hopes revived, and this time they were not turned in the way of new schemes and new theories of government, but rather towards all that might make life gay, and graceful, and polished. England was very prosperous; Elizabeth was beloved by her people; her court was gay and lively; the nation had shaken off all foreign ties, and was glad with its own freedom, and ready to exercise the powers which it felt itself to possess.

V. The Age of Creation.

Before this, English literature had owed very much to imitation of foreign models. This imitation was not now at an end; but our literature was no longer limited to it. Men began to create for themselves. With the Elizabethan age England began distinctly to add to the treasure of genius which belongs to all the world.

1. First came the poetical outburst in **Edmund Spenser**. He took for his model, in style and language, Edmund Spenser. 1552-1599 Chaucer; but added to him all the grace of his own time. His great poem, the '**Faerie Queene**,' is an 'Faerie Queene.' allegory which shadows forth the events of his own time, but throws them into a shape so fanciful and picturesque that it makes us wonder how any one could be so thoroughly a poet as to see the events of the day, which to most men are so clouded in details and vulgarities, in so purely poetical a light. Spenser's imagination is so fine, indeed, and his allegory is so subtle, that he has never found very many readers, and has been called rather "the poet's poet;" but how exquisite and refined his poetry is may be seen even from the short specimens of it in this book.

2. The same rich fancy and grace we find in the verse of **Sir Philip Sidney**, who forms the pattern courtier of Sir Philip Sidney. 1554-1586 his time; brave, tender, chivalrous, and accomplished; so that his life is itself like that of some hero in a poem. In his prose romance, called the '**Arcadia**,' that fancy is carried even to extravagance. It was a fancy

John Lyly.
1553-1601.

so exuberant that it was certain to be exaggerated; and so, in the end, it was. The manners of the court became false and hollow; the very language used became artificial, and, as a sort of text-book to this stilted style, John Lyly wrote his 'Euphues,' which contains, in a narrative form, precepts on the education of youth. Towards the close of Elizabeth's reign her temper became soured, the gaiety of her court departed, and fancy dwindled into artificiality.

3. Literature then turned the more strongly into a channel which it was already wearing out for itself. Allegory and fanciful conceits were discarded for the more real representation of action and emotion. And it was thus that it reached the heart of the people. In the rough theatres, with the rude scenery of the day, to a turbulent audience, the drama began to open the new interest of human action. Dramatic representation in England, as in other countries, may be traced back to the mystery plays acted by the monks in church, upon a Scriptural topic, or illustrating the life of some saint for the religious edification of the audience, but the drama of the Elizabethan age was very different from its original, and its power was owing entirely to the vigour and force with which it represented human passions to a passionate and vigorous age. It began with the minor dramatists, such as Greene, Nash, and their superior, Marlowe, men whose lives reflected their work, impetuous, brawling, fierce; Marlowe died in a tavern riot, and was pursued by the rancour of enemies as an atheist. The rules which classic times had set up

for the conduct of a drama (rules which a later age revived), were set at nought by these vigorous, but lawless writers. Their dramas were bold; the representation of fierce passion was carried to an excess of extravagance.

4. Then there came to rule the rough and lawless powers of this drama, without limiting their range, he whose name stands first in all our literature, William Shakespeare. To him alone was it given to reign supreme over such fierce elements. No dramatic rules of time and place fettered him; only the breadth and universal range of his vision saved him from being carried away by the fierceness of one absorbing passion. He throws himself into all his characters, and yet he does so without introducing the least sameness into them; not even the least important fails to show some trait that is all its own. His language is often involved and difficult, but it is with the intricacy of rapid and impetuous utterance that strives to anticipate a thought, and not with the intricacy of artificiality and euphuism (as the strained language of the day was nicknamed, after Lyly's book). In him the creative age of English literature reached its crowning point.

Shakespeare
1564-1616.

5. After him the drama drooped. New feelings were arising, out of which grew a literature of altogether a different character. These new feelings began to tell on the drama itself. Ben Jonson was Shakespeare's younger and surviving contemporary. He has plenty of strength and vigour, but his fancy is

Ben Jonson
1574-1637.

as nothing compared with that of Shakespeare. He is thoughtful and intricate. His dramas are not easy or natural, but constructed carefully according to rules. His characters are each intended to illustrate some "humour" (foible) or trait. Sometimes he prefaces a play by describing minutely what each personage in the play is intended to represent. No wonder that his audience wearied of dissections of character in place of dramatic force, and often displeased him by receiving his plays with no favour. In our day, as in his own, his dramas are for the attentive reader, not for the general audience. He was himself affected by the more reasoning, thoughtful spirit which was coming in place of the creative impulse of the age just gone.

VI. The Age of Thoughtfulness.

FROM 1600 TO 1660.

1. Before the sixteenth century was ended symptoms of a spirit that had little sympathy with the natural outburst of vigorous, passionate life shown in the drama of the day had been apparent. They were most evident in the course taken by the religious parties towards the latter part of Elizabeth's reign. The growth of Puritanism, with its strong English independence on the one hand, and the development of a calmer and more contemplative spirit in the church, opposed equally to the extravagances of Puritanism, and to the tyranny of Catholicism, on the other, are proofs of it. The early translators of the Bible were its forerunners: it came

to a high standard before the end of the century in **Richard Hooker**—he who, in Hallam's words, came into the arena of religious controversy "with weapons of a finer temper" than those the rougher combatants employed. In his hands the language became a fit instrument of argumentative exposition; it acquired new logical force and precision.

*Richard
Hooker.
1553-1600.*

2. This thoughtful and reasoning spirit deepened in intensity as the century advanced. Hooker had his followers in Usher and Selden. But as he represents the religious side of this thoughtful age, another and a far greater name represents its philosophical tendency. This was **Francis Bacon**, who, more than any one man perhaps in modern times changed the habits according to which men thought. Hitherto men had followed the ancient philosophers, and had accepted their authority implicitly, differing only as to how they ought to interpret them. But now Bacon set on foot in England a method of investigating truth which was to be founded on the observation and experiment which each man could make for himself. He himself hoped, or professed to hope, for much greater results from his system, in reaching the secrets of nature, than it could give; all men, dull and clever, would now, he says, be on an equal footing, and equally able to help forward science and invention; but, though this was only a fashion of talking, yet the change his system produced on the habit of mind which influenced men was very great, greater perhaps than he could himself have foreseen. More and more men got to use their

*Francis
Bacon.
1561-1626*

power of thinking independently, and religion made their thought grave rather than gay or fanciful.

3. A change came over such poetry as was produced about this time. In place of a lively, natural imagination, it degenerated into elaborate and artificial conceits and turns of thought, which were like a far off echo of the luxuriant euphuism of Elizabeth's reign. This school of poetry was afterwards called the "metaphysical school," to describe their elaborate straining after what was involved or intricate in thought and language. Such were **Donne**, the author of epistles, epigrams, and satires of a brilliant and fantastic wit, and **Fletcher**, who wrote the 'Purple Island,' an intricate treatise on anatomy, in verse. The genius of these poets was very different from, and not nearly so great as, that of the age which preceded them; but their faults and conceits did not prevent their growing into a style that was very graceful, if not very powerful. This style had a religious side, in **Quarles**, who wrote collections of maxims or 'Emblems' of the quaintest type, and in **George Herbert**, the High Church English divine, who wrote many overstrained and ingenuous, and a few most exquisite, religious poems. And it had also a non-religious side, in which the elaborate courtesy, and rather grave and distant manner of the older cavaliers shines forth, as in the love-songs of **Montrose**, of **Lovelace**, of **Waller**, of **Buckling**, and a host of others; the subjects are often playful, but even in the playfulness there is a certain studied manner; even those who are most opposed to it

Donne.
1573-1631.

*Thomas
Fletcher.*
1581-1650.

Quarles.
1592-1644.

Herbert.
1593-1633.

*James
Graham,
Marquis of
Montrose.*
1612-1650.

cannot shake off the influence of a certain stiffness in style.

4. But here again came one who shook off all little-nesses, and summed up in himself all that was greatest in his time. John Milton threw aside all the tricks of phraseology, all the niceties and turns of thought of this artificial school; he made the grave, thoughtful, dignified spirit that undoubtedly belonged to it, most peculiarly his own. He was the very opposite of Shakespeare. He could not change with his characters; he himself is present in every line. He could abandon himself to the current of his own genius; he was earnest and impetuous, but never forgot the standard which he set before himself. He was learned, even burdened with learning, and often mars his poetry by lengthy theological disquisitions. But his greatest poem, 'Paradise Lost,' has raised him to the place next to Shakespeare. For grandeur of thought he stands alone. The dignity of his language has made his the model of blank verse (for he discarded rhyme) for all time. He not only wrote the epic poem of Puritanism, but the epic of all those feelings which in all time have some sympathy with Puritanism. His poems were begun before the Commonwealth; they were ended after the Age of Thoughtfulness—of which he remained for a time the solitary monument amid a changed race—had passed away.

5. In prose, the best representative of this thoughtful and grave spirit outside of its religious aspect is, perhaps, the Royalist Lord Clarendon who wrote

Milton
1608-1674.

Clarendon
1608-1674.

Taylor.
1613-1667.

the **History of the Rebellion**. He, too, was left stranded like a relic of a former time, deserted by those whose exile he had shared, and whom he had helped to restore. But there was another—**Bishop Jeremy Taylor**, who preserved, far into the seventeenth century, much of the brilliant and impetuous genius of the sixteenth; whose prose has all the rich and exuberant fancy of the older renaissance poetry, with only the grave, sad spirit of seventeenth century religion about it. He crowds metaphor on metaphor, in a way which, with another, would be tawdry, but with him only adds to the richness of the effect. Of all the preachers he is the most dramatic. He, too, saw the rise of an age with which he had no sympathy.

John Bunyan.
1628-1688.

'Pilgrim's Progress.'

6. Yet another there was, who stands by himself, the one genius to whose growth Puritanism and Puritanism only contributed, and to whom, therefore, the place of chief representative of that peculiar cast of religious thought in literature most justly belonged. This was **John Bunyan**. He had none of the sublimity of Milton; none of the learning or brilliant eloquence of Taylor; none of the rather stilted dignity of Clarendon. Yet the spirit which, to some extent, influenced every one of them, was all the sustenance of Bunyan's genius. In his '**Pilgrim's Progress**,' he has struck a note of sympathy in every age from his own to ours. That absorption of the spirit of the Hebrew Scriptures, with all their simplicity, and dignity, and poetry, which was characteristic of the Puritan, when Puritanism was at its best; that force of imagination

by which a whole nation sees its religious doctrine so vividly and really, as to throw it into a narrative form, these are seen in Bunyan in their full strength, and it is to these that his narrative owes its beauty, and his prose its Saxon purity.

VII. The Restoration.

FROM 1660 TO 1688.

1. This new age came when the return of the Stuarts cast to the winds the gravity which had given to the literature and society of England a dignified and even a sombre cast for half a century. Latterly there had doubtless been something of hypocrisy in this gravity. At all events it was so considered now. All that was most opposed to it, full and unbridled revelry, came to take its place with a rush. For a moment something of the old quaint conceits of the "metaphysical" poetry which has been mentioned before (Part VI. § 3) was revived. Some of these poets still survived; and as Charles II. submitted for a few years to the guidance of the most respectable of his party, Lord Clarendon, so society and the court submitted for a short time to the courtly poetry of Cowley. But that soon gave place to what was more after the taste of the age. The poetry of the day became licentious; but the drama which now, after lying for a dozen years under the ban of Puritanism, began to revive, was more licentious still. The plots of the dramas were borrowed from those of France and Spain, and neither

Cowley.
1618-1667

were good schools for morality. In one thing only the authors of the day excelled, and that was in their wit; but even for it they had recourse to very questionable devices. The drama was a picture of the court life of the day, and the court life of the day was worse than it has ever been before or since in England.

John Dryden.
1631-1700.

2. One name soon stood high above any other of his time, that of **John Dryden**. He began with imitating the frigid conceits of the school of Donne and Cowley, and even exaggerated them. He wrote poems such as occasion called for on the death of Oliver Cromwell, and then on various prominent events in the career of the Stuarts. He turned to the stage, and wrote drama after drama in the rhymed verse which was then in vogue, after the fashion set by the French stage. He turned 'Paradise Lost' into the form of such a rhymed drama, and wrote preface after preface to show that the taste of the age was the true one, and that the older drama of England had merely represented the ruder life and conversation of a ruder age. Only after he had wasted many years in these pursuits did he turn to the field where his genius had full play—that of poetical satire. Once that field was open to him his powers began to show themselves in their true light. First there came the great political satire of Absalom and Achitophel, in which the Duke of Monmouth and his friends were held up to hatred or to ridicule. Then came a series of satires on the literary cliques of the day, of even greater force. It was something new to English literature. Satire was of late birth in our

literature, and had begun hardly a century before ; but now it had sprung up to its full height, with an edge and a keenness that had never been known in any literature.* The subject—a passing episode in history which had little interest for later times, or a dispute between obscure literary factions—might have been thought unlikely to attract readers after his own day ; but Dryden, has thrown into it so much insight into character, such pitiless dissection of human vice or weakness, such dramatic force, that it lives for all time.

3. There was another quality in Dryden's poetry that not only added to its force, but had great influence on later literature ; it was his language. In that he produced almost a revolution. In his hands the English language acquired new terseness, vigour, and smoothness. When at his best he never lets a line pass that is not bold, forcible, and telling. His epithets are so pithy that each seems to add some fresh, vigorous idea to the line. His language is best described by a metaphor, if we call it nervous, like the muscles of a trained athlete in its force and tension.

4. With Dryden begins what is often called the classical age of our literature. By this we mean the age when literature was tested by severe laws of taste, and was to follow the fixed rules of the schools. Nothing that did not conform to these fixed rules would have been held of much value, and so universally were they accepted by the greatest of the day,

that nothing good or valuable was for a time produced that did not conform to them. But, unfortunately, these rules were applied not only to the productions of that day, but to the works of earlier writers, to whom they were utterly inapplicable; and so, even Shakespeare, because he did not conform to the set rules of the drama as then understood, was held to be a rough and unpolished writer. What we admire most in him was often held to be irregular and full of improprieties. His verse was said to be careless; his dramatic situations to be unnatural. And yet these same rules did not prevent many glaring sins against taste, which we wonder that any age could have been guilty of.

VIII. The Revolution.

FROM 1688 TO 1745.

1. Better principles of morality, and a greater hatred for licentious wit, came in with the Revolution. Men tired of the scandals which a loose-living court had inflicted upon the nation. They did not go back to Puritanism, but they did return to a more thoughtful cast of mind. The study of politics and history, of theology and philosophy, began to interest them. In this way taste was to some extent improved; and more solid work was done.

2. But the same rules of literary criticism still prevailed; indeed their rigidity was even increased. French literature had for seventy years been cultivated

under the auspices of what was called the French Academy. This was a body of men selected for their high literary standing to be the judges of what was correct in taste. It had led men to accept the rules which they laid down and to bow to their judgment; to believe nothing could be correct, but what was confirmed by their approval. Something like this now came into English literature. French critical works were studied, and their canons or laws were applied to the works of English authors.

3. This had the good effect of making the English style still more polished than Dryden had left it. His great successor was **Pope**, whose language is the most polished, and whose thought is the most lucid of any in English poetry. No verse has ever been more perfect in its structure than that of Pope; no one has been more skilful in expressing the most delicate shades of meaning than he. He is not a deep thinker, nor is he ever carried away by a great enthusiasm, as Dryden was, and as many poets of another kind are; but he had a power over language, which nothing but the most prodigious genius could possess. In him the **Classic Age** reached its greatest triumph. Like Dryden, he wrote satire, but his satire, though less impetuous, was more incisive and delicate. He wrote poetical essays on criticism, and on Man and his place in Creation; pastorals after the fashion of Virgil; elegiacs after Horace; mock epic poems giving us a picture of his time—and in all, the same clear, well-defined, perspicuous thought is clothed in the same facile, polished verse.

*Alexander
Pope.
1688-1744.*

4. The classic taste which produced a poet so excellent as Pope, was not without its value. But it had a worse side. It made men and literature artificial and stilted, and even false in their ideas. Nature was forgotten, and nothing but the town and society was cared for. Simple ways were scouted; what was artificial was admired. Men became slaves to rules they had set up for themselves; and one whole source of pleasure and of poetry, in the beauties of nature, was neglected. Nothing was dreaded so much as to fall into what was low or commonplace; by which was understood what was simple or homely. This—exaggerated of course by the foolish and pedantic, but to some degree affecting even the best—was the general character of the age.

IX. Reaction against the Classical or Artificial spirit.

1. A reaction was sure to come, drawing men back from what was affected to what was natural. Many causes united to bring it; but we cannot very well limit them to any definite dates. They were long working before they produced the result.

ⁱⁿ Locke,
32-1701.

2. First, we may, perhaps, place the writings of the philosophers, chief amongst whom stands Locke. He investigated the origin of our ideas or thoughts, traced them from their first beginnings, as they are developed in us through what we feel, or see, or hear in the course of our life, as we come to reflect upon what

is thus seen, or felt, or heard. He trusted no philosophical doctrine or theory merely on authority, but investigated everything in the light of common sense. The teaching of a man like Locke may thus have had some effect in drawing men back from an artificial into a natural way of looking at things, by forcing them to keep more steadily to what was true and real.

3. But another still more effective cause is to be found in the writings of the Humourists. By the Humourists—some of whom wrote essays, others novels—we mean those authors who, by their wit and insight were able to set things that falsely claimed to be sublime in a ridiculous light, to show how much folly and absurdity there was in false pretensions, and yet how much those false pretensions were apt to run through our life, undetected by ourselves. Some of these Humourists wrote essays on the current topics of the day, and the best representative of this kind of writing is to be found in the *Spectator* Essays, written almost entirely by Joseph Addison, and his friend Richard Steele. Their essays expose folly most genially and tenderly, without any bitterness of satire, except for what is vicious as well as foolish. Addison is by far the greatest; in some ways, perhaps, he was the man of greatest breadth of mind of his day. He is not free from the prevailing tendency of criticism; he tests Milton's poems, for instance, by their conformity to the rules which Aristotle laid down for an epic poem; yet he was too wise to give in to it entirely. He hates what is false and inflated: "I prefer," he says, "a

The Humourists.

Essayists.

The Spectator.
1711-1712.
Addison.
1672-1719.
Steele.
1671-1729.

noble sentiment depressed with homely language before a vulgar one that is blown up with all the sound and energy of expression."

Swift.
1607-1745.

4. There was another style of humour which was much more grim, but had the same effect. It is that of **Swift**, which was fierce and contemptuous, and tore to rags all the flimsy defences of stupidity and artificiality and folly, without any thought of pity. Swift himself took the side of defending the ancient classics, on which most of the hard and fast rules of criticism were based; but this was from accident only; he really did more than almost any one to break down such rules. His prose style is great by the complete absence of what is called mannerism or affectation. It is inimitable just from its very directness and simplicity.

Defoe.
1660-1731.

5. Others amongst the Humourists at a later time, did much to dispel the prevailing artificiality by novels, or fictions describing every-day life. They drew their models from nature, and followed no rules, but strove only to be true to life in their representations of the society round them. Some wrote, like **Defoe**, books which were fictions, but which professed at first sight to be real histories, such as the Account of the Plague, the Memoirs of a Cavalier, the Adventures of Robinson Crusoe, &c.—in all of which the peculiar excellence is the graphic way in which the minutest details are described, so as to give the whole an appearance of unadorned fact. His is the highest art, but it is the art of genius, not the art which trusts to rules. Others, like **Oliver Goldsmith**, take us into the simple life of the

Goldsmith.
28-1774.

country, and show us the homely life of the Vicar of Wakefield and his neighbours, with all their petty joys and sorrows, and all their simple follies and affectations. Goldsmith might not have allowed that he discarded rules, but what place could they have in such work, whose charm is due to its simplicity and its genius only? Others, like **Henry Fielding**, wrote with the avowed object of drawing men as no better than they are; scattering to the winds anything which he believed to be sickly sentimentality, and even exaggerating his disdain of all conventional rules.

Fielding.
1707-1754.

6. Another cause of the reaction must still be noticed. The artificiality which was characteristic of the age had spread into men's religious belief. The influence of the Church was felt very little amongst the mass of the people. It had become little more than a political institution. But a change came over this when **John Wesley** began to preach, and when his doctrine and his spirit spread rapidly over England. Men felt more deeply; their hearts were stirred, and the impulse could not fail to have its effect upon literature. A religious ardour, which came more near to that of southern Europe than any to which England ever gave birth, was sown broadcast. Evangelicalism, which was the name given to the views Wesley maintained, contributed, among other causes, to make men more true to themselves.

Wesley.
1703-1791

7. At last came a return, in poetry, to nature. Poets again sought inspiration away from the town, amid woods and hills, and in watching the changes of the

Thomson.
1699-1746.

Collins. (see
Hook V.)
1720-1756.
Gray.
1716-1771.

William
Cowper.
1731-1800.

George
Crabbe.
1754-1832.

seasons in their course. The return was first made by **James Thomson**, the author of the 'Seasons,' whose poetry was almost all of the country. The same source of inspiration was cultivated by **Collins** and **Gray**: their subjects are not so much drawn from nature, but where nature can help them, her help is sought. They are careful and elaborate in language—we can hardly call them in themselves "natural"—but they have sought sources of inspiration from which, more than from any other, literature was likely to learn to be natural.

8. But a new step was taken by **William Cowper** in his poetry. His language was more simple than that of Thomson. He did not strive to produce poems of such perfect, and almost over-wrought polish as Gray or Collins; but he was as graceful as any of them, and more fond than they of nature, of country life, of simple habits. He wrote late in life, when his judgment was mature; he was calm and thoughtful, and yet he had all a poet's passionate love for what was pure and noble. He held his religious faith very earnestly; so earnestly that it stirred him to poetry. He never sweeps us away with the impetuous force of others of our English poets; he never carries us up with him to heights of thought which the poet only can reach. But he touches something in the heart of every one; if he is not sublime, he is always true to nature. We never feel in his poems anything artificial or constrained, so as to jar upon us.

9. Another, of the same school, was **George Crabbe**, the "poet of the poor." His descriptions of the homely

life of the village; his sympathy with the motives and characters, with the joys and griefs of the poor, taught him to find there the elements of tragedy, apart from any pompous accompaniments. His simplicity of style, and his accuracy and minuteness of description, were fatal to anything like artificiality.

X. The Age of Independence,

From 1745 to 1790.

1. It is impossible, when we are describing the changes that came over our literature in these later times, to mark out the periods accurately according to years. The changes, so to say, overlap each other in time: before one influence has passed away, while it is still exercising its power on one part of the nation, another has made its appearance, and is working in the minds of another part. In earlier times such changes are slower and more easily distinguished; but, in more modern times, it is a hard and doubtful matter to discern them, and different people will hold different opinions as to the extent of their influence, and the time when it began and ended. It is enough if we point out the general course of our literature, leaving the details to be filled in by further reading and study. Each author read will throw new light on his time, and all that distinguished it from other ages.

2. Much of this applies to the age which we have now to consider. Many of its writers were born, and were even well known, before those we have mentioned

in the previous section had passed away. In some cases, indeed, we have had to name authors out of their order, because they belonged to one of the classes of writers spoken of before, and because we could more easily consider them in connection with those to whom they were like.

3. In the Age of Independence we find men boldly asserting their own liberty of thought: testing what was accepted merely on the authority of others: pushing their way into new speculations and inquiries. Their opinions varied infinitely: often they passed into extravagance: some of them looked back on the past with respect, others treated it with disdain, and looked only to the future: but in this they were all alike, that they trusted only their own judgment, and followed their own course, with an independent spirit. They did not shrink back from seeking truth in fear of its consequences.

*Samuel
Johnson
1709-1784.*

4. The first name of this age, is that of **Dr. Samuel Johnson**. We know him thoroughly, not only by his writings, but by the biography, which was written by his friend **Boswell**, and which shows him to us in his ordinary every-day life. We see him struggling hard; and, alone and unaided, sustaining most bravely, poverty and hardship; labouring honestly and manfully; never writing one word that was not the result of true work; following the opinions and the lead of no man, but boldly writing as he thought. He won his place in literature without patronage, and to him belongs the honour of having shaken off the patronage of the great or wealthy, which had long degraded our literature.

He is often prejudiced, and, perhaps, when he had gained a high place, he was apt to domineer: but his domineering was only over what was, or what he fancied was, false and pretentious. The more we know of him, the more we shall reverence his character, and the less important will the defects in it appear. His style was very elaborate, and lost something in its want of simplicity; but it is so marked in its character, that it is easy to ridicule it by caricaturing, or imitating and exaggerating its worst points: and it is through these caricatures only that people are often content to know it. In the letter to Lord Chesterfield, given in this book, we may see how telling his language could be, and how little his spirit brooked any attempt at patronage.

5. Another, who also struck out a bold line for himself, was **David Hume**. In his own day, and long after, he was looked upon only as a very dangerous writer. We cannot enter here upon his works or his opinions: but it is enough to say that he was courageous in holding them; so that, however dangerous his opinions were, they had their value as a contribution to the search after truth. Most of his philosophical opinions have been assailed on many sides, and they do not now command authority; but we must admire his great ability. We are bound to believe that he was honest; and in this and his boldness he represents the spirit of his age.

David Hume
1711-1776.

6. Another, who had a greater effect upon later times, and the result of whose work is felt in the lives

Adam Smith
1723-1790.

of every one of us, was **Adam Smith**. By far his most important book was '**The Wealth of Nations**.' In this he showed how the whole commercial system had arisen. He proved that production was regulated by certain fixed laws, and that the arbitrary rules which various states, and various classes in these states had set up for their own protection were false and injurious, if they interfered with the operation of these natural laws. He showed how the simple habits of barter amongst primitive races had gradually spread out into the complicated system on which commerce is now based: but that the same simple rules are really at work: and that the neglect of them can only produce an apparent and not a permanent prosperity. The result of these notions was to produce in time great changes in our commercial laws: and these changes are still going on. We see in them the practical effect which our literature has sometimes been able to exercise. They are due, in the first instance, to the boldness and the independence with which Adam Smith had pushed inquiries, which were in his own day looked upon with much disfavour.

These three are only the most prominent in an age which was throughout gaining in independence. But presently a new influence came in.

XI. The Age of French and German Influence.

FROM 1790 TO 1830.

1. France had before this, in what we have called the **Classic Age**, exercised great influence in England

Hume, and Adam Smith, too, had found much in France that agreed with their own writings. But now France came to have an influence of a different kind. In 1789 the great French Revolution began. It had kindled men's hopes to the utmost; it appeared as if a new age was opening to the world; as if arbitrary distinctions, class privileges, and all injustice was to pass away. Men clung to these hopes with all the ardour of a religious belief. All men were to be equal, and to be as brothers; separations of race or nationality were to be cast aside. A morning light seemed to be spreading over the world and chasing away the darkness.

2. These ideas readily spread from France to England. Wordsworth and Coleridge, were then young men; Burns was only thirty; and, as it seemed, all had life and hope before them. They seized on these ideas with all the ardour of poets. They sympathised with the cause, and burned with the desire to help it. It brought new impulse to our poetry, and taught it to run in a new channel. But, ere long, the Revolution took a worse aspect: the worst passions of men began to colour it: it became stained with cruelty and bloodshed: the brotherhood of nations was to be a brotherhood of slavery to French ambition. Our poets drew back with a reaction of feeling. Burns died a few years later, but not before he had written his horror of mob-law. Wordsworth and Coleridge lost all their sympathy with the movement.

Burns
1759-1796
Wordsworth
1770-1850
Coleridge
1772-1834

3. Henceforth it was not French but German influence that told upon our literature. From Germany came a freshened philosophy: and philosophy, or the inquiry into what we are, and how we are constituted, and how we are related to the world around us, came to spread over the poetry of Wordsworth, and Coleridge, and their school. Their poetry becomes more subtle and thoughtful, not with a mere subtlety of language, like the "metaphysical" poetry, but with subtlety of subject. They, in truth, were the first really "metaphysical" Poets of England.

The poetry of Coleridge most especially shows the philosophical tendency, while his prose works are either metaphysical, or treat literary criticism in a metaphysical way. With Wordsworth, the same tendency took rather a different shape. He studied the principles of poetry. He thought he found them—perhaps in the revulsion of feeling which drove him out of sympathy with the Revolution, he was more inclined to find them—in the sympathy between man and nature. The lessons which nature could teach, its moral bearing upon man, in raising and refining and ennobling him, became, therefore, the chief subjects of Wordsworth's poetry. There was not a flower, however small, nor a change in nature, however slight, in which he could not see more than other men, or from which he failed to draw inspiration.

4. Germany influenced us in other ways. Men got from thence the habit of brooding over themselves and their actions, which is so marked in Byron, who, from

Goethe's Faust, drew some of the inspiration for his own Manfred. Poetry in his hands was impetuous, restless, and stormy. Men nursed their gloomy thoughts, and refused to see any comfort. Great as Byron's poetry is, it would have been dangerous had it not been balanced by other influences.

5. Yet another thing our literature borrowed in part from Germany, and that was its romance. Already the old romantic tales had been revived by the great German author Goethe, when our own **Sir Walter Scott** turned in the same direction, taking the first suggestion from Goethe. In Scott's hands the old legendary history of the Border lived again. From his romantic poems he passed to the novels, and there also, though generally with more modern subjects, he yet contrived to keep the same halo of romance. His novels are not merely, like the older novels, pictures of life and character, but they are poems (though not written in verse) as well. In their union of romance and poetry, with the drawing of character and dramatic effect, they are unsurpassed; so great, that even Goethe himself confessed he could not criticise them.

Byron, and his contemporaries, **Keats** and **Shelley**, died early, and when their work was little more than begun. With them there passed away a school of poetry which, kindled by the ardour of the Revolution, and inspired by the depth of German thought, did do great things, and might have done more; but the impulse that had stirred them, too, was gone, and they left no inheritors of their genius.

XII. The Scientific Age.

Since 1830 other things have occupied men's minds more than great works of imagination. We have still, in **Alfred Tennyson**, one poet, who stands above all his contemporaries, and is worthy to rank with the great ones of the past. In **Macaulay** we have had a historian of unequalled vividness and graphic force. We have had writers of fiction who had great power, but they can hardly be said to have started on any new line of their own; they rather followed those who had gone before. **Thackeray** has followed—but followed as a man of genius may—the type of novel which **Fieldding** established. **Dickens** may be said to have created a new and peculiar type of humour, while later novelists have dealt with laborious delineation of character, rather than with dramatic effect. They investigate rather than create. But their pursuit has occupied, and is still occupying, the most active minds—that of **Science**: the desire to draw from nature her most hidden secrets, the stores which she has longest kept back. New inventions, new ardour in discovery; new accuracy of thought, new care in investigation, are the characteristics of our time. They have yielded abundant fruit in new appliances for the conveniences of life; but in literature such a tendency must lead to a balancing and testing of the fruits of former ages, rather than to producing works of creative imagination. Works of

criticism have been numerous; history has been studied with new care, and with deeper attention even to minute accuracy. Men are eager, restless, and inquiring; no age has been more full of ardent effort, of great schemes for improvement, of vast opportunities; we are forced to wait for, and would be rash to anticipate, the end.

BOOK VI.

CHAUCER.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER. Born 1328; died 1400. Closely connected with the Court of Edward III., serving in his French wars, and employed on his embassies. Chaucer was thus familiar with the gay scenes of the court, but his life-like pictures of character and manners are drawn from every class.

Insight, freshness, and love of nature, specially mark the poetry of Chaucer, with which modern English literature begins.

Of his many works, the chief is the *Canterbury Tales*, consisting of characteristic stories, told by a train of pilgrims to the shrine of St. Thomas at Canterbury, to beguile their way.

THE KNIGHT.

A KNIGHT there was, and that a worthy man,
That fro the tyme that he first began
To riden out, he loved chivalry,
Truth and honour, freedom and courtesy.
Full worthy was he in his Lordes werre,¹
And thereto had he ridden, no man ferre,<²
As well in Christendom as in Heathenesse,
And ever honoured for his worthiness.

At mortal battles hadde he been fifteen
And foughten for our faith at Tramissene
In listes thrice, and aye had slain his foe.
This ilk³ worthy knight had been also

¹ The Lord's war—the Crusade.

² Farther.

³ Same.

BOOK VI

Sometime with the Lord of Palatie,
 Against another heathen in Turkey :
 And evermore he had a sovereign pris.¹
 And though that he was young, he was wise,
 And of his port as good as a maid.
 He never yet no villainy he said
 In all his life, nor no manner wight :
 He was a very perfect gentle knight.

But for to tellen you of his array,
 His horse was good, but he ne was not gay.
 Of fustian he wearid a gown,
 Allé becomid with his berbergeon,⁵
 For he was late coming fro his wage,⁶
 And woude for to do his pilgrimage.

THE SQUIRE.

With him ther was his squire, a young squire,
 A lover, and a lusty bachelor,
 With looks as bright as the sun in press.
 Of twenty year he was, or thereabouts.
 Of his stature he was of a good length,
 And wonderfully doughty in point of strength.
 And he had a horse as good as a chivalrie,⁸
 In the hand as good as a chivalrie,
 And he was him with a goodly space,
 In hope to see him in a goodly place.
 Embroidered was his surcoat with a mail
 All full of fresh flowers and of gold.

¹ Praise. ² Perfect. ³ A goodly. ⁴ Coated. ⁵ Coat of mail.
 Journeynings. ⁶ Curled. ⁷ War. ⁸ Embroidered. ⁹ Reil

Singing he was, or foyting¹ all the day,
 He was as fresh as is the month of May.
 Short was his gown, with sleves long and wide.
 Wel coude² he singen³ of love and chivalrie.
 He coude⁴ songes make and wel ordite,
 Just⁵ and eke dance and wel courtesy and write.
 Courteis⁶ he was, lovely, and frendly,
 And carf⁷ before his fader at the table.

THE PARSON

A good man there was of parished¹ state,
 That was a good scholar, and a good man,
 But rich he was of gold, and of silver,
 He was also learned in the bible,
 That Christes Gospel truly wolde preach,
 His parishes² devoutly to teche.
 Benign he was, and good of alle maner,
 And in adversity ful of piteous,
 And such he was, and such he was,
 Full loth were, and such he was,
 But rather wolde he have been poor,
 Unto his parishes³ to be more,
 Of his biling⁴ he was ful of piteous,
 He coude⁵ be biling⁶ of alle maner,
 Wide was his knowledge, and his piteous,
 But he was ful of piteous,
 In sickness, and in piteous,
 The farthest⁷ of his piteous.

¹ Fl ² Well ³ Right in the day ⁴ Courteous
⁵ Carved ⁶ Parishes ⁷ Dipped often since ⁸ Gile
⁹ Great and little

Upon his feet, and in his hand a staff.
 This noble ensample to his sheep he gaf,¹
 That first he wrought, and afterward he taught,
 Out of the Gospel he the wordés caught,
 And this figure he added yet thereto,
 That if gold rusté, what should iron do?²
 For if a priest be foul, on whom we trust,
 No wonder is a lewed³ man to rust.
 Wel ought a priest ensample for to yeve,
 By his cleannessé, how his sheep should live.

He setté not his benefice to hire,
 And let⁴ his sheep acombred⁵ in the mire,
 And ran unto Londòn, unto Saint Poules,⁶
 To seken him⁷ a chanterio for soules,
 Or with a brotherhede to be withold;⁸
 But dwelt at home, and kept well his fold,
 So that the wolfe ne made it not miscarry.
 He was a shepherd, and no mercenary.
 And though he holy were, and vertuous,
 He was to sinful men not dispitous,⁹
 Ne of his speché dangerous ne digne,¹⁰
 But in his teaching discrete and benign.
 To drawen folk to heaven with fairéness,
 By good ensample, was his businesse:
¹¹ But it were any person obstinate,
 What so he were of high, or low estate,
 Him would he snibben¹² sharply for the nonés.¹³
 A better priest I trow that nowhere none is.

¹ Gave. ² Ignorant. ³ Left. ⁴ Encumbered. ⁵ Paul's
 Seck for himself. ⁶ Kept from the world. ⁷ Unmerciful.
 Proud. ⁸ But if it were. ⁹ Chide. ¹⁰ For that once.

He waited after no pomp ne reverence,
Ne makéd him no spicéd consciéce,
But Christés lore, and his apostles twelve,
He taught, but first he followed it himself.

THE SCHOLAR AND THE DAISY.

NEEDS must we to books that we find,
(Through which that old things be in mind
And to the doctrine of these old wise,
Give credence, in every skilful wise,
That tellen of these olde approved stories,
Of holiness, of reigns, of victories,
Of love, of hate, and other sundry things,
Of which I may not maken rehearsings :
And if that old books were away,
Ylorn were of remembrance the key.
Well ought us, then, honouren and believe
These books, there we have none other prev.

And as for me, though that I can but lite,
On bokés for to read I me delite,
• And to them give I faith and full credence,
And in mine heart have them in reverence
So heartily, that there in game none,
That from my bokés maketh me to gone,
But it be seldom on the holy day,
Save, certainly, when that the month of May
Is comen, and that I hear the fowles sing,
And that the flowrés ginnen for to spring,
Farewell my book, and my devotion !

Now have I then such a condition,

That of all the flowres in the mead
 Then love I most these flowres white and red,
 Such as men callen daisies in their town.
 To them have I so great affection
 As I said erst, when comen is the May,
 That in my bed there dawneth me no day,
 But I am up and walking in the mead,
 To see this flower again the sunne spread,
 When it upriseth early by the morrow;
 That blissful sight softeneth all my sorrow,
 So glad am I, when that I have presence
 Of it, to do it all reverence
 As she that is of all flowres flower,
 Fulfilled of all virtue and honour,
 And ever alike fair, and fresh of hue.
 And I love it, and ever alike new,
 And ever shall, till that mine hearté die.
 And when that it is eve, I run blyve,
 As soon as ever the sunne gyneth west,
 To see this flower, how it will go to rest,
 For fear of night, so hateth she darkness!
 Her cheer is plainly spread in the brightness
 Of the sunne, for there it will unclose.

TRUTH SHALL DELIVER THEE.

FLEE from the press, and dwell with soothfastness
 Suffice to thee thy good, though it be small:
 For hoard hath hate, and climbing tickleness;
 Press hath envy, and weal is blent over all;
 Savour these no more than thee behove shall;

Do well thyself that oþer folk canst rede ;
And truth thee shall deliver, it is no drede.

Pain thee not, each crooked to redress,
In trust of her that turneth as a ball ;
Great rest stands in light business ;
Beware also to spurn against a nail :
Strive not as doth a croke with a wall ;
Daunt thou thyself that dauntest others' deed.
And truth thee shall deliver, it is no drede.

That thee is sent receive in buxumness,
The wrestling of this world asketh a fall :
Here is no home, here is but wilderness :
Forth, pilgrim, forth best out of thy stall,
Look up on high, and thank God of all ;
Waive thy lust, and let thy ghost thee lead
And truth shall thee deliver, it is no drede.

SPENSER.

EDMUND SPENSER. Born 1552; died 1599.

Through his friend, Sir Philip Sidney, Spenser procured favour at Court, and eventually obtained a grant of land in Ireland. Here he passed the later years of his life, until calamity, in the plunder of his house and the killing of his child, drove him to England, to die in distress.

The blank of two centuries from Chaucer, in our poetical literature, ends with Spenser. He took Chaucer for his model; and affects the language of an older time. But to Chaucer's freshness he adds a harmony of versification never surpassed, and a wealth of imagination fed by all the stories which medieval chivalry, and ancient poetry, philosophy, and mythology, could yield.

His chief work is the *Faerie Queene*, the characters in which are partly typical of abstract virtues, partly of the great personages of his day.

THE PASSING OF THE SEASONS AND THE MONTHS.

So forth issued the Seasons of the year:

First, lusty Spring, all dight in leaves of flowers
That freshly budded and new bloomis did bear,
In which a thousand birds had built their bowers
That sweetly sung to call forth paramours;
And in his hand a javelin he did bear,
And on his head (as fit for warlike stoures¹)
A gilt engraven morion² he did wear;
That as some did him love so others did him fear.

¹ Fights.

² Helmet.

Then came the jolly Sommer, being dight
In a thin silken cassock coloured green,
That was unlined all, to be more light ;
And on his head a garland well beseen
He wore, from which as he had chaufféd¹ been
The sweat did drop ; and in his hand he bore
A bow and shafts, as he in forest green
Had hunted late the leopard or the boar,
And now would bathe his limbs, with labour heated
sore.

Then came the Autumn, all in yellow clad,
As though he joyéd in his plenteous store,
Laden with fruits that made him laugh, full glad
That he had banisht hunger, which to-fore
Had by the belly oft him pinchéd sore ;
Upon his head a wreath, that was enrolled
With ears of corn of every sort, he bore ;
And in his hand a sickle he did hold,
To reap the ripened fruits the which the earth had
yold.²

Lastly came Winter, clothéd all in frieze,
Chattering his teeth for cold that did him chill ;
Whilst on his hoary beard his breath did freeze,
And the dull drops, that from his purpled bill
As from a limbeck³ did adown distill :
In his right hand a tipped staff he held,
With which his feeble steps he stayéd still ;
For he was faint with cold and weak with eld ;
That scarce his looséd limbs he able was to wield.

¹ Heated.² Yielded.³ Still.

These, marching softly, thus in order went;
 And after them the Months all riding came.
 First, sturdy March, with brows full sternly bent
 And armed strongly, rode upon a ram.
 The same which over Hellespontus swam,
 Yet in his hand a snail he also bent,
 And in a bag all sorts of seeds ysame,
 Which on the earth he strewed as he went,
 And filled her womb with fruitful hope of nourishment
 Next came fresh April, full of lusty head,
 And wanton as a kid whose horn new buds;
 Upon a bull he rode, the same which led
 Europa floating through the Argolic floods;
 His horns were gilden all with golden studs,
 And garnished with garlands goodly dight
 Of all the fairest flowers and freshest buds
 Which the earth brings forth; and yet he seemed in
 sight
 With waves, through which he waded for his love's
 delight

Then came fair May, the fairest maid on ground,
 Decked all with diamonds of her season's pride,
 And throwing flowers out of her lap around.
 Upon two brethren's shoulders she did ride,
 The twins of Jove; which on either side
 Supported her like to their sovereign queen:
 Lord! how all creatures laughed when her they spied
 And leapt and danced as they had ravished been!
 And Cupid's self about her fluttered all in green.

1 Together.

And after her came jolly June, arrayed
 All in green leaves, as he a player were;
 Yet in his time he ~~would not as well as played~~,
 That by his plough some might sight well appear.
 Upon a crab he rode, that him did bear,
 With crooked crawling steps and uncooth pace,
 And backward went, as barge-men went to fare,
 Bending their
 Like that ungracious crew which feigns demurest
 grace.

Then came hot July boiling like to fire,
 That all his garments he had cast away
 Upon a lion raging yet with ire.
 He boldly rode, and made him to obey.
 It was the beast that whilom did forray
 The Nemean forest, till the Amphytrionide
 Him slew, and with his hide did him array.
 Behind his back a scyth he had by his side,
 Under his belt he bore a sickle stretching wide.

- The sixth was August, being rich arrayed
 In garments all of gold down to the ground;
 Yet rode he not, but let a fiery maid
 Forth by the city head, the which was crowned
 With ears of corn, and till her hand was bound:
- That was the righteous virgin, which of old
 Lived here on earth, and plenty made abound,
 But after W ~~as~~ was loved, and Justice sold,
 She left th' unrighteous world, and was to heaven
 extolled.

Next him September marched, eke on foot,
 Yet was he heavy laden with the spoil
 Of Harvest's riches, which he made his boot,¹
 And him enriched with bounty of the soil :
 In his one hand, as fit for Harvest's toil,
 He held a knife-hook ; and in th^e other hand
 A pair of weights with which he did assay²
 Both more and less, when it in doubt did stand,
 And equal gave to each as Justice duly scanned.

Then came October, full of merry glee,
 For yet his noule³ was totty⁴ of the must,⁵
 Which he was treading in a wine-vat's sea,
 And of the joyous oil, whose gentle gust
 Made him so frolic and so full of lust :
 Upon a dreadful scorpion he did ride,
 The same which by Diana's doom unjust
 Slew great Orion ; and eke by his side
 He had his ploughing-share and coulter ready tied.

Next was November ; he full gross and fat
 As fed with lard, and that right well might see ;
 For he had been a fatting hog, of late,
 That yet his brows with sweat did reek and steam,
 And yet the season was full sharp and breem :⁶
 In planting eke he took no small delight,
 Whereon he rode not easy was to deem ;
 For it a dreadful centaur was in sight,
 The seed of Saturn and fair Neis, Chiron hight.

¹ Spoil or plunder. ² Weighed out. ³ Head. ⁴ Tottering

⁵ New wine. ⁶ Boisterous.

And after him came next the chill December ;
 Yet he, through merry feasting which he made
 And great bonfires, did not the cold remember ;
 His Saviour's birth his mind so much did glad.
 Upon a shaggy-bearded goat he rode,
 The same wherewith dan Jovè in tender years,
 They say, was nourished by th' Idæan maid ;
 And in his hand a broad deep bowl he bears,
 Of which he freely drinks an health to all his peers.

Then came old January, wrapped well
 In many words to keep the cold away ;
 Yet did he quake and quiver, like to quell,
 And blow his nails to warm them if he may ;
 For they were numbed with holding all the day
 An hatchet keen, with which he felled wood
 And from the trees did lop the needless spray ;
 Upon an huge great earthen pot steane¹ he stood,
 From whose wide mouth there flowed forth the Roman

[flood.

And, lastly, came cold February, sitting
 In an old waggon, for he could not ride,
 Drawn of two fishes, for the season fitting,
 Which through the flood before did softly slide
 And swim away ; yet had he by his side
 His plough and harness fit to till the ground,
 And tools to prune the trees, before the pride
 Of hasting Prime did make them burgein² round
 So passed the twelve months forth, and their due
 places found.

¹ Stone vessel.

² Bud.

THE TALE OF THE OAKE AND THE BRIAR.

THERE grew an aged tree on the green,
 A goodly Oake sometime had it been,
 With arms full strong and largely displayed,
 But of their leaves they were disarrayed;
 The body big and mightily might,
 Thoroughly rooted and of wondrous height:
 Whilom had been the king of the field,
 And mochel¹ mast to the husband² did yield
 And with his nuts larded many swine;
 But now the gray moss marked his ring;
 His bared boughs were beaten with storms.

ranches were

Hard by his side grew a bragging Brere,
 Whien proudly thrust into the element,
 And seemed to thrust the firmament;
 It was embellished with blossomes fair,
 And thereto aye wonted to repair,
 The shepherds' daughters to gather flowers,
 To paint their garlands with his colours;
 And in his small bushes used to sit
 The sweet nightingale, singing so soft,
 Which made this English Brere boast to hold
 That on a time he cast him to bed,
 And snob the good Oake for the best bed.

'Why stand'st thou there (quoth he) like a British block
 Nor for fruit for shadow serves thy stock;

¹ Strongly fixed. ² Much. ³ Husbandman. ⁴ Bind.

Seest how fresh my flowers bene spread,
 Dyed in hly. white and crimson red,
 With leaves engrained in lively green,
 Colours meet to please a maiden queen.
 Thy waste barren but bimbere the ground,
 And dirks the beauty of my blossoms round:
 The moldy mote which then assolyeth
 My Cinnamon smell too much annoyeth.
 Wherefore wold I rede thee hence remove,
 Lest then the price of my displeasure prove.
 So spake this knight here with great disdain:
 Little him answered the Dame again,
 But yielded, full of shame and grief adawed,
 That of a weed he was overawed.

It chanced after upon a day
 The husbandman sett to some that way,
 Of custom for to surrow his ground,
 And his team of steers in compass round
 Him when the tillage done had done,
 Causeless complained and bewailed
 Unto his lord, that he was overawed.
 O, my lord, said he, I have of late
 P^{er}ceived a great decay of my estate,
 Caused of a weed which I have seen
 Which I pray thee, my lord, send me
 And, but thou wilt not, I will never cease
 Am like for to be overawed
 Through foulness of mine enemy.

Darkens.

Coils round.

Advise.

Daunted.

Greatly aghast with this piteous plea,
 Him rested the goodman on the lea,
 And bade the Brere in his plaint proceed.
 With painted words then gan this proud wooer
 (As most usen ambitious folk;) . . .
 His coloured crime with craft to cloak.

‘ Ah, my sovereign! Lord of creatures all,
 Thou placer of plants both humble and tall,
 Was not I planted of thine owne hand,
 To be the primrose of all thy land;
 With flowering blossoms to furnish the prime,¹
 And scarlet berries in summer time?
 How falls it then that this faded Oake,
 Whose body is sere, whose branches broke,
 Whose naked armes stretch unto the fire,
 Unto such tyranny doth aspire;
 Hindering with his shade my lovely light,
 And robbing me of the sweet sun’s sight?
 So beate his old boughs my tender side,
 That oft the blood springeth from woundes wide
 Untimely my flowers forced to fall,
 That been the honour of your coronal:
 And oft he lets his canker wormes light
 Upon my branches, to work me more spite;
 And oft his hoary locks down doth cast,
 Wherewith my fresh flowrets been defaced:
 For this, and many more such outrage,
 Craving your goodlihead to assuage

¹ Spring

The raucous rigour of his might,
 Nought ask I but only to hold my right;
 Submitting me to your good sufferance
 And praying to be guarded from grievance.¹

To this the Oake cast him to reply
 Well as he could; but his enemy
 Had kindled such coals of displeasure,
 That the good man nould² stay his leisure,
 But home him hasted with furious heat,
 Increasing his wrath with many a threat.
 His harmful hatchet he hent³ in hand,
 (Alas! that it so ready should stand!)
 And to the field alone he speedeth,
 (Aye little help to harm there needeth!)
 Anger nould let him speake to the tree,
 Enaunter³ his rage might cooled be:
 But to the roote bent his sturdy stroke,
 And made many wounds in the waste Oake,
 The axe's edge did oft turn again,
 As half unwilling to cut the grain;
 Seemed, the senseless iron did fear,
 Or to wrong holy ead did forbear:
 For it had been an ancient tree,
 Sacred with many a mystery,
 And often crossed with the priestes crow
 And often hallowed with holy water duc,
 But such fancies weren foolery,
 And broughten this Oake to this misery;

¹ Would not.² Took.³ Lest that.

For nought might they quiten him from decay,
 For fiercely the good man at him did lay,
 The block oft groaned under the blow,
 And sighed to see his near overthrow.
 In fine, the steel had pierced his pith,
 Then down to the earth he fell forthwith.
 His wondrous weight made the ground to quake.
 Th' earth sunk under him and seemed to shake —
 There l'cth the Qake jotted of none!

Now stands the Biero like a lord alone,
 Puffed up with pride and vain pleasure;
 But all this glee had no continuance;
 For effoons winter gan to approach,
 The blustering Boreas did enback,
 And led upon the solitary Biero,
 For now no succour was seen him near.
 Now 'ga he repent his pride too late,
 For, naked left and disconsolate,
 The biting frost nipped his steele dead,
 The watery wet weighed down his head,
 And ped snows burdened him with care,
 That w upright he can stand no more.
 And, being down, he lay in the mire
 Of cattle, and brutes, and stinking filth,
 Such was the end of this nation's king,
 For scorning Eld.

RICHARD HOOKER, who lived in the reign of Elizabeth, contemporary with Spenser, and a little later than Milton and Shakespeare.

His chief work is his *Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity*, published between 1593 and 1607. In the polemical disputes of the time, the part which he bears is that of defender of the Church of England as it was established.

His style is formed upon a Latin model, and at first sight is a little obscure. His developed powers in our language which, up to his time, had been untried.

Laws of reason have three marks to be known by. Such as keep them reasonable, most lively in their voluntary actions, that very manner of working which nature herself does necessarily observe in the course of the whole world. The works of nature are all be-hoveful, beautiful, without superfluous defect, even so then, if they be framed according to that which the law of reason requires, they are good. These laws are investigable by the light of reason, and not by revelation supernatural, which is not necessary to all, but they are investigable by the light of nature, which is general, the world hath no other light to be acquainted with them, according to that which the philosopher observeth concerning a law, that it is not of to-day's or yesterday's date, but it is so old, that we know not how long it thence. It is not agreed upon by one, or two, or few, but by all which we may not so understand, as if

every particular man in the whole world did know and confess whatsoever the law of reason doth contain; but this law is such that being proposed no man can reject it as being unreasonable and unjust. Again, there is nothing in it but any man (having natural perfection of wit and ripeness of judgment) may by labour and travail find out. And to conclude, the general principles thereof are such, as it is not easy to find men ignorant of them. Law rational therefore, which men commonly use to call the law of nature, meaning thereby the law which human nature knoweth itself in reason universally bound unto, which also for that cause may be termed most fitly the law of reason; this law, I say, comprehendeth all those things which men by the light of their natural understanding evidently know, or at leastwise may know, to be becoming or unbecoming, virtuous or vicious, good or evil for them to do.

Now although it be true, which some have said, that whatsoever is done amiss, the law of nature and reason thereby is transgressed, because even those offences which are by their special qualities breaches of supernatural laws, do also for that they are generally evil, violate in general that principle of reason, which willeth universally to fly from evil: yet do we not therefore so far extend the law of reason, as to contain in it all manner laws whereunto reasonable creatures are bound, but (as hath been showed), we restrain it to those only duties, which all men by force of natural wit either do or might understand to be such duties as concern all men.

If then it be here demanded, by what means it should come to pass (the greatest part of the law moral being so easy for all men to know) that so many thousands of men notwithstanding have been ignorant even of principal moral duties, not imagining the breach of them to be sin: I deny not but lowd and wicked custom, beginning perhaps at the first amongst few, afterwards spreading into greater multitudes, and so continuing from time to time, may be of force even in plain things to smother the light of natural understanding; because men will not lend their wits to examine whether things wherewith they have been accustomed be good or evil. For example's sake, that grosser kind of heathenish idolatry, whereby they worshipped the very works of their own hands, was an absurdity to reason so palpable, that the Prophet David comparing idols and idolaters together maketh almost no odds between them, but the one in a manner as much without wit and sense as the other; *They that make them are like unto them, and so are all that trust in them.* That wherein an idolater doth seem so absurd and foolish is by the Wise Man thus exprest. *He is not ashamed to speak unto that which hath no life, he calleth on him that is weak for health, he prayeth for life unto him which is dead, of him which hath no experience he requireth help, for his journey he saith to him which is not able to go, for gain and work and success in his affairs he seeketh furtherance of him that hath no manner of power.* The cause of which senseless stupidity is afterwards imputed to custom. *When a father mourned grievously for*

his son that was taken away suddenly, he made an image for him that was once dead, whom now he worshippeth as a god, ordaining to his servants ceremonies and sacrifices. Thus by process of time this wicked custom prevailed, and was kept as a law; the authority of rulers, the ambition of craftsmen, and such like means, transmitting forward the ignorant and increasing their superstition.

Unto this which the Wise Man hath spoken somewhat besides may be added. For whatsoever we have hitherto taught, or shall hereafter, concerning the force of man's natural understanding, this we always desire withal to be understood: that there is no kind of faculty or power in man, or any other creature, which can rightly perform the functions allotted to it, without perpetual aid and concurrence of that supreme cause of all things.

BACON

FRANCIS BACON. Born 1561. Died 1626.

He wrote in Latin and English, of his English works the most important are *The Essays* (1597) and *The Advancement of Learning* (1605). He was regarded as a statesman as well as in literary life, but when he was Lord Chancellor, was disgraced upon a charge of bribery.

The quotations are from his *Essays*, which contain wisdom and a classic eloquence that has made them a standard.

It had been harder, and more difficult, to have put more truth and wisdom together in few words than in that speech; "Whoever is delighted in solitude, is either a wild beast, or a god." For it is most true,

that a natural and secret hatred and aversion towards society, in any manner, is a property of the savage beast; but it is most certain, that it should have any character, at all, of the human nature; except it proceed, not out of a necessity of solitude, but out of a love and desire of society, and a desire for a higher conversation. But little is man, contrary what solitude is, a necessity of it. For a crowd is not company, and a room full of pictures, and talk, but a continual tumult, where there is no love. But we may go further, and say most truly, that it is a more and miserable solitude, to want true friends, than that which the world is full of wilderness. And even in this season and of solitude, whosoever in the frame of his nature and affections, is unfit for friendship, he taketh it of the beast, and not from humanity.

A principal fault of friendship is the ease and discharge of the mind, and the clearing of the heart, which passions of the mind, and passions of the heart. No receipt openeth the heart, but true friendship; for you may impart grief, and sorrow, and counsel, and counsels, and whatsoever you have in your mind, in a kind of open and free manner.

The second fault of friendship is healthful and sovereign for the mind, and the first is for the affections. For friendship is a kind of day in the affections, and it is a kind of daylight; but it maketh daylight in the understanding, but of darkness and confusion of thoughts.

After these two noble fruits of friendship, followeth the last fruit: which is like the pomegranate, full of many kernels. I mean aid and bearing a part in all actions and occasions.

OF DISCOURSE.

Some in their discourse desire rather commendation of wit in being able to hold all arguments, than of judgment in discerning what is true; as if it were a praise to know what might be said, and not what should be thought. Some have certain commonplaces and themes wherein they are good, and want variety; which kind of poverty is for the most part tedious, and, when it is once perceived, ridiculous. The honourablest part of talk is to give the occasion; and again to conclude and pass to somewhat else, for then a man leads the dance. It is good in *Discourse* and speech of conversation to vary, and intermingle speech of the present occasion with arguments; tales with reasons; asking of questions with telling of opinions; and jest with earnest; for it is a dull thing to tire, and, as we say now, to jade anything too far. As for jest, there be certain things which ought to be privileged from it, namely, religion, matters of state, great persons, any man's present business of importance, and any case that deserveth pity. Yet there be some that think their wits have been asleep, except they dart out somewhat that is piquant and to the quick: that is a vein which would be bridled.

And, generally, men ought to find the difference

between saltness and bitterness. Certainly, he that hath a satirical vein, as he maketh others afraid of his wit, so he had need be afraid of others' memory. He that questioneth much shall learn much, and content much; but especially, if he apply his questions to the skill of the persons whom he asketh, for he shall give them occasion to please themselves in speaking, and himself shall continually gather knowledge. But let his questions not be troublesome, for that is fit for a poser. And let him be sure to leave other men their turns to speak. Nay, if there be any that would reign and take up all the time, let him find means to take them off and to bring others on, as musicians use to do, with those that dance too long galliards. If you dissemble sometimes your knowledge, of that you are thought to know, you shall be taught another time to know that you know not. Speech of a man's self ought to be seldom, and well chosen. I knew one was wont to say in scorn: "He must needs be a wise man, he speaks so much of himself." And there is but one case wherein a man may commend himself with good grace, and that is in commending virtue in another, especially if it be such a virtue wherunto himself pretendeth. Speech of touch towards others should be sparingly used, for Discourse ought to be as a field, without coming home to any man. I knew two noblemen of the west part of England; whereof the one was given to scoff, but kept ever royal cheer in his house; the other would ask of those that had been at the other's table: "Tell truly, was there never a flout or dry blow given?" To which

the guest would answer: "Such and such a thing passed." The lord would say: "I thought he would mar a good — or." Discretion of speech is more than eloquence, and to speak discreetly to him with whom we deal is more than to speak in good words, or in good order. A good continued speech, without a good speech of interlucation, sheweth slovenness; and a good reply or second speech, without a good selected speech, sheweth an unwise and weakness. As we see in beasts that those that are weakest in the course are yet nimblest in the turn, as it is betwixt the greyhound and the hare. To see how many circumstances ere one come to the matter, is wisdom; to use none at all is blunt.

SHAKESPEARE.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. BORN 1564. DIED 1616.

He began life apparently as a school-boy, and before his death retired with a companion to study in a town. Little is known of his life.

About forty years his attainments in literature, however, on modern grounds.

He holds the first place in the English language, not only in any other country, while he lived, but even in the present day, his wealth of imagination and his power of expression, his rapidity and ease with which he could move his pen over the whole range of human experience.

THE ANTI-CATHOLIC.

FRIENDS, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears.

I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him.

The evil that men do lives after them.

SHAKESPEARE.

The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Caesar. Brutus
Hath told you Caesar was ambitious;
If it were so, it were a fault
And grievously I honour'd man should blame
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest—
For Brutus is no traitor, neither are they
So are they all, all honour'd men—
Come I to speak in Caesar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me;
But Brutus says he was ambitious,
And Brutus is no traitor;
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Caesar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Caesar hath wept,
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious,
And Brutus is no traitor;
You all did see that on the Ides of March
I thrice presented to a killing my sword;
Which he did smother with his bloody hand;
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious,
And, sure, he is a great one then!
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak for Caesar.
You all did love him once, not without cause:
What cause withholds you then to honour him?
O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason. Bear with me

My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar.
And I must pause till it come back to me

* * * * *

But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world ;—now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.

O masters! if I were disposed to stir
Your heart, and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who you all know, are honourable men ;
I will not do them wrong: I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.
But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar ;
I found it in his closet—'tis his will :
Let but the commons hear this testament—
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read—
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.

* * * * *

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on:
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent
That day he overcame the Nervii:
Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:

See what a rent the envious Casca made :
 'Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd ;
 And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
 Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it,
 As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
 If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no ;
 For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel :
 Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him !
 This, was the most unkindest cut of all ;
 For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
 Ingratitude, more strong than traitor's arms,
 Quite vanquish'd him ; then burst his mighty heart ;
 And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
 Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
 Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell,
 O, what a fall was there, my countrymen !
 Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
 Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
 O, now you weep, and, I perceive, you feel
 The dint of pity : these are gracious drops.
 Kind souls, what weep you, when you but behold
 Our Cæsar's vesture wounded ? Look you here,
 Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

* * * * *

Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
 To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
 They that have done this deed are honourable :
 What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
 That made them do it : they are wise and honourable,
 And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts :
 I am no orator, as Brutus is ;
 But, as you know me all a plain blunt man,
 That love my friend ; and that they know full well
 That gave me public leave to speak of him :
 For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
 Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
 To stir men's blood : I only speak right on ;
 I tell you that which you yourselves do know ;
 Show you sweet Caesar's wounds, poor poor dumb
 mouths,
 And bid them speak for me : but were I Brutus,
 And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
 Would ruffle up your spirits and put a tongue
 In every wound of Caesar that should move
 The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

WOLLEY'S FAREWELL.

Farewell ! a long farewell to all my greatness !
 This is the state of man : to-day he puts forth
 The tender leaves of hope ; to-morrow blossoms,
 And bears his blushing honours thick upon him ;
 The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
 And, when he thinks, good night on that sole hour,
 His greatness is a taper, soon burnt to the foot,
 And then he falls as I do, like the withered
 Like little winter buds, that with the sudden cold
 This many summers in a sea of glory,
 But far beyond my depth : my high-blown pride
 At length broke under me, and now has left me,

Weary and old with service, to the mercy
 Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
 Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye.
 I feel my heart new opened. O, how wretched
 Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favours!
 There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
 That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
 More pangs and fears than wars or women have.
 And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
 Never to hope again.

Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
 In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me,
 Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
 Let's dry our eyes; and thus far hear me, Cromwell
 And, when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
 And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
 Of me must more be heard of, say, I taught thee,
 Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
 And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,
 Found thee a way out of his wreck to rise in.
 A sure and safe one, that yet the master missed it.
 Mark but my fall, and that that ruined me.
 Cromwell, I charge thee, wipe away ambition:
 By that sin fell the angels. How can man, then,
 The image of his Maker, hope to win by it?
 Love thyself last, cherish those hearts that hate thee;
 Corruption wins not more than honesty.
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
 To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:

Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
 Thy God's, and truth's; then, if thou fall'st, O
 Cromwell,
 Thou fall'st a blessed martyr! Serve the king;
 And,—prithee, lead me in;
 There take an inventory of all I have,
 To the last penny; 'tis the king's; my robe,
 And my integrity to heaven, is all
 I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell!
 Had I but served my God with half the zeal
 I served my king, he would not in mine age
 Have left me naked to mine enemies.

THE CHARACTER OF WOLSEY.

Katharine. Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou
 led'st me,

'That the great child of honour, Cardinal Wolsey,
 Was dead?

Griffith. Yes, madam; but I think your grace,
 Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to 't.

Kath. Prithee, good Griffith, tell me how he died:
 If well, he stepp'd before me, happily
 For my example.

Grif. Well, the voice goes, madam:
 For after the stout Earl Northumberland
 Arrested him at York, and brought him forward,
 As a man sorely tainted, to his answer,
 He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill
 He could not sit his mule.

Kath.

Alas, poor man!

Grif. At last, with easy roads, he came to Leicester,
 Lodged in the abbey ; where the reverend abbot,
 With all his convent, honourably received him ;
 To whom he gave these words, ' O, father abbot,
 An old man, broken with the storms of state,
 Is come to lay his weary bones among ye ;
 Give him a little earth for charity !'
 So went to bed ; where eagerly his sickness
 Pursued him still : and, three nights after this,
 About the hour of eight, which he himself
 Foretold should be his last, full of repentance,
 Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,
 He gave his honours to the world again,
 His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.

Kath. So may he rest ; his faults lie gently on him ;
 Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,
 And yet with charity. He was a man
 Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
 Himself with princes ; one that, by suggestion,
 Tied all the kingdom : simony was fair-play ;
 His own opinion was his law : if the presence
 He would say untruths ; and be ever double
 Both in his words and meaning : he was never
 But where he meant to ruin, pitiful :
 His promises were, as he then was, mighty ;
 But his performance, as he is now, nothing.

Grif. ed in Noble madam,
 Men's evil ibut manners live in brass ; their
 We write y po in water. May it please yourd's
 To hear my sel e speak his good now ?

Kath.

Yes, good Griffith;

I were malicious else.

Grif.

This cardinal,

Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
 Was fashion'd to much honour from his cradle.
 He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;
 Exceeding wise, fair-spoken, and persuading:
 Lofty and sour to them that loved him not;
 But to those men that sought him sweet as summer.
 And though he were unsatisfied in getting,
 Which was a sin, yet in bestowing, madam,
 He was most princely: ever witness for him
 Those twins of learning that he raised in you,
 Ipswich and Oxford! one of which fell with him,
 Unwilling to outlive the good that did it;
 The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
 So excellent in art, and still so rising,
 That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
 His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;
 And then, and not till then, he felt himself
 Found the blessedness of being little:
 To add greater honours to his age
 As could give him, he died fearing God.
 After my death I wish no other herald,
 Speaker of my living actions,
 Than he himself.

me,

11

HUMAN LIFE.

'These our actors,
 As I foretold you, were all spirits and
 Are melted into air, into thin air;
 And like the baseless fabric of this vision,
 The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
 The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
 Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
 And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
 Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
 As dreams are made on, and our little life
 Is rounded with a sleep.

MERCY.

'The quality of mercy is not strained,
 It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
 Upon the place beneath: it is twice blessed;
 It blesseth him that gives and him that takes:
 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
 The throned monarch better than his crown:
 His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
 The attribute to awe and majesty,
 Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
 But mercy is above this sceptred sway;
 It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
 It is an attribute to God himself;
 And earthly power doth then show likest God's
 When mercy seasons justice.

NATURE'S THRIFT.

Heaven doth with us as we with torches do :
Not light them for themselves ; for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touched,
But to fine issues. Nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence ;
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and use.

ADVERSITY.

Sweet are the uses of adversity
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head ;
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

TAYLOR.

JEREMY TAYLOR. Born 1613; Died 1667.

He was of humble birth, and was at first raised into consideration through the patronage of Archbishop Laud. Siding with the party of the Royalists, he was chaplain to Charles I., during the war: was in adversity during the Commonwealth, and came again into favour with the Restoration.

His chief works are *Holy Living* and *Holy Dying* and *The Golden Grove*: they are grave and devotional, and yet at the same time picturesque and imaginative. His is perhaps the most poetical of all English prose.

ANGER.

REMOVL from thyself all provocations and incentives to anger; especially: I. Games of chance and great wagers. Patroclus killed his friend, the son of Amphidamas, in his rage and sudden fury, rising upon a cross game at tables. Such also are petty curiosities and worldly business and carefulness about it; but manage thyself with indifferency, or contempt of those external things, and do not spend a passion upon them; for it is more than they are worth. But they that desire but few things, can be crossed but in a few. II. In not heaping up with an ambitious or curious prodigality, any very curious or choice utensils, seals, jewels, glasses, precious stones; because those very many accidents, which happen in the spoiling or loss of these rarities, are in event an irresistible cause of violent anger. III. Do not entertain nor suffer tale-

bearers. for they abuse our ear first, and then our credulity, and then steal our patience; and it may be for a lie; and if it be true, the matter is not considerable; or if it be, yet it is pardonable. And we may always escape with patience at one of these outlets; either, 1. By not hearing slanders; or, 2. By not believing them; or, 3. By not regarding the thing, or, 4. By forgiving the person. IV. To this purpose also it may serve well if we choose (as much as we can) to live with peaceable persons; for that prevents the occasions of confusion; and if we live with prudent persons, they will not easily occasion our disturbance. But because these things are not in many men's power, therefore I propound this rather, as a felicity than a remedy or a duty, and an art of prevention rather than a cure.

Be not inquisitive into the affairs of other men, nor the faults of thy servants, nor the mistakes of thy friends: but what is offered to you, use according to the former rules; but do not thou go out to gather sticks to kindle a fire to burn thine own house. And add this: If my friend said or did well in that for which I am angry, I am in the fault, not he; but if he did amiss, he is in the misery, not I; for either he was deceived, or he was malicious; and either of them both is all one with a miserable person; and that is an object of pity, not of anger.

Use all reasonable discourses to excuse the faults of others; considering that there are many circumstances of time, of person, of accident, of inadvertency, of

infrequency, of aptness to amend, of sorrow for doing it; and it is well that we take any good in exchange; for the evil is done or suffered.

In contentions be always passive, never active; upon the defensive, not the assaulting part; and then also give a gentler answer, receiving the furies and indiscretions of the other like a stone into a bed of moss and soft compliance; and you shall find it sit down quietly; whereas anger and violence makes the contention loud and long, and injurious to both the parties.

If anger rises suddenly and violently, first restrain it with consideration, and then let it end in a hearty prayer for him that did the real or seeming injury. The former of the two stops its growth, and the latter quite kills it, and makes amends for its monstrous and involuntary birth.

INSIGNIFICANCE OF MAN.

A man is a bubble, said the Greek proverb: which Lucian represents with advantages and its proper circumstances, to this purpose: saying, that all the world is a storm; and men rise up in their several generations, like bubbles descending from the dew of heaven, from a tear and drop of rain, from nature and Providence: some of these instantly sink into the deluge of their own passions, and are hidden in a sheet of water, having had no other business in the world, but to be born that they might be able to die; others float up and down two or three turns, and suddenly disappear, and give their place to others; and they

that live longest upon the face of the waters are in perpetual motion, restless and uneasy, and being crushed with the great drop of a cloud sink into flatness and a froth; the change not being great, it being hardly possible it should be more a nothing than it was before. So is every man: he is born in vanity and sin; he comes into the world like morning mushrooms, soon thrusting up their heads into the air, and conversing with their kindred of the same production, and as soon they turn into dust and forgetfulness.

If the bubble stands the shock of a bigger drop and outlives the chances of a child, then the young man dances like a bubble empty and gay, and shines like a dove's neck, or the image of a rainbow, which hath no substance, and whose very imagery and colours are fantastical; and so he dances out the gaiety of his youth, and is all the while in a storm.

And, therefore, the wise men of the world have contended who shall best fit man's condition with words signifying his vanity and short abode. Homer calls a man a leaf, the smallest, the weakest part of a short lived, unsteady plant. Pindar calls him the dream of a shadow: another, the dream of the shadow of smoke. But St. James spake by a more excellent spirit, saying, Our life is but a vapour.

A man is so vain, so unfixed, so perishing a creature, that he cannot long last in the scene of fancy: a man goes off and is forgotten like the dream of a distracted person. The sum of all is this, *that thou art a man*; than whom there is not in the world any greater

instance of heights and declensions, of lights and shadows, of misery and folly, of laughter and tears, of groans and death.

PRAYER.

I have seen a lark rising from his bed of grass, and soaring upwards, singing as he rises, and hopes to get to heaven, and climb above the clouds; but the poor bird was beaten back with the loud sighings of an eastern wind, and his motion made irregular and inconstant, descending more at every breath of the tempest, than it could recover by the vibration and frequent weighing of his wings, till the little creature was forced to sit down and pant, and stay till the storm was over; and then it made a prosperous flight, and did rise and sing, as if it had learned music and motion from an angel, as he passed sometimes through the air, about his ministries here below. So is the prayer of a good man.

MILTON.

JOHN MILTON Born, 1608 died, 1674

Milton's youth was spent in long and very earnest study and to what thus acquired, he added still more, the result of foreign travel

His chief writings were poems, of which *L'Allegro and Il Penseroso*, *Cymon* and *Lyones*, were the chief. The middle period of his life was occupied with prose controversy, and the last with his greatest work *Paradise Lost*, and its sequel *Paradise Regained*, and with the drama of *Samson Agonistes*

In *Paradise Lost* and its sequel he has discarded rhyme, and given us the most splendid specimen of blank verse in the language

I.—FREEDOM OF THE PRESS.

I DARE not, but that it is of greatest concernment in the Church and Commonwealth, to have a vigilant eye how books demean themselves as well as men and, thereafter to confine, in prison, and do sharpest justice on them as malefactors; for books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a progeny of life in them to be as active as that soul was, whose progeny they are. nay, they do preserve, as in a vial the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively and as vigorously productive, as those fabulous dragon's teeth; and, being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men. And yet, on the other hand, unless wariness be used, as good almost kill a man, as kill a good book; who kills a man

kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book kills Reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye. Many a man lives, a burden to the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. It is true, no age can restore a life; whereof, perhaps, there is no great loss; and revolutions of ages do not oft recover the loss of a rejected truth; for the want of which whole nations fare the worse. We should be wary, therefore, what persecution we raise against the living labours of public men; how we spill that seasoned life of man, preserved and stored up in books; since we see a kind of homicide may be thus committed, sometimes a martyrdom; and, if it extend to the whole impression, a kind of massacre, whereof the execution ends not in the slaying of an elemental life, but strikes at the æthereal and fifth essence, the breath of Reason itself; slays an Immortality rather than a life.

II.—A Nation in its Strength.

Lords and Commons of England! Consider what nation it is, whereof ye are, and whereof ye are the governors; a nation not slow and dull, but of a quick, ingenions, and piercing spirit; acute to invent, subtile and sinewy to discourse; not beneath the reach of any point, the hi-
Therefore, the str-
have been so ancient, and so eminent, among us, that writers of good antiquity and able judgement, have

been persuaded, that even the school of Pythagoras, and the Persian wisdom, took beginnings from the old philosophy of this Island.

Behold, now, this vast city, a city of refuge, the mansion-house of liberty, encompassed and surrounded with God's protection the shop of war hath not there more anvils and hammers working, to fashion out the plates and instruments of armed justice in defence of beleaguered truth, than there be pens and heads there, sitting by their studious lamps, musing, searching, revolving new notions and ideas, wherewith to present us with their homage and their fealty, the approaching reformation; others as fast reading, trying all things, assenting to the force of reason and convincement. What could a man require more from a nation so pliant and so prone to seek after knowledge? What wants there to such a towardly and pregnant soil, but wise and faithful labourers, to make a knowing people, a nation of prophets, of sages, and of worthies? We reckon more than five months yet to harvest; there need not be five weeks, had we but the eyes to lift up: the fields are white already. Where there is much desire to learn, there of necessity will be much arguing, much writing, many opinions; for opinion, in good men, is but knowledge in the making. Under these fantastic terrors of sect and schism, we wrong the earnest and zealous thirst after knowledge and understanding, which God hath stirred up in this city. What some lament of, we should rather rejoice at, should rather praise this pious forwardness among

men, to re-assume the ill-deputed care of their religion into their own hands again. A little generous prudence, a little forbearance of one another, and some grain of charity, might win all these diligences to join and unite into one general and brotherly search after truth: could we but forego this tradition of crowding free consciences and Christian liberties into canons and precepts of men. I doubt not, if some great and worthy stranger should come among us, wise to discern the mould and temper of a people, and how to govern it; observing the high hopes and aims, the diligent alacrity of our extended thoughts and reasoning in the pursuance of truth and freedom: but that he would cry out, as Pyrrhus did, admiring the Roman docility and courage; "If such were my Epirots, I would not despair the greatest design that could be attempted to make a church or kingdom happy!"

Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks; methinks I see her as an eagle, mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday beam; purging and unscaling her long abused sight, at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance; while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means, and in their envious gabble would prognosticate a year of sects and schisms. What should ye do then, should ye suppress all this flowery crop of knowledge and new light, sprung up, and yet springing daily in this city?

Should ye set an oligarchy of twenty engrossers over it, to bring a famine upon our minds again, when we shall know nothing but what is measured to us by their bushel? Believe it, Lords and Commons, they who counsel ye to such suppressing, do as good as bid ye suppress yourselves.

LIGHT.

Hail, holy Light! offspring of Heaven first-born,
Of the Eternal co-eternal beam,
Why I express thee unblamed? since God is light,
And never but in unapproach'd light
Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright essence increate,
On whom all't thou rather, pure ethereal stream,
Whose fountain who shall tell? Before the sun,
Before the heavens thou wert, and at the voice
Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest
This rising world of waters dark and deep,
Won from the void and formless infinite.
Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,
Escaped the Stygian pool, though long detain'd
In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight
I through utter and through middle darkness borne,
With other notes than to the Olympian Muses,
I sung of Chaos and eternal Night;
Taught by the heavenly Lights to venture down
The dark descent, and up to reach the height,
Though hard and rare; thee I
And feel thy sovereign vital lamp; but thou

Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain
 To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn
 So thick a drop serene hath quench'd their orbs,
 Or dim suffusion veil'd. Yet not the more
 Cease I to wander, where the Muses haunt
 Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,
 Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief-
 Thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks beneath,
 That wash thy hallow'd feet, and warbling flow
 Nightly I visit: nor sometimes forget
 Those other two equall'd with me in fate,
 So woe I equall'd with them in renown,
 Blind Thamyras, and blind Maeonides,
 And Tiresias, and Phineus, prophets old:
 Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move
 Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird
 Sings dawning, and in shade'st covert hid,
 Tunos her nocturnal note. Thus, with the year
 Seasons return; but not to me returns
 Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
 Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
 Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
 But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
 Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
 Cut off, and for the door of knowledge fair
 Presented with a universal blank
 Of nature's works to mine eyes is shut out,
 And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.
 So much the rather thou, Celestial Light,
 Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers

I radiate; there plant eyes, all mist from thence
 Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
 Of things invisible to mortal sight.

LYCIDAS.

Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more
 Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
 I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude;
 And, with forced fingers rude
 Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
 Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,
 Compels me to disturb your season due;
 For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
 Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer:
 Who would not sing for Lycidas? He knew
 Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
 He must not float upon his watery bier
 Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
 Without the meed of some melodious tear.

Begin, then, Sisters of the sacred well,
 That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring;
 Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string:
 Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse:
 So may some gentle Muse
 With lucky words favour my destined urn;
 And, as he passes, turn,
 And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.

For we were nursed upon the self-same hill,
 Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and rill.
 Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd

Under the opening eye-lids of the morn,
 We drove a-field, and both together heard
 What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
 Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
 Oft till the star, that rose at evening, bright,
 Towards heaven's descent had slop'd his westering
 wheel.

Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,
 Temper'd to the oaten flute;
 Rough Satyrs danced, and Fauns with cloyen heel
 From the glad sound would not be absent long;
 And old Damocetas loved to hear our song.

But, O the heavy change now thou art gone,
 Now thou art gone, and never must return!
 Thee, shepherd, thee, the woods, and desert caves,
 With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
 And all their echoes mourn:
 The willows, and the hazel copses green,
 Shall now no more be seen
 Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays,
 As killing as the canker to the rose,
 Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,
 Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear,
 When first the white-thron blows:
 Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear.

Where were ye, nymphs, when the remorseless dæd?
 Closed o'er the head of your lov'd Lycidas?
 For neither were ye playing on the steep,
 Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,
 Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,

Nor yet where Devo spreads her wizard stream :
 Ah me! I fondly dream
 Had ye been there, for what could that have done?
 What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,
 The Muse herself, for her enchanting son,
 Whom universal nature did lament,
 When, by the rout that made the hideous roar,
 His gory vision down the stream was sent,
 Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?
 Alas! what boots it with incessant care
 To tend the homely, slighted, shepherd's trade,
 And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
 Were it not better done, as others use,
 To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
 Or with the tangles of Narcissa's hair?
 Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
 (That last infirmity of noble mind)
 To scorn delights and live laborious days;
 But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
 And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
 Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears,
 And slits the thin-spun life. But not the praise,
 Phoebus replied, and touching my sounding ears;
 'Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
 Nor in the glittering frost
 Set off to the world, nor in the eye of man lies:
 But hies and comes, and with a sudden eye,
 And perfect form, and with a sudden eye,
 As he pronounces loudly in the world,
 Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed.'

O fountain Arethuse, and thou honour'd flood,
 Smooth-sliding Minxius, crown'd with vocal reeds!
 That strain I heard was of a higher mood.
 But now my boat protests,
 And listens to the herald of the sea,
 That came in Neptune's plea;
 He ask'd the waves, and ask'd the felon winds,
 What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle swain?
 And question'd every gust of rugged wings
 That blows from off each beaked promontory:
 They knew not of his story;
 And sage Hippotades their answer bring'd,
 That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd
 The air was calm, and on the level brine
 Sleek Panope with all her sisters play'd.
 It was that fatal and perfidious bark,
 Built in the eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,
 That sunk so low that sacred head of mine.

Next Camus, reverend sire, went floating slow,
 His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,
 Inwrought with high antiquity,
 And on the edge
 Like to that sanguine flower inscribed with woe.
 Ah! who hath seen, or thought he saw, my dearest pledge?
 Last came, and last this phrase
 The pilot of the Galley said,
 Two masy keys he bore, and on their golden
 (The golden ore) the sun and moon
 He shook his mirror, and on their beams

'How well could I have spared for thee, young
 swain,

BOOK VI

Enow of such, as for their bellies' sake
Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold!
Of other care they little reckoning make,
Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,
And shove away the worthy bidden guest;
Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to
hold

A sheep-hook, or have learn'd aught else the least
That to the faithful herdsman's art belongs!
What recks it them? What need they? They are
sped;

And when they list, their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw;
The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
But, swoll'n with wind and the rank mist they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread:
Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing said:
But that two-handed engine at the door
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.'

Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is past,
That shrunk thy streams; return, Sicilian Muse,
And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
Their bells, and flowerets of a thousand hues.
Ye valleys low, where the wild whispers use
Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely looks;
Throw hither all your quaint enamell'd eyes,
That on the green turf suck the honey'd showers,
And puzzle all the ground with vernal flowers.

Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
'The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freak'd with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head
And every flower that sad embroidery wears :
Bid Amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffodillies fill their cups with tears,
To strew the laureat hearse where Lycid lies.
For, so to interpose a little ease,
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise,
Ay me! whilst thee the shores and sounding seas
Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurl'd,
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
Where thou perhaps, under the whelming tide,
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world ;
Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,
Where the great vision of the guarded mount
Looks towards Namanicos and Bayona's hold ;
Look homeward, angel, now, and melt with ruth :
And, O ye Dolphins, waft the hapless youth.

Weep no more, woful Shepherds, weep no more,
For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor ;
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore

Flames in the forehead of the morning sky ;
 So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
 Through the dear night of Him that walk'd the waves
 Where, other groves and other streams along,
 With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
 And hear the unexpressive nuptial song
 In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
 There entertain him all the saints above,
 In solemn troops, and sweet societies,
 That sing, and, singing in their glory, move,
 And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
 Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more,
 Henceforth thou art the genius of the shore,
 In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
 To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth swain to the oaks and rills
 While the still morn went out with sandals gray ;
 He touched the tender stops of various quills,
 With eager thought warbling his Doric lay :
 And now the sun had stretch'd out all the hills,*
 And now was dropt into the western bay :
 At last he rose, and twitch'd his mantle blue :
 To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.

WHEN THE ASSAULT WAS ENTERED TO THE CITY.
 Captain, or Colonel, or Knight in arms,
 Whose chance on these defenceless doors may seize,
 If deed of honour did thee ever please,
 Guard them, and him within protect from harms.
 He can requite thee ; for he knows the charms

That call fame on such gentle acts as these,
 And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas,
 Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.
 Lift not thy spear against the Muses' bower;
 The great Emathian conqueror bid spare
 The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower
 Went to the ground. and the repeated ail
 Of sad Electra's poet had the power
 To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare.

ON HIS BLINDNESS.

When I consider how my light is spent
 I loath the half my days, in this dark world and wide,
 And that one talent which is death to hide,
 Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
 To serve thee, than with my Maker, and present
 My true account, lest he, returning, chide.
 'Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?'
 I fondly ask: but Patience, to prevent
 That murmur, soon replies, 'God doth not need
 Either man's work, or his own gifts; who best
 Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best: his state
 Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest:
 They also serve who only stand and wait.'

TO CYRIAC, BLIND.

Cyriac, this three years day these eyes, though clear,
 To outward view, of blemish or of spot,
 Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot;

Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear
 Of sun, or moon, or star, throughout the year,
 Or man or woman. Yet I argue not
 Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
 Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer
 Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?
 The conscience, friend, to have lost them overplied
 In liberty's defence, my noble task,
 Of which all Europe rings from side to side.
 This thought might lead me through the world's vain
 mask,
 Content, though blind, had I no better guide.

CLARENDON.

HOWARD HYDE, EARL OF CLARENDON. Born 1608; Died 1674.

He was prominent in the early struggles between Charles I. and his parliaments; but gradually attached himself more and more closely to the Royalist Party. He followed Charles II. into exile, and returned with him to power, which he continued to hold for seven years.

His chief work, *The History of the Rebellion*, is written in a style which, though not always grammatically accurate, yet never fails to be both vivid and effective.

CHARACTER OF LORD FALKLAND, WHO WAS SLAIN IN THE BATTLE OF NEWBURY, BETWEEN THE PARLIAMENT FORCES UNDER THE EARL OF ESSEX, AND THE ROYALISTS COMMANDED BY PRINCE RUPERT.

IN this unhappy battle was slain the Lord Viscount Falkland, a person of such prodigious parts of learning and knowledge, of that inimitable sweetness and delight

in conversation, of so flowing and obliging a humanity and goodness to mankind, and of that primitive simplicity and integrity of life, that if there were no other brand upon this odious and accursed civil war, than that single loss, it must be most infamous and execrable to all posterity.

Before this parliament, his condition of life was so happy, that it was hardly capable of improvement. Before he came to be twenty years of age, he was master of a noble fortune. He was constant and pertinacious in whatsoever he resolved to do, and not to be wearied by any pains that were necessary to that end. And, therefore, having once resolved not to see London, which he loved above all places, till he had perfectly learned the Greek tongue, he went to his own house in the country, and pursued it with that indefatigable industry, that it will not be believed in how short a time he was master of it, and accurately read all the Greek historians.

In this time, his house being within ten miles of Oxford, he contracted familiarity and friendship with the most polite and accurate men of that university; who found such an immensity of wit, and such a solidity of judgment in him, so infinite a fancy, bound in by a most logical ratiocination, such a vast knowledge, that he was not ignorant in anything, yet such an excessive humility, as if he had known nothing, that they frequently resorted, and dwelt with him, as in a college situated in a purer air; so that his house was a university in a less volume; whither they came not so

much for repose as study: and to examine and refine those grosser propositions, which laziness and consent made current in vulgar conversation.

He was superior to all these passions and affections which attend vulgar minds, and was guilty of no other ambition than of knowledge, and to be reputed a lover of all good men; and that made him too much a contemner of those arts, which must be maulged in the transactions of human affairs.

He had a courage of the most clear and keen temper, and so far from fear, that he was not without appetite of danger; and, therefore, upon any occasion of action, he always engaged his person in those troops, which he thought, by the forwardness of the commanders, to be most like to be farthest engaged; and in all such encounters he had about him a strange cheerfulness and companionableness, without at all affecting the execution that was then principally to be attended, in which he took no delight, but took pains to prevent it, where it was not, by resistance, necessary; insomuch that at Edge-hill, when the enemy was routed, he was like to have incurred great peril, by interposing to save those who had thrown away their arms, and against whom, it may be, others were more fierce for their having thrown them away; insomuch as a man might think, he came into the field out of curiosity to see the face of danger, and chiefly to prevent the shedding of blood. Yet in his natural inclination he acknowledged he was addicted to the profession of a soldier; and shortly after he came to his fortune, and before he

came of age, he went into the Low Countries, with a resolution of procuring command.

From the entrance into this unnatural war, his natural cheerfulness and vivacity grew clouded, and a kind of sadness and defection of spirit stole upon him, which he had never been used to; yet being one of those who believed that one battle would end all differences, and that there would be so great a victory on one side, that the other would be compelled to submit to any conditions from the victor, he resisted those indispositions.

When there was an overture, or hope of peace, he would be more erect and vigorous, and exceedingly solicitous to press anything which he thought might promote it. This made some think, or pretend to think, that he was so much enamoured on peace, that he would have been glad the king should have bought it at any price, which was a most unreasonable calumny. As if a man that was himself the most punctual and precise in every circumstance that might reflect upon conscience or honour, could have wished the king to have committed a trespass against either.

In the morning before the battle, as always upon action, he was very cheerful, and put himself into the first rank of the Lord [REDACTED]'s regiment, who was then advancing upon [REDACTED], who had lined the hedges on both sides with musketeers, from whence he was shot with a musket in the lower part of the belly, and in the instant falling from his horse, his body was not found till the next morning; till when, there was some

hope he might have been a prisoner; though his nearest friends, who knew his temper, received small comfort from that imagination. Thus fell that incomparable young man, in the four and thirtieth year of his age, having so much despatched the business of life, that the oldest rarely attain to that immense knowledge, and the youngest enter not into the world with more innocence: whosoever leads such a life, needs not care upon how short warning it be taken from him.

BUNYAN.

JOHN BUNYAN. BORN 1628; Died 1688.

The son of a tinker in Bedfordshire, he became a village preacher when a young man, was imprisoned in 1662 for non-conformity and was liberated only after twelve years' captivity.

His great work is *The Pilgrim's Progress*, which has never lost its hold upon the nation from his own day to ours. It consists of a religious allegory, and is related in the form of a dream. His style is remarkable for its exceeding simplicity.

Now, upon the bank of the river, on the other side, they saw the two Shining Men again, who there waited for them. Wherefore, being come out of the river, they saluted them, saying, We are ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to those that shall be heirs of salvation. Thus they went towards the gate.

Now you must note, that the city stood upon a mighty hill; but the pilgrims went up that hill with ease, because they had these two men to lead them up by the arms; they had likewise left their mortal garments

behind them in the river ; for though they went in with them, they came out without them. They therefore went up here with much agility and speed, though the foundation upon which the city was framed was higher than the clouds ; they therefore went up through the regions of the air, sweetly talking as they went, being comforted because they safely got over the river, and had such glorious companions to attend them.

The talk that they had with the Shining Ones was about the glory of the place ; who told them that the beauty and glory of it was inexpressible. There, said they, is " the Mount Sion, the heavenly Jerusalem, the innumerable company of angels, and the spirits of just men made perfect." You are going now, said they, to the paradise of God, wherein you shall see the tree of life, and eat of the never-fading fruits thereof ; and, when you come there, you shall have white robes given you, and your walk and talk shall be every day with the King, even all the days of eternity. There you shall not see again such things as you saw when you were in the lower region upon the earth ; to wit, sorrow, sickness, affliction, and death ; " for the former things are passed away." You are going now to Abraham, to Isaac, and to Jacob, and to the prophets, men that God hath taken away from the evil to come, and that are now resting upon their beds, each one walking in his righteousness. The men then asked, What must we do in the holy place ? To whom it was answered, You must there receive the comfort of all your toil, and have joy for all your sorrow ; you must

reap what you have sown, even the fruit of all your prayers, and tears, and sufferings for the King by the way. In that place you must wear crowns of gold, and enjoy the perpetual sight and visions of the Holy One; for there you shall see Him as He is. There also you shall serve Him continually with praise, with skouting and thanksgiving, whom you desired to serve in the world, though with much difficulty, because of the infirmity of your flesh. There your eyes shall be delighted with seeing, and your ears with hearing the pleasant voice of the Mighty One. There you shall enjoy your friends again that are gone thither before you, and there you shall with joy receive even every one that follows into the holy place after you. There also you shall be clothed with glory and majesty, and put into an equipage fit to ride out with the King of Glory. When He shall come with sound of trumpet in the clouds, as upon the wings of the wind, you shall come with Him; and when He shall sit upon the throne of judgment, you shall sit by Him; yea, and when He shall pass sentence upon all the workers of iniquity, let them be angels or men, you also shall have a voice in that judgment, because they were His and your enemies. Also, when He shall again return to the city, you shall go too, with sound of trumpet, and be ever with Him.

Now, while they were thus drawing towards the gate, behold a company of the heavenly host came out to meet them; to whom it was said by the other two Shining Ones, These are the men that have loved our Lord when they were in the world, and that have left

all for His holy name; and He hath sent us to fetch them, and we have brought them thus far on their desired journey, that they may go in and look their Redeemer in the face with joy. Then the heavenly host gave a great shout, saying, "Blessed are they that are called to the marriage supper of the Lamb." There came out also at this time to meet them several of the King's trumpeters, clothed in white and shining raiment, who with melodious noises and loud, made even the heavens to echo with their sound. These trumpeters saluted Christian and his fellow with ten thousand welcomes from the world; and this they did with shouting and sound of trumpet.

This done, they compassed them round on every side, some went before, some behind, and some on the right hand, some on the left (as it were to guard them through the upper regions), continually sounding as they went, with melodious noise, in notes on high; so that the very sight was to them that could behold it as if heaven itself was come down to meet them. Thus, therefore, they walked on together; and, as they walked, ever and anon these trumpeters, even with joyful sound, would, by mixing their music with looks and gestures, still signify to Christian and his brother how welcome they were into their company, and with what gladness they came to meet them. And now were these two men as if it were in heaven, before they came at it, being swallowed up with the sight of angels, and with hearing of their melodious notes. Here also they had the city itself in view, and thought

they heard all the bells therein to ring, to welcome them thereto. But above all, the warm and joyful thoughts that they had about their own dwelling there with such company, and that for ever and ever, oh, by what tongue or pen can their glorious joy be expressed! Thus they came up to the gate.

Now I saw in my dream, that these two men went in at the gate; and lo! as they entered they were transfigured, and they had raiment put on that shone like gold. There were also that met them with harps and crowns, and gave them to them; the harps to praise withal, and the crowns in token of honour. Then I heard in my dream that all the bells in the city rang again for joy, and that it was said unto them "Enter ye into the joy of our Lord." I also heard the men themselves, that they sang with a loud voice, saying, "Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever."

Now, just as the gates were opened to let in the men, I looked in after them, and behold, the city shone like the sun; the streets also were paved with gold, and in them walked many men, with crowns on their heads, palms in their hands, and golden harps, to sing praises withal.

There were also of them that had wings, and they answered one another, without intermission, saying, Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord! And after that they shut up the gates; which, when I had seen, I wished myself among them.

DRYDEN.

JOHN DRYDEN. Born 1631; Died 1701

He wrote many dramas but his fame and popularity rest not on these, but on his powerful satires, and on his splendid lyrics. Of the satires, *Absalom and Achitophel*, of the lyrics, *Alexander's Feast*, are the most famous.

He enjoyed the favour of the last kings of the Stuart house, in whose interest he wrote, but, losing, with the Revolution, this incentive to satirical or party writing, he devoted himself thence after chiefly to his great translation of the poems of Virgil.

THE CHARACTER OF THE EARL OF SHAFESBURY.

Of these the false Achitophel was first,
A name to all succeeding ages curst
For close designs and crooked counsels fit,
Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit,
Restless, unfixed in principles and place,
In power unpleased, impatient of disgrace,
A fiery soul, which working out its way,
Fretted the pigmy body to decay,
And o'er-informed the tenement of clay.
A daring pilot in extremity,
Pleased with the danger, when the waves went high,
He sought the storms; but, for a calm unfit,
Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit.
Great wits are sure to madness near allied
And thin partitions do their bounds divide;
Else, why should he, with wealth and honour blest,
Refuse his age the needful hours of rest?

Punish a body which he could not please,
Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease?
And all to leave what with his toil he won
To that unfeathered, two-legged thing, a sou —
In friendship false, implacable in hate,
Resolved to ruin or to rule the state;
To compass this the triple bond he broke,
The pillars of the public safety shook,
And fitted Israel for a foreign yoke;
Then, seized with fear, yet still affecting fame,
Usurped a patriot's all-atoning name.
So easy still it proves in factions times
With public zeal to cancel private crimes.

CHARACTER OF THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Some of their chiefs were princes of the land
In the first rank of these did Zimri stand,
A man so various that he seemed to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome:
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
Was everything by starts and nothing long;
But in the course of one revolving moon
Was chymist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon;
Blost madman, who could every hour employ
With something new to wish or to enjoy!
Railing and praising were his usual themes,
And both, to show his judgment, in extremes:
So over violent or over civil
That every man with him was God or Devil.
In squandering wealth was his peculiar art;

Nothing went unrewarded but desert.
 Beggared by fools whom still he found too late,
 He had his jest and they had his estate.
 He laughed himself from Court; then sought relief
 By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief;
 For spite of him, the weight of business fell
 On Absalom and wise Achitophel;
 Thus wicked but in will, of means bereft,
 He left not faction, but of that was left.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST.

'Twas at the royal feast for Persia won
 By Philip's warlike son:
 Aloft in awful state
 The godlike hero sate
 On his imperial throne;
 His valiant peers were placed around;
 Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound
 (So should desert in arms be crowned).
 The lovely Thais, by his side,
 Sate like a blooming Eastern bride,
 In flower of youth and beauty's pride.
 Happy, happy, happy, pair!
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave deserves the fair.
Chorus.
 Happy, happy, happy pair!
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave deserves the fair.

2.

Timotheus, placed on high
 Amid the tuneful quire,
 With flying fingers touched the lyre;
 The trembling notes ascend the sky,
 And heavenly joys inspire.
 The song began from Jove,
 Who left his blissful seats above
 (Such is the power of mighty love)
 A dragons fiery form belied the god:
 Sublime on radiant spheres he rode.
 The lightning cowl adumbrate the lofty sound
 A present deity, they shout around;
 A present deity, the vaulted roofs rebound
 With ravished ears
 The monarch hears,
 Assumes the god,
 Affects to nod,
 And seems to shake the spheres

Chorus.

With ravished ears
 The monarch hears,
 Assumes the god,
 Affects to nod,
 And seems to shake the spheres.

3.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung,
 Of Bacchus ever fair, and ever young.

The jolly god in triumph comes ;
 Sound the trumpets, beat the drums ;
 Flushed with a purple grace
 He shows his honest face :
 Now give the hautboys breath ; he comes, he comes.
 • Bacchus, ever fair and young,
 Drinking joys did first ordain ;
 Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
 Drinking is the soldier's pleasure ;
 Rich the treasure,
 Sweet the pleasure,
 Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Chorus.

Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
 Drinking is the soldier's pleasure ;
 Rich the treasure,
 Sweet the pleasure,
 Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Soothed with the sound the king grew vain ;
 Fought all his battles o'er again ;
 And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew
 the slain.
 The master saw the madness rise,
 His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes,
 And while he heaven and earth defied,
 Charged his hand, and checked his pride

He chose a mournful muse,
Soft pity to infuse ;
He sung Darius great and good,
By too severe a fate,
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate,
And weltering in his blood ;
Deserted at his utmost need
By those his former bounty fed ;
On the bare earth exposed he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.
With downcast looks the joyless victor sate,
Revolving in his altered soul
The various turns of chance below ;
And, now and then, a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow.

Chorus.

Revolving in his altered soul
The various turns of chance below ;
And, now and then, a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow.

5.

The mighty master smiled to see
That love was in the next degree ;
'Twas but a kindred-sound to move,
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.

War, he sung, is toil and trouble;
 Honour but an empty bubble:
 Never ending, still beginning,
 Fighting still, and still destroying:
 If the world be worth thy winning,
 Think, O think, it worth enjoying:
 Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
 Take the good the gods provide thee.
 The many rend the skies with loud applause;
 So Love was crowned, but Music won the cause.
 The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
 Gazed on the fair
 Who caused his care,
 And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,
 Sighed and looked, and sighed again.

Chorus.

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
 Gazed on the fair
 Who caused his care,
 And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,
 Sighed and looked, and sighed again.

6.

Now strike the golden lyre again;
 A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.
 Break his bands of sleep asunder,
 And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder

Hark, hark, the horrid sound
 Has raised up his head;
 As awaked from the dead,
 And amazed, he stares around.
 Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,
 See the funerals arise;
 See the snakes that they rear,
 How they hiss in their hair,
 And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!
 Behold a ^{hastly} hand,
 Each a torch in his hand!
 Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
 And unburied remain
 Inglorious on the plain:
 Give the vengeance due
 To the valiant crew.
 Behold how they toss their torches on high,
 How they point to the Persian abodes,
 And glittering temples of their hostile gods.
 The princes applaud with a furious joy;
 And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy;
 That's led the way,
 To light him to his prey,
 And, like another Helen, fired another Troy.

Chorus.

And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy;
 That's led the way,
 To light him to his prey,
 And, like another Helen, fired another Troy.

7.

Thus long ago,
 Ere heaving bellows learned to blow,
 While organs yet were mute,
 Timotheus, to his breathing flute
 * And sounding lyre,
 Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
 At last divine Cecilia came,
 Inventress of the vocal frame;
 The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
 Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
 And added length to solemn sounds,
 With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
 Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
 Or both divide the crown:
 He raised a mortal to the skies
 She drew an angel down.

Grand Chorus.

At last divine Cecilia came,
 * Inventress of the vocal frame;
 The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
 Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
 And added length to solemn sounds,
 With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
 Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
 Or both divide the crown:
 He raised a mortal to the skies,
 She drew an angel down.

DEFOE.

DANIEL DEFOE. Born about 1668; Died 1731.

As a youth Defoe served in Monmouth's army, and after the Revolution he maintained by his pen the principles of free government against the Jacobites. A political writer during the greater part of his life, he yet never stooped to write as the servant of the Whig or the Tory party.

Late in life, he began the series of works of fiction on which his fame chiefly rests. They are all distinguished for their graphic reality and fitness of detail.

CRUSOE AND THE FOOT-PRINT.

It happened one day about noon, going towards my boat, I was exceedingly surprised with the Print of a Man's naked foot on the shore, which was very plain to be seen in the sand; I stood like one thunder-struck, or as if I had seen an apparition; I listened, I looked round me, I could hear nothing, nor see anything; I went up to a rising ground to look farther; I went up the shore, and down the shore, but it was all one, I could see no other impression but that one. I went to it again to see if there were any more, and to observe if it might not be my fancy; but there was no room for that, for there was exactly the very print of a foot; toes, heel, and every part of a foot; how it came thither, I knew not, nor could in the least imagine. But after innumerable fluttering thoughts, like a man perfectly confused and out of myself, I came home to my fortification, not feeling, as we say, the ground I went

on, but terrified to the last degree, looking behind me at every two or three steps, mistaking every bush and tree, and fancying every stump at a distance to be a man; nor is it possible to describe how many various shapes affrighted imagination represented things to me in; how many wild ideas were formed every moment in my fancy, and what strange unaccountable whimsies came into my thoughts by the way.

When I came to my castle, for so I think I called it ever after this, I fled into it like one pursued; whether I went over by the ladder as first contrived, or went in at the hole in the road, which I called a door, I cannot remember; no, nor could I remember the next morning; for never frightened hare fled to cover, or fox to earth, with more terror of mind, than I to this retreat.

I slept none that night; the farther I was from the occasion of my fright, the greater my apprehensions were; which is something contrary to the nature of such things, and especially to the usual practice of all creatures in fear: but I was so embarrassed with my own frightful ideas of the thing, that I formed nothing but dismal imaginations to myself, even though I was now a great way off it.

I presently concluded that it must be some of the savages of the main land over against me, who had wandered out to sea in their canoes, and either driven by the currents, or by contrary winds, had made the island; and had been on shore, but were gone away again to sea, being as loth, perhaps, to have stayed in this desolate island, as I would have been to have had them.

While these reflections were rolling upon my mind, I was very thankful in my thoughts, that I was so happy as not to be therabouts at that time, or that they did not see my boat, by which they would have concluded that some inhabitants had been in the place, and perhaps have searched farther for me: these terrible thoughts racked my imagination about their having found my boat, and that there were people here; and that if so, I should certainly have them come again in greater numbers and devour me; that if it should happen so that they should not find me, yet they would find my inclosure, destroy all my corn, carry away all my flock of tame goats, and I should perish at last for want.

Thus my fear banished all my religious hope; all that former confidence in God, which was founded upon such wonderful experience as I had had of His goodness, now vanished, as if He that had fed me by miracle hitherto, could not preserve by His power the provision which He had made for me by His goodness: I reproached myself with my easiness, that would not sow any more corn one year than would just serve me till the next season, as if no accident could intervene to prevent my enjoying the crop that was upon the ground; and this I thought so just a reproof, that I resolved for the future to have two or three years' corn beforehand, so that whatever might come, I might not perish for want of bread.

How strange a chequer-work of Providence is the life of man! and by what secret differing springs are

the affections hurried about, as differing circumstances present! To-day we love what to-morrow we hate; to day we seek what to-morrow we shun; to-day we desire what to-morrow we fear; nay, even tremble at the apprehensions of: this was exemplified in me at this time in the most lively manner imaginable: for I whose only affliction was, that I seemed banished from human society, that I was alone, circumscribed by the boundless ocean, cut off from mankind, and condemned to what I called silent life; that I was as one whom Heaven thought not worthy to be numbered among the living, or to appear among the rest of His creatures, that to have seen one of my own species would have seemed to me a raising me from death to life, and the greatest blessing that Heaven itself, next to the supreme blessing of salvation, could bestow; I say, that I should now tremble at the very apprehension of seeing a man, and was ready to sink into the ground at but the shadow or silent appearance of a man's having set his foot in the island.

A SKIRMISH OF DRAGONS.

I was quartered all this winter at Banbury, and went little abroad; nor had we any action till the latter end of February, when I was ordered to march to Leicester, with Sir Marmaduke Langdale, in order, as we thought, to raise a body of men in that county and Staffordshire to join the king.

We lay at Daventry one night, and continued our march to pass the river above Northampton; that town

being possessed by the enemy, we understood a party of Northampton forces were abroad, and intended to attack us. Accordingly, in the afternoon, our scouts brought us word the enemy were quartered in some villages on the road to Coventry; our commander thinking it much better to set upon them in their quarters, than to wait for them in the field, resolves to attack them early in the morning, before they were aware of it. We refreshed ourselves in the field for that day, and getting into a great wood near the enemy we stayed there all night till almost break of day, without being discovered.

In the morning, very early, we heard the enemy's trumpets sound to horse; this roused us to look abroad; and sending out a scout, he brought us word a party of the enemy was at hand. We were vexed to be so disappointed, but finding their party small enough to be dealt with, Sir Marmaduke ordered me to charge them with three hundred horse and two hundred dragoons, while he at the same time entered the town. Accordingly I lay still till they came to the very skirt of the wood where I was posted, when I saluted them with a volley from my dragoons out of the wood, and immediately showed myself with my horse on their front, ready to charge them: they appeared not to be surprised, and received our charge with great resolution; and being above four hundred men, they pushed me vigorously in their turn, putting my men into some disorder. In this extremity, I sent to order my dragoons to charge them in the flank, which they did

DEFOE.

with great bravery, and the other still maintained the fight with desperate resolution. There was no want of courage in our men on both sides, but our dragoons had the advantage, and at last routed them, and drove them back to the village. Here Sir Marmaduke Langdale had his hands full too; for my firing had alarmed the towns adjacent, that when he came into the town, he found them all in arms; and contrary to his expectations, two regiments of foot with about three hundred horse more. As Sir Marmaduke had no foot, only horse and dragoons, this was a surprise to him; but he caused his dragoons to enter the town, and charge the foot, while his horse secured the avenues of the town.

The dragoons bravely attacked the foot, and Sir Marmaduke falling in with his horse, the fight was obstinate and very bloody, when the horse that I had routed came flying into the street of the village, and my men at their heels. Immediately I left the pursuit, and fell in with all my force to the assistance of my friends, and after an obstinate resistance, we routed the whole party; we killed about seven hundred men, took three hundred and fifty, twenty-seven officers, one hundred arms, all their baggage, and two hundred horses, and continued our march to Harborough, where we halted to refresh ourselves.

SWIFT.

JONATHAN SWIFT. Born 1667; Died 1745.

Brought prominently into notice under the patronage of Sir William Temple, Swift began the career of literary and political satire, a career in which he has no rival in our language, with the *Battle of the Books*. It was written in support of the side taken by his patron in a famous literary controversy of the day. This was published, with the *Tale of a Tub* (a satire on dissenters), and followed by a long series of satirical works, of which the *Drapier's Letters* (a satire on Walpole's Government), and *Gulliver's Travels* (a satire upon human nature), are the most celebrated.

THE SPIDER AND THE BEE.

THINGS were upon this crisis, when a material accident fell out. For upon the highest corner of a large window there dwelt a certain spider, swollen up to the first magnitude by the destruction of infinite numbers of flies whose spoils lay scattered before the gates of his palace, like human bones before the cave of some giant. The avenues to his castle were guarded with turnpikes and palissades all after the modern way of fortification. After you had passed several courts you came to the centre, wherein you might behold the constable himself in his own lodgings, which had windows fronting to each avenue, and ports to rally out upon all occasions of war or defence. In this mansion he had for some time dwelt in peace and plenty, without danger to his person by swallows

from above, or to his palace by brooms from below, when it was the pleasure of fortune to conduct thither a wandering bee, to whose curiosity a broken pane in the glass had discovered itself; and in he went; where, expatiating awhile, he at last happened to alight upon one of the outward walls of the spider's citadel, which, yielding to the unequal weight, sunk down to the very foundation. Thrice he endeavoured to force his passage, and thrice the centre shook. The spider within, feeling the terrible convulsion, supposed at first, that nature was approaching to her final dissolution, or else, that Beelzebub with all his legions was come to revenge the death of many thousand of his subjects, whom this enemy had slain and devoured. However, he at length valiantly resolved to issue forth, and meet his fate. Meanwhile the bee had acquitted himself of his toils; and, posted securely at some distance, was employed in cleansing his wings, and disengaging them from the rugged remnants of the cobweb. By this time the spider was adventured out, when, beholding the chasms, and ruins, and dilapidations of his fortress, he was very near at his wits' end, he stormed and swore like a madman, and swelled till he was ready to burst. At length, casting his eye upon the bee, and wisely gathering causes from events (for they knew each other by sight), "A plague split you," said he, "for a giddy puppy; it is you, with a vengeance, that have made this litter here. Could you not look before you? Do you think I have nothing else to do than to mend and repair after you?" "Good words,

friend," said the bee (having now pruned himself and being disposed to be droll): "I'll give you my hand and word to come near your kennel no more, I was never in such a confounded pickle since I was born!" "Sirrah," replied the spider, "if it were not for breaking an old custom in our family, never to stir abroad against an enemy, I should come and teach you better manners." "I pray have patience," said the bee, "or you will spend your substance, and for ought I see, you may stand in need of it all towards the repair of your house." "Rogue, rogue," replied the spider; "yet methinks you should have more respect to a person whom all the world allows to be so much your betters." "By my troth," said the bee, "the comparison will amount to a very good jest; and you will do me a favour to let me know the reasons that all the world is pleased to use in so hopeful a dispute." At this the spider, having swelled himself into the size and posture of a disputant, began his argument in the true spirit of controversy, with a resolution to be heartily scurrilous and angry; to urge his own reasons without the least regard to the answers or objections of his opposite; and fully predetermined in his mind against all conviction.

"Not to disparage myself," said he, "by the comparison with such a rascal, what art thou but a vagabond, without house or home, without stock or inheritance: born to no possession of your own but a pair of wings and a drone-pipe. Your livelihood is a universal plunder upon nature; a freebooter over fields

and gardens; and for the sake of stealing, you will rob a nettle as easily as a violet: whereas, I am a domestic animal, furnished with a native stock within myself. This large castle (to show my improvements in the mathematics) is all built with my own hands, and the materials extracted altogether out of my own person."

"I am glad," answered the bee, "to hear you grant, at least, that I am come honestly by my wings and my voice; for then, it seems, I am obliged to Heaven alone for my flights and my music; and Providence would never have bestowed on me two such gifts, without designing them for the noblest ends. I visit, indeed, all the flowers and blossoms of the field and the garden; but whatever I collect from thence enriches myself, without the least injury to their beauty, their smell or their taste. Now, for you and your skill in architecture and other mathematics, I have little to say; in that building of yours there might, for aught I know, have been labour and method enough; but by woful experience for us both, it is too plain the materials are naught, and I hope you will henceforth take warning, and consider duration and matter as well as method and art. You boast, indeed, of being obliged to no other creature, but of drawing and spinning out all from yourself; that is to say, if we may judge of the liquor in the vessel by what issues out, you possess a good plentiful store of dirt and poison in your breast; and though I would by no means lessen or disparage your genuine stock of either, yet I doubt you are somewhat obliged, for an increase of both, to a little

foreign assistance. Your inherent portion of dirt does not fail of acquisitions, by sweepings exhaled from below; and one insect furnishes you with a share of poison to destroy another. So that, in short, the question comes all to this; whether is the nobler being of the two, that which, by a lazy Contemplation of four inches round: by an overweening pride, which feeding and engendering on itself, turns all into venom, producing nothing at all but flybane and a cobweb; or that which, by a universal range, with long search, much study, true judgment, and distinction of things, brings home honey and wax?"

This dispute was managed with such eagerness, clamour and warmth, that the two parties of books in arms below, stood silent awhile, waiting in suspense what would be the issue: which was not long undetermined; for the bee grown impatient at so much loss of time, fled straight away to a bed of roses, without looking for a reply; and left the spider like an orator collected in himself, and just prepared to burst out.

THE TEMPLE OF FAME.

I dreamed that I was conveyed into a wide and boundless plain, that was covered with prodigious multitudes of people, which no man could number. In the midst of it there stood a mountain with its head above the clouds. The sides were extremely steep, and of such a particular structure that no creature which was not made in a human figure could possibly ascend it. On a sudden, there was heard from the top of it, a

sound like that of a trumpet; but so exceedingly sweet and harmonious, that it filled the hearts of those who heard it with raptures, and gave such high and delightful sensations, as seemed to animate and raise human nature above itself. This made me very much amazed to find so very few in that innumerable multitude who had ears fine enough to hear or relish this music with pleasure; but my wonder abated, when, upon looking round me, I saw most of them attentive to three sirens, clothed like goddesses, and distinguished by the names of Sloth, Ignorance, and Pleasure. They were seated on three rocks, amid a beautiful variety of groves, meadows, and rivulets, that lay on the borders of the mountain. While the base and grovelling multitude of different nations, ranks, and ages, were listening to these delusive deities, those of a more erect aspect and exalted spirit, separated themselves from the rest and marched in great bodies towards the mountain, from whence they heard the sound, which grew still sweeter, the more they listened to it.

On a sudden, methought, this select band sprang forward, with a resolution to climb the ascent, and follow the call of that heavenly music. Every one took something with him, that he thought might be of assistance to him in his march. Several had their swords drawn, some carried rolls of paper in their hands, some had compasses, others quadrants, others telescopes, and others pumps; some had laurels on their heads, and others buskins on their legs: in short, there was scarce any instrument of mechanic art or

liberal science which was not made use of on this occasion. My good demon, who stood at my right hand during the course of this whole vision, observing in me a burning desire to join that glorious company, told me, "He highly approved that generous ardour with which I seemed transported; but, at the same time, advised me to cover my face with a mask all the while I was to labour on the ascent." I took his counsel, without inquiring into his reasons. The whole body now broke into different parties, and began to climb the precipice by ten thousand different paths. Several got into little alleys, which did not reach far up the hill before they ended and led no farther; and I observed that most of the artisans, which considerably diminished our numbers, fell into these paths.

We left another considerable body of adventurers behind us, who thought they had discovered by-ways up the hill, which proved so very intricate and perplexed, that, after having advanced in them a little, they were quite lost among the several turns and windings; and though they were as active as any in their motions, they made but little progress in the ascent. These, as my guide informed me, were "men of subtle tempers, and puzzled politics, who would supply the place of real wisdom with cunning and artifice." Among those who were far advanced in their way, there were some that, by one false step, fell backward, and lost more ground in a moment than they had gained for many hours, or could be ever able to procure. We were now advanced very high, and observed that

all the different paths which ran about the sides of the mountain began to meet in two great roads; which insensibly gathered the whole multitude of travellers into two great bodies. At a little distance from the entrance of each road, there stood a hideous phantom, that opposed our farther passage. One of these apparitions had his right hand filled with darts, which he brandished in the face of all who came up that way; crowds ran back at the appearance of it, and cried out, Death! The spectre that guarded the other road was Envy: she was not armed with weapons of destruction like the former; but by dreadful hissings, noises of reproach, and a horrid, distracted laughter, she appeared more frightful than Death itself; insomuch, that abundance of our company were discouraged from passing any farther, and some appeared ashamed of having come so far. As for myself, I must confess my heart shrunk within me at the sight of these ghastly appearances: but on a sudden, the voice of the trumpet came more full upon us, so that we felt a new resolution reviving in us; and in proportion as this resolution grew, the terrors before us seemed to vanish. Most of the company who had swords in their hands, marched on with great spirit, and an air of defiance, up the road that was commanded by Death; while others, who had thought and contemplation in their looks, went forward in a more composed manner up the road possessed by Envy. The way above these apparitions grew smooth and uniform, and was so delightful that the travellers went on with pleasure, and in a little time arrived at

the top of the mountain. They here began to breathe a delicious kind of ether, and saw all the fields about them covered with a kind of purple light, that made them reflect with satisfaction on their past toils; and diffused a secret joy through the whole assembly, which showed itself in every look and feature. In the midst of these happy fields there stood a palace of a very glorious structure. it had four great folding-doors, that faced the four several quarters of the world. On the top of it was enthroned the goddess of the mountain, who smiled upon her votaries, and sounded the silver trumpet which he called them up, and cheered them in their passage to her palace. They had now formed themselves into several divisions; a band of historians taking their stations at each door, according to the persons whom they were to introduce.

On a sudden the trumpet, which had hitherto sounded only a march, or point of war, now swelled all its notes into triumph and exultation: the whole fabric shook, and the doors flew open. The first that stepped forward was a beautiful and blooming hero, and, as I heard by the murmurs round me, Alexander the Great. He was conducted by a crowd of historians. The person who immediately walked before him was remarkable for an embroidered garment; who, not being well acquainted with the place, was conducting him to an apartment appointed for the reception of fabulous heroes. The name of this false guide was Quintus Curtius. But Arrian and Plutarch, who knew better the avenues of this palace, conducted him into the great hall, and

placed him at the upper end of the first table. My good demon, that I might see the whole ceremony, conveyed me to a corner of this room, where I might perceive all that passed, without being seen myself. The next who entered was a charming virgin, leading in a venerable man who was blind. Under her left arm she bore a harp, and on her head, a garland. Alexander, who was very well acquainted with Homer, stood up at his entrance, and placed him on his right hand. The virgin, who it seems was one of the nine sisters that attended on the goddess of Fame, smiled with an ineffable grace at their meeting, and retired.

Julius Cæsar was now coming forward; and, though most of the historians offered their service to introduce him, he left them at the door, and would have no conductor but himself.

* * * * *

Others followed, when I was awakened by the noise of the cannon, which were then fired for the taking of Mons. I should have been very much troubled at being thrown out of so pleasing a vision on any other occasion; but thought it an agreeable change, to have my thoughts diverted from the greatest among the dead and fabulous heroes, to the most famous among the real and the living.

ADDISON

JOSEPH ADDISON. Born 1672; Died 1719.

He began his literary career, as a student at the University of Oxford, with critical and congratulatory verses. He thus secured patronage, and by his poem *The Campaign*, celebrating the victories of Marlborough, he established a claim to reward, and eventually rose to high political office.

His tragedy of *Cato* was popular in his own day, but his later fame rests chiefly on his essays in the *Tatler* and the *Spectator* (1711-1712): a species of composition which he and his friend Steele originated, and of which they are still the best representatives.

THE VISION OF MIRZA.

On the fifth day of the moon, which according to the custom of my forefathers I always keep holy, after having washed myself, and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended to the high hills of Bagdad, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here airing myself on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and passing from one thought to another, "Surely," said I, "man is but a shadow, and life a dream." Whilst I was thus musing, I cast my eyes towards the summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, with a little musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon him, he applied it to his lips, and began to play upon it. The sound of it was exceeding



sweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from anything I had ever heard. They put me in mind of those heavenly airs that are played to the departed souls of good men upon their first arrival in Paradise, to wear out the impressions of the last agonies, and qualify them for the pleasures of that happy place. My heart melted away in secret raptures.

I had been often told that the rock before me was the haunt of a Genius; and that several had been entertained with music who had passed by it, but never heard that the musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised my thoughts by those transporting airs which he played, to taste the pleasures of his conversation, as I looked upon him like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and by the waving of his hand directed me to approach the place where he sat. I drew near with that reverence which is due to a superior nature; and as my heart was entirely subdued by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down at his feet and wept. The Genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability that familiarised him to my imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and taking me by the hand, "Mirza," said he, "I have heard thee in thy soliloquies; follow me."

He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and placing me on the top of it, "Cast thy eyes eastward," said he, "and tell me what thou seest."— "I

see," said I, "a huge valley, and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it."—"The valley that thou seest," said he, "is the Vale of Misery, and the tide of water that thou seest, is part of the great tide of eternity."—"What is the reason," said I, "that the tide I see rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other?"—"What thou seest," said he, "is that portion of eternity which is called time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation."—"Examine now," said he, "this sea that is thus bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it."—"I see a bridge," said I, "standing in the midst of the tide."—"The bridge thou seest," said he, "is human life; consider it attentively." Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of three score and ten entire arches, with several broken arches, which, added to those that were entire, made up the number about an hundred. As I was counting the arches, the Genius told me that this bridge consisted at first of a thousand arches; but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it. "But tell me farther," said he, "what thou discoverest on it?"—"I see multitudes of people passing over it," said I, "and a black cloud hanging on each end of it." As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers stopping through the bridge into the great tide that flowed underneath it; and upon farther examination, perceived there were innumerable trap-

doors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon, but they fell through them into the tide, and immediately disappeared. These hidden pitfalls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud, but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner towards the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together towards the end of the arches that were entire.

There were indeed some persons, but their number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk.

I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects which it presented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at everything that stood by them to save themselves. Some were looking up towards the heavens in a thoughtful posture, and, in the midst of a speculation, stumbled and fell out of sight. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of bubbles that glittered in their eyes and danced before them, but often when they thought themselves within the reach of them, their footing failed and down they sunk.

The Genius, seeing me indulgent myself on this melancholy prospect, told me I had stood long enough upon it. "Take thine eyes off the bridge," said he, "and tell me if thou yet seest anything thou dost not

comprehend." Upon looking up, "What mean," said I, "those great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and settling upon it from time to time? I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants, and among many other feathered creatures several little winged boys, that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches."—"These," said the Genius, "are Envy, Avarice, Superstition, Despair, Love, with the like cares and passions that infest human life."

I here fetched a deep sigh. "Alas," said I, "man was made in vain! how is he given away to misery and mortality! Tortured in life, and swallowed up in death!" The Genius being moved with compassion towards me, bid me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. "Look no more," said he, "on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity: but cast thine eye on that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it." I directed my sight as I was ordered, and (whether or no the good Genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate) I saw the valley opening at the other end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds still rested on one half of it: but the other appeared to me a vast ocean planted with innumerable islands, that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them. I could see persons

dressed in glorious habits with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of fountains, or resting on beds of flowers; and could hear a confused harmony of singing birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments. Gladness grew in me upon the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle, that I might fly away to those happy seats: but the Genius told me there was no passage to them, except through the gates of death that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge. "The islands," said he, "that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sands on the sea-shore: there are myriads of islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching farther than thine eye, or even thine imagination can extend itself. These are the mansions of good men after death, who according to the degree and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several islands, which abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the reliques and perfections of those who are settled in them; every island is a Paradise accommodated to its respective inhabitants. Are not these, O Mirza, habitations worth contending for. Does life appear miserable, that gives thee opportunities of earning such a reward? Is death to be feared, that will convey thee to so happy an existence? Think not man was made in vain, who has such an eternity reserved for him!"

I turned about to address myself to the Genius again, but I found that he had left me; I then turned again to the vision which I had been, so long contemplating but, instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the long hollow valley of Bagdad, with oxen, sheep, and camels grazing upon the sides of it.

PEDANTRY.

A man who has been brought up among books, and is able to talk of nothing else, is a very indifferent companion, and what we call a pedant. But, methinks, we should enlarge the title, and give it to every one that does not know how to think out of his profession and particular way of life.

What is a greater pedant than a mere man of the town? Bar him the playhouses, or a catalogue of the reigning beauties, and you strike him dumb. How many a pretty gentleman's knowledge lies all within the verge of the Court! He will tell you the names of the principal favourites, repeat the shrewd sayings of a man of quality, whisper some scandal; or, if the sphere of his observations is a little larger than ordinary, will perhaps enter into all the incidents, turns, and revolutions in a game of ombre. When he has gone thus far, he has shown you the whole circle of his accomplishments, his parts are drained, and he is disabled from any farther conversation. What are these but rank pedants? And yet these are the men who value themselves most on their exemption from the pedantry of colleges.

I might here mention the military pedant, who always talks in a camp, and is storming towns, making lodgements, and fighting battles from one end of the year to the other. Everything he speaks smells of gunpowder: if you take away his artillery from him, he has not a word to say for himself. I might likewise mention the law pedant, that is perpetually putting cases, repeating the transactions of Westminster Hall, wrangling with you upon the most indifferent circumstances of life, and not to be convinced of the distance of a place, or of the most trivial point in conversation, but by dint of argument. The state pedant is wrapt up in news, and lost in politics. If you mention either of the kings of Spain or Poland, he talks very notably; but if you go out of the gazette, you drop him. In short, a mere courtier, a mere soldier, a mere scholar, a mere anything, is an insipid pedantic character, and equally ridiculous.

Of all the species of pedants which I have mentioned, the book pedant is much the most supportable; he has, at least, an exercised understanding, and a head which is full, though confused; so that a man who converses with him may often receive from him hints of things that are worth knowing, and what he may possibly turn to his own advantage, though they are of little use to the owner. The worst kind of pedants among learned men are such as are naturally endued with a very small share of common sense, and have read a great number of books without taste or distinction.

The truth of it is, learning, like travelling, as I all

other methods of improvement, as it furnishes good sense, so it makes a silly man ten thousand times more insufferable, by supplying variety of matter to his impertinence, and giving him an opportunity of abounding in absurdities.

Shallow pedants cry up one another much more than men of solid and useful learning. To read the titles they give an editor, or collator of a manuscript, you would take him for the glory of the commonwealth of letters and the wonder of his age, when perhaps upon examination you would find that he has only rectified a Greek particle, or laid out a whole sentence in proper commas.

They are obliged, indeed, to be thus lavish of their praises, that they may keep one another in countenance, and it is no wonder if a great deal of knowledge, which is not capable of making a man wise, has a natural tendency to make him vain and arrogant.

POPE.

ALEXANDER POPE. Born 1688; Died 1744.

Owing to the fact of his father being a Roman Catholic, as well as on account of his own weak health, Pope was educated at home. His literary career began at the age of sixteen, when he published the *Pastorals*, and was continued till his death by a constant succession of poems, of which the *Rape of the Lock*, the *Essay on Man*, the *Moral Epistles*, and his great translations of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, are the most famous. They are all characterised by the same rapid, penetrating, and yet luminous thought, by a style at once terse and facile, and by gracefulness of versification that is unequalled.

FROM THE ESSAY ON MAN.

AWAKE, my St. John! leave all meaner things
 To low ambition, and the pride of kings.
 Let us (since life can little more supply
 Than just to look about us, and to die)
 Expatiate free o'er all this scene of man;
 A mighty maze! but not without a plan;
 A wild, where weeds and flow'rs promiscuous shoot,
 Or garden, tempting with forbidden fruit.
 Together let us beat this ample field,
 Try what the open, what the covert yield;
 The latent tracts, the giddy heights, explore
 Of all who blindly creep, or sightless soar;
 Eye nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,
 And catch the manners living as they rise;

Laugh where we must, be candid where we can,
But vindicate the ways of God to man.

Say first, of God above, or man below,
What can we reason, but from 'what we know'
Of man, what see we but his station here,
From which to reason, or to which refer?
'Thro' worlds unnumbered tho' the God be known,
'Tis ours to trace Him only in our own.
He, who thro' vast immensity can pierce,
The worlds on worlds compose one universe,
Observe how system into system runs,
What other planets circle other suns,
What vary'd being peoples every star,
May tell why Heav'n has made us as we are.
But of this frame the bearings, and the ties,
The strong connections, nice dependences,
Gradations just, has thy pervading soul
Look'd thro' ? or can a part contain the whole ?

Is the great chain, that draws all to agree,
And drawn supports, upheld by God, or thee?
Presumptuous man! the reason would'st thou find?
Why form'd so weak, so little, and so blind?
First, if thou canst, the harder reason guess,
Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no less?
Ask of thy mother earth, why Oaks are made
Taller or stronger than the weeds they shade?
Or ask of yonder argent fountains, why
Why Jove's satellites are less than I?

Of systems possible
That wisdom infinite must form the best,

Where all must full or not coherent be,
 And all that rises, rise in due degree;
 Then, in the scale of reasoning life, 'tis plain,
 There must be, somewhere, such a rank as man:
 And all the question (wangle e'er so long)
 Is only this, if God has plac'd him wrong?

Respecting man, whatever wrong we call,
 May, must be right, as relative to all.
 In human works, tho' labour'd on with pain,
 A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain,
 In God's, one single can its end produce;
 Yet serves to second too some other use:
 So man, who here seems principal alone,
 Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown,
 Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal;
 'Tis but a part we see, and not a whole.

When the proud steed shall know why man restrains
 His fiery course, or drives him o'er the plains -
 When the dull ox, why now he breaks the clod,
 Is now a victim, and now Egypt's god:
 Then shall man's pride and dulness comprehend
 His actions, passions, being's, use and end;
 Why doing, suffering, check'd, impoll'd; and why
 This hour a slave, the next a deity.

Then say not man's imperfect, Heaven in fault;
 Say rather, man's as perfect as he ought:
 His knowledge measured to his state and place;
 His time a moment, and his space a point;
 If to be perfect in a certain sphere,
 What matter, soon or late, or here or there

The blest to-day is as completely so,
As who began a thousand years ago.

Heav'n from all creatures hides the book of fate,
All but the page prescrib'd, their present state :
From brutes what men, from men what spirits know :
Or who could suffer being here below ?
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play ?
Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flow'ry food,
And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his blood.
Oh blindness to the future ! kindly giv'n,
That each may fill the circle mark'd by Heav'n :
Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,
Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.

Hope humbly then ; with trembling pinions soar ,
Wait the great teacher Death ; and God adore.
What future bliss, He gives not thee to know,
But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.
Hope springs eternal in the human breast ;
Man never *is*, but always *to be* blest :
The soul, uneasy and confin'd from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

Lo, the poor Indian ! whose untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears Him in the wind ;
His soul, proud science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk, or milky way ;
Yet simple nature to his hope has giv'n,
Behind the cloud-topp'd hill, an humbler heav'n ;

Some safer world in depth of woods embrac'd,
Some happier island in the wat'ry waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.
To Be, contents his natural desire,
He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire ;
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.

Go, wiser thou ! and in thy scale of sense,
Weigh thy opinion against Providence ;
Call imperfection what thou fancy'st such,
Say, here He gives too little, there too much :
Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,
Yet cry, If man's unhappy, God's unjust ;
If man alone engross not Heav'n's high care,
Alone made perfect here, immortal there :
Snatch from His hand the balance and the rod,
Re-judge His justice, be the God of God.
In pride, in reas'ning pride, our error lies ;
All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.
Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes,
Men would be angels, angels would be gods.
Aspiring to be gods if angels fell,
Aspiring to be angels men rebel :
And who but wishes to invert the laws
Of order, sins against th' eternal cause.

Ask for what end the heav'nly bodies shine,
Earth for whose use ? pride answers, ' 'Tis for mine :
For me kind Nature wakes her genial pow'r,
Suckles each herb, and spreads out ev'ry flow'r ;

Annual for me, the grape, the rose renew,
 The juices nectareous, and the balmy dew;
 For me, the mine a thousand treasures brings;
 For me, health gushes from a thousand springs
 Seas roll to wait me, suns to light me rise;
 My foot-stool earth, my canopy the skies.'

But eris not nature from this gracious end
 From burning suns when livid depths descend,
 When earthquakes swallow, or when tempests sweep
 Towns to one grave, whole nations to the deep?

'No ('tis reply'd) the first almighty cause
 Acts not by partial, but by gon'ral laws;
 Th' exceptions few; some change since all began.
 And what created perfect?—Why then man?

'The great end be human happiness,
 Then nature deviates; and can man do less?
 As much that end a constant course requires
 Of show'rs and sunshine, as of man's desires;
 As much eternal springs and cloudless skies,
 As men for ever temp'rate, calm, and wise.
 If plagues or earthquakes break not Heav'n's design,
 Why then a Borgia, or a Catiline?

Who knows but He, whose hand the lightning forms,
 Who heaves old ocean, and who wings the storms;
 Pours fierce indignation in a Gesser's mind,
 Or turns young Ammon's locks to scourge mankind?
 From pride, from envy, from ambitious springs;
 Account for metal as for natural things.

Why charge we Heav'n in these, in these acquit
In both, to reason right is to submit.

Better for us, perhaps, it might appear,
Were there all harmony, all virtue here;
That never air or ocean felt the wind;
That never passion discompos'd the mind;
But all subsists by elemental strife;
And passions are the elements of life.
The gen'ral order, since the whole began,
Is kept in nature, and is kept in man.

What would this man? Now upward will he son
And little less than angel, would be more;
Now looking downwards, just as griev'd appears
To want the strength of bulls, the fur of bears.
Made for his use all creatures if he call,
Say what their use, had he the pow'rs of all?
Nature to these, without profusion, kind,
The proper organs, proper pow'rs assigned;
Each seeming want compensated of course,
Here with degrees of swiftness, there of force;
All in exact proportion to the state;
Nothing to add, and nothing to abate,
Each beast, each insect, happy in its own;
Is Heav'n unkind to man, and man alone?
Shall he alone, whom rational we call,
Be pleas'd with nothing, if not blest with all?

The bliss of man, should prize that blessing find)
Is not to act or think beyond mankind;
No pow'rs of body or of soul to share,
But what his nature and his state can bear.

Why has not man a microscopic eye?
For this plain reason, man is not a fly.
Say what the use, were finer optics giv'n,
T' inspect a mite, not comprehend the heav'n?
Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
To smart and agonize at ev'ry pore?
Or, quick effluvia darting thro' the brain,
Die of a rose in aromatic pain?
If nature thunder'd in his op'ning ears,
And stunned him with the music of the spheres,
How would he wish that Heav'n had left him still
The whispering zephyr, and the purling rill?
Who finds not Providence all good and wise,
Alike in what it gives, and what denies?

Far as creation's ample range extends,
'The scale of sensual, mental pow'rs ascends:
Mark how it mounts, to man's imperial race,
From the green myriads in the peopled grass:
What modes of sight betwixt each wide extreme,
The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam:
Of smell, the headlong lioness between,
And hound sagacious on the tainted green:
Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood,
To that which warbles through the vernal wood?
The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine!
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line:
In the nice bee, what sense so subtly true
From pois'nous herbs extracts the healing dew:
How instinct varies in the grov'ling swine,
Compar'd, half reas'ning elephant, with thine

'Twixt that, and reason what a nice barrier,
For ever sep'rate, yet for ever near !
Remembrance and reflection how ally'd ;
What thin partitions sense from thought divide :
And middle natures, how they long to join,
Yet never pass th' insuperable line !
Without this just gradation, could they be
Subjected, these to those, or all to thee ?
'The pow'rs of all subdu'd by thee alone,
Is not thy reason all these pow'rs in one ?

See, thro' this air, this ocean, and this earth,
All matter quick, and bursting into birth.
Above, how high progressive life may go !
Around, how wide ! how deep extend below !
Vast chain of being ! which from God began,
Natures æthereal, human, angel, man,
Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,
No glass can reach ; from infinite to thee,
From thee to nothing. On superior pow'rs
Were we to press, inferior might on ours ;
Or in the full creation leave a void, :
Where, one step broken, the great scale's destroyed
From Nature's chain whatever link you strike,
Tenth, or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike.

And, if each system in gradation roll
Alike essential to th' amazing whole,
The least confusion but in one, not all
That system only, but the whole must fall.
Let earth unbalanc'd from her orbit fly,
Planets and suns run lawless thro' the sky ;

Let ruling angels from their spheres be hurl'd,
 Being on being wreck'd, and world on world;
 Heav'n's whole foundations to their centre nod,
 And nature tremble to the throne of God.
 All this dread order break,—for whom? for thee?
 Vile worm!—on madness! pride! impiety!

What if the foot, ordain'd the dust to tread,
 Or hand, to toil, aspir'd to be the head?
 What if the head, the eye, or ear repin'd
 To serve mere engines to the ruling mind?
 Just as absurd for any part to claim
 To be another, in this gen'ral frame.
 Just as absurd, to mourn the tasks or pains,
 The great directing Mind of all ordains.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
 Whose body nature is, and God the soul;
 That, chang'd thro' all, and yet in all the same;
 Great in the earth, as in th' ethereal frame,
 Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
 Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,
 Lives thro' all life, extends thro' all extent,
 Spreads undivided, operates unspent,
 Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
 As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart,
 As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
 As the rapacious eagle that soars and burns,
 To him on high, no low, no great, no small,
 He fills, he bounds, connects, and sustains all.

Cease then, nor fear imperfect names!
 Our proper bias depends on what we blame.

Know thy own point, this kind, this due degree
 Of blindness, weakness, clear a bestow on thee.
 Submit. In this, or any other sphere,
 Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear.
 Safe in the hand of one disposing power,
 Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.
 All nature is but art, unknown to thee;
 All chance, direction, which thou canst not see;
 All discord, harmony not understood;
 All partial evil, universal good;
 And, spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
 One truth is clear, Whatever is, is right.

* * * * *

Know then thyself, presume not God to scan,
 The proper study of mankind is man.
 Plac'd on this isthmus of a middle state,
 A being darkly wise, and rudely great:
 With too much knowledge for the sceptic side,
 With too much weakness for the Stoic's pride,
 He hangs between; in doubt to act, or rest;
 In doubt to deem himself a God, or beast;
 In doubt his mind or body to prefer;
 Born free, but yoked to labor, falling late
 After his days, an aching conscience
 Whether he strikes or is struck, in a vain
 Chaos of thoughts, till death's all-engulfing
 Still by himself, as if his doom, lies
 Created half to rise, and half to fall;
 Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;

Sole Judge of truth, in endless error hurl'd :
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world !

FROM THE SATIRES.

Shut, shut the door, good John ! fatigu'd I said,
Tie up the knocker, say I'm sick, I'm dead.
The dog-star rages ! nay 'tis past a doubt,
All Bedlam, or Parnassus, is let out :
Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
They rave, recite, and madden round the land.
What walls can guard me, or what shades can hide ?
'They pierce my thickets, thro' my grot they glide ;
By land, by water, they renew the charge,
They stop the chariot, and they board the barge.
No place is sacred, not the church is free ;
Ev'n Sunday shines no Sabbath-day to me :
'Then from the Mint walks forth the man of rhyme,
Happy to catch me just at dinner-time.
Friend to my life ! (which did not you prolong,
The world had wanted many an idle song)
What drop or nostrum can this plague remove ?
Or which must end me, a fool's wrath or love ?
A dire dilemma ! either way I'm sped,
If foes, they write, if friends, they read me dead.
Seiz'd and tied down to judge, how wretched I !
Who can't be silent, and who will not lie.
To laugh, were want of goodness and of grace,
And to be grave, exceeds all pow'r of face.

One dedicates in high heroic prose,
And ridicules beyond a hundred foes :

POPE.

One from all Grub-street will my fame defend,
And more abusive, calls himself my friend.
This prints my letters, that expects a bribe,
And others roar aloud, 'Subscribe, subscribe.'

There are, who to my person pay their court :
I cough like Horace, and, tho' lean, am short,
Ammon's great son* one shoulder had too high,
Such Ovid's nose, and, 'Sir! you have an eye—'
Go on, obliging creatures, make me see
All that disgraced my betters, met in me.
Say for my comfort, languishing in bed,
'Just so immortal Maro held his head.'
And when I die, be sure you let me know
Great Homer died three thousand years ago.

Why did I write? what sin to me unknown
Dipt me in ink, my parents', or my own?
As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
I lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came.
I left no calling for this idle trade,
No duty broke, no father disobey'd.
The muse but serv'd to ease some friend, not wife
To help me thro' this long disease, my life,
To second, Arbuthnot! thy art and care,
And teach, the being you preserv'd, to bear.

But why then publish? Granville the polite,
And knowing Walsh, would tell me I could write;
Well-natur'd Garth inflam'd with early praise,
And Congreve lov'd, and Swift endur'd my lays;

* Alexander the Great.

The courtly Talbot, Somers, Sheffield read,
 Ev'n misfired Rochester would nod the head,
 And St. John's self (great Dryden's friends before,)
 With open arms receiv'd one poet more.

Happy my studies, when by these approv'd!
 Happier their author, when by these belov'd!
 From these the world will judge of men and books,
 Not from the Burlets, Otumixons, and Cookes.

Did some more sober critic come abroad;
 If wrong, I smil'd; if right, I kiss'd the rod.
 Pains, reading, study, are their just pretence,
 And all they want is spirit, taste, and sense.
 Commas and points they set exactly right,
 And 'twere a sin to rob them of their mite.
 Each wight, who reads not, and but scans and spolls,
 Each word-catcher, that lives on syllables,
 Ev'n such small critics some regard may claim,
 Preserv'd in Milton's or in Shakspeare's name.
 Pretty! in amber to observe the forms
 Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms!
 The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,
 But wonder how the devil they got there.

Were others angry: I excus'd them for;
 Well might they rage, I gave them but their due.
 A man's true merit 'tis not hard to find;
 But each man's secret standard in his mind,
 That casting-weight, hides odds to supplies.
 This, who can gratify? for who can guess
 The bard whom pulf'ring Persians call a god,
 Who turns a Persian tale for half a crown,

Just writes to make his barrenness appear,
 And strains, from hard-bound brains, half a year.
 He, who still wastes the hours on his pen,
 Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left.
 And he, who now to sense, now nonsense leaning,
 Means not, but blunders round about a meaning.
 And he, whose fustian's so sublimely bad,
 It is not poetry, but prose run mad;
 All these, my modest Satire had translated,
 And own'd that nine such Poets made a Tate.
 How did they fume, and stamp, and roar, and chafe!
 And swear, not Addison himself was safe.

Peace to all such! but were there one whose fire
 True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires,
 Blest with each talent and each art to please,
 And born to write, converse, and live with ease,
 Should such a man too fond to rule alone,
 Rear like the Turk, no brother near the throne,
 View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
 And hate for arts that caus'd himself to rise;
 Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
 And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;
 Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
 Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike,
 Alike reserv'd to blame or to commend,
 A tim'rous foe, and cautious friend,
 Dreading ev'ning words, so often us'd,
 And so obliging, that his praise is us'd,
 Like Cato, give the senate his opinion,
 And sit attentive to his own applause.

While wits and Templars ev'ry sentence raise,
 And wonder with a foolish face of praise :—
 Who but must laugh, if such a man there be ?
 Who would not weep, if Atticus were he ?

Proud as Apollo on his forked hill,
 Sat full-blown Bufo,* puff'd by ev'ry quill ;
 Fed with soft Dedication all day long,
 Horace and he went hand in hand in song.
 His library (where busts of poets dead
 And a true Pindar stood without a head,)
 Receiv'd of wits an undistinguish'd race,
 Who first his judgment ask'd, and then a place :
 Much they extoll'd his pictures, much his seat,
 And flatter'd ev'ry day, and some days eat :
 Till grown more frugal in his riper days,
 He paid some bards with port, and some with praise,
 To some a dry rehearsal was assign'd,
 And others (harder still) he paid in kind.
 Dryden alone (what wonder ?) came not nigh,
 Dryden alone escap'd this judging eye :
 But still the great have kindness in reserve,
 He help'd to bury whom he help'd to starve.

May some choice patron bless each gray goose quill
 May every Bayus have his Bufo still !
 So, when a statesman wants a day's defence,
 Or envy holds a whole week's war with sense,
 Or simple pride for flattery makes demands,
 May dunce by dunce be whistled off my hands !

Blest be the great ! for those they take away,
 And those they left me ; for they left me Gay ,
 Left me to see neglected genius bloom,
 Neglected die, and tell it on his tomb :
 Of all thy blameless life the sole return
 My verse, and Queensb'ry weeping o'er thy urn !

Oh let me live my own, and die so too !
 (To live and die is all I have to do :)
 Maintain a poet's dignity and ease,
 And see what friends, and read what books I please
 Above a patron, tho' I condescend
 Sometimes to call a minister my friend.
 I was not born for courts or great affairs ;
 I pay my debts, believe, and say my pray'rs ;
 Can sleep without a poem in my head,
 Nor know, if Dennis be alive or dead.

Why am I ask'd what next shall see the light ?
 Heav'n's ! was I born for nothing but to write ?
 Has life no joys for me ? or, (to be grave,)
 Have I no friend to serve, no soul to save ?
 I found him close with Swift, ' Indeed ? no doubt,'
 (Cries prating Balbus) ' something will come out.'
 'Tis all in vain, deny it as I will,
 ' No, such a genius never can lie still ;'
 And then for mine obligingly mistakes
 The first lampoon Sir Will or Bubo makes
 Poor guiltless I ! and can I choose but smile,
 When ev'ry coxcomb knows me by my style ?

Curst be the verse, how well so'er it flow,
 That tends to make one worthy man my foe,

Give virtue scandal, innocence a fear,
 Or from the soft-ey'd virgin steal a tear !
 But he who hurts a harmless neighbour's peace,
 Insults full'n worth, or beauty in distress,
 Who loves a life, lame slander helps about,
 Who writ a libel, or who copies out ;
 That slip, whose pride affects a patron's name,
 Yet assert, wounds an author's honest fame,
 Who can your merit selfishly approve,
 And show the sense of it without the love ;
 Who has the vanity to call you friend,
 Yet wants the honour, injur'd, to defend,
 Who tells whate'er you think, whate'er you say
 And, if he lie not, must at least betray
 Who reads, but with a lust to misapply,
 Make satire a lampoon, and fiction lie.
 A lash like mine no honest man shall dread,
 But all such babbling blockheads in his stead.

Not fortune's worshipper, nor fashion's fool,
 Not lucre's madman, nor ambition's tool,
 Not proud, nor servile ; be one poet's praise,
 That, if he pleas'd, he pleas'd by manly ways
 That flattery, ev'n to kings, he held a shame,
 And thought a lie in verse or prose the same,
 That not in fancy's maze he wander'd long,
 But stoop'd to truth, and moraliz'd his song .
 That not for fame, but virtue's better end,
 He stood the furious foe the timid friend,
 The flaming critic, half approving wit,
 That to the comb hit, or fearing to be hit ;

Laugh'd at the loss of friends he never had,
 The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the mad ;
 The distant threats of vengeance on his head,
 The blow unfelt, the fear he never shed ;
 The tale reviv'd, the lie so oft o'erthrown,
 Th' imputed trash, and dullness not his own ;
 The morals blacken'd when the writings 'scape,
 The libel'd person, and the pictur'd shape ;
 Abuse, on all he lov'd, or lov'd him, spread,
 A friend in exile, or a father dead ;
 The whisper, that to greatness still too near,
 Perhaps yet vibrates on his Sov'reign's ear—
 Welcome for thee, fair virtue ! all the past ;
 For thee, fair virtue ! welcome even the last !

THOMSON.

JAMES THOMSON, Born 1700 ; Died 1718.

He was the son of a minister of the Scotch Church, and was
 educated at Edinburgh as a Divinity Student. Chosen, however,
 to pursue a literary life, he came to London, and in 1726 published *Winter*, the first part of his great poem *The Seasons*. This and the *Castle of Indolence*, are his chief works.
 His style has none of the terseness and the grace of Pope ; but his
 place is important in literature, because it was he who brought
 back poetry from men and the aspid to nature and her
 teachings.

~~These, as they change, Almighty Father, these~~

These, as they change, Almighty Father, these
 Are but the varied God. The rolling year
 Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring

'Thy beauty walks, 'Thy tenderness and love.
Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm;
Echo the mountains round, the forest smiles;
And every sense, and every heart is joy.
Then comes 'Thy glory in the SUMMER months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then 'Thy sun
Shoots full perfection through the swelling year;
And oft 'Thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks:
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales
'Thy bounty shines in AUTUMN unconfined,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
In WINTER awful 'Thou! with clouds and storms
Around Thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest rolled,
Majestic darkness! on the whirlwind's wing
Riding sublime, 'Thou bidst the world adore,
And humblest nature with 'Thy northern blast.

Mysterious round! what skill, what force divine,
Deep felt, in these appear! a simple train,
Yet so delightful mixed, with such kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combined,
Shade, unperceived, so softening into shade,
And all so forming an harmonious whole,
'That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.
But wandering oft, with brute unconscious gaze,
Man marks not Thee, marks not the mighty hand,
That, ever busy, wheels the silent spheres;
Works in the secret deep; shoots, streaming, thence
'The fair profusion that o'erspreads the Spring;
Flings from the sun direct the flaming day;

Feeds every creature ; hurls the tempest forth ;
And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,
With transport touches all the springs of life.

Nature attend ! join every living soul,
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
In adoration join ; and, ardent, raise
One general song ! To Him, ye vocal gales,
Breathe soft, whose spirit in your freshness breathes ;
Oh, talk of Him in solitary glooms,
Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely waving pine
Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.
And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,
Who shake the astonished world, lift high to heaven
The impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.
His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills,
And let me catch it as I muse along.
Ye headlong torrents, rapid and profound ;
Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze
Along the vale ; and thou, majestic main,
A secret world of wonders in thyself,
Sound His stupendous praise, whose greater voice
Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.
Soft roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
In mingled clouds, to Him, whose sun exalts,
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.
Ye forests, bend, ye harvests, wave to Him ;
Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep
Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,

Ye constellations, while your angels strike,
Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.
Great source of day, best image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
From world to world, the vital ocean round,
On nature write, with every beam, His praise
The thunder rolls; he hushed the prostrate world,
While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.
Bless out afresh, ye hills, ye mossy rocks,
Retain the sound; the broad responsive low,
Ye valleys, raise; for the Great Shepherd reigns,
And His unsuffering kingdom yet will come.
Ye woodlands all, awake! a boundless song
Burst from the groves! and when the restless day,
Sunning, lays the warbling world asleep,
Sweetest of birds, sweet Philomela, charm
The listening shades, and teach the night His praise
Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles,
At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,
Crown the great hymn! in swarming cities vast,
Assembled men to the deep organ join
The long-resounding voice, oft breaking clear,
At solemn pauses, through the swelling bass;
And, as each mingling flame increases each,
In one united ardour raise to heaven.
Or if you rather choose the rural shade,
And find a fane in every sacred grove,
There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
Still sing the God of Seasons, as they roll.

For me, when I forget the darling theme,
Whether the blossom blows, the Summer ray
Russets the plain, inspiring Autumn gleams,
Or Winter rises in the blackening east,
Be my tongue mute, my Fancy paint no more,
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat!

Should fate command me to the farthest verge
Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to song, where first the sun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
Flames on the Atlantic isles, 'tis nought to me;
Since God is ever present, ever felt,
In the void waste, as in the city full;
And where He vital breathes there must be joy
When even, at last, the solemn hour shall come,
And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
I cheerful will obey; there, with new powers,
Will rising wonder sing. I cannot go
Where Universal Love not smiles around,
Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their suns;
From seeming evil still educing good,
And better thence again, and better still,
In infinite progression. But I lose
Myself in Him, in Light ineffable;
Come then, expressive silence, raise His praise!

GRAY.

THOMAS GRAY. Born 1716; Died 1771.

Educated at Eton and Cambridge, Gray spent the greater part of his life at the University, in which he held the appointment of Professor of Modern History.

An elegant scholar, cultivating to the very utmost all the rules of poetic art, Gray left few works, but these of the most perfect finish. In his hands lyrical poetry was brought to a musical harmony and polish which it had never before attained in England.

ELEGY

WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude Forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care:
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the Poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave
Await alike th' inevitable hour—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye Proud, impute to these the fault
 If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
 Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
 The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
 Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
 Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire,
 Hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed,
 Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre:

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
 Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
 And half Penury repressed their noble rage,
 And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
 The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
 Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hamlet, that with dauntless bore
 The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
 Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
 Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood

The applause of listening senates to command,
 The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
 To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
 And read their history in a nation's eyes

Their lot forbade : nor circumscribed alone
 Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined ;
 Forbad to wade through slaughter to a throne,
 And shut the gates of mercy on mankind ;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
 To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
 Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
 With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
 Their sober wishes never learned to stray ;
 Along the cool sequestered vale of life
 They kept the noiseless tenour of their way.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect
 Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
 With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
 Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their names, their years, spelt by the unlettered Muse,
 The place of fame and elegy supply ;
 And many a holy text around she strows
 That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being o'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonoured dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,—

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn;

There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove,
Now drooping, woful-wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care or crossed in hopeless love.

One morn I missed him on the custom'd hill,
Along the heath, and near his favourite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

The next with dirges due in sad array,
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne,—
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth
A Youth, to Fortune and to Fame unknown;
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his ~~beauty~~, and his soul sincere;
Heaven did a recompense as largely send;
He gave to Misery all he had, a tear,
He gained from Heaven, 'twas all he wished, a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

STEELE.

LAWRENCE STEELE Born 1713: Died 1768

He was born in Ireland, and in his early years led an unsettled life. He had long been a clergyman in Yorkshire, and had already published some sermons, when the first volume of *Tristram Shandy* appeared in 1759. The *Sentimental Journey*, his other well known work, appeared in 1768, the year of his death.

His style is often eccentric, but always idiomatic, and his humour is unsurpassed by any English writer, with the exception, perhaps, of Shakespeare: and along with this he has also at times, the most tender pathos.

SLAVERY.

DISGUISE thyself as thou wilt, still, slavery, still thou art a bitter draught; and, though thousands in all ages have been made to drink of thee, thou art no less bitter on that account. It is thou, Liberty, thrice sweet and gracious goddess, whom all in public or in private worship, whose taste is grateful, and even will be so, till nature herself shall change—no time of words can spot thy snowy mantle, or cynical power turn thy sceptre. The swain with thee no smile upon him, the swain with thee no more a monarch, from whose brow thou art banished. Heaven! grant me but the power to see thee as thou art; and give me but the power to love thee as my countryman; and shower down thy nation, if it seem good, with thy divine

he Providence, upon those heads which are aching for them.

Pursuing these ideas, I sat down close by my table, and leaning my head upon my hand, I began to figure to myself the manner of confinement. I was in a right frame for it, and so I gave full scope to my imagination.

I was going to begin with the millions of my fellow-creatures born to no inheritance but slavery; but finding, however affecting the picture was, that I could not bring it nearer me, and that the multitude of sad groups in it did but distract me—

—I took a single captive, and having first shut him up in a dungeon, I then looked through the twilight of his grated door, to take his picture.

I beheld his body half wasted away with long expectation and confinement; and felt what kind of sickness of the heart it was which arises from hope deferred. Upon looking nearer, I saw him pale and feverish; in thirty years the western breeze had not once fanned his blood—he had seen no sun, no moon, in all that time—nor had the voice of friends or kinsman breathed through his lattice. His children—

—But here my heart began to bleed—and I was forced to go on with another part of the portrait.

He was sitting upon the ground upon a little straw, in the further corner of his dungeon, which was alternately his chair and bed; a little calendar of small sticks were laid at his head, notched all over with the dismal days and nights he had passed there—he had

one of these little sticks in his hand, and with a rusted nail he was etching another day of misery to add to the heap. As I darkened the little light he had, he lifted up a hopeless eye toward the door, then cast it down—shook his head, and went on his work of affliction. I heard his chains upon his legs, as he turned his body to lay his little stick upon the bundle. He gave a deep sigh—I saw the iron enter into his soul—I burst into tears—I could not sustain the picture of confinement which my fancy had drawn.

THE STORY OF LE FEVRE.

It was some time in the summer of that year in which Dendemonid was taken by the allies, when my uncle Toby was one evening getting his supper, with his servant, Corporal Trim, sitting behind him at a small sideboard, when the landlord of a little inn in the village came into the parlour with an empty phial in his hand, to beg a glass or two of sack. "'Tis for a poor gentleman, I think, of the army," said the landlord, "who has been taken ill at my house four days ago, and has never held up his head since, or had a desire to taste anything till just now; that he has a fancy for a glass of sack and a thin toast. 'I think,' says he, taking his hand from his forehead, 'it would comfort me.

"If I could neither beg, borrow, or buy such a thing," added the landlord, "I would almost steal it for the poor gentleman, he is so ill. I hope in God

he will still mend," continued he; "we are all of us concerned for him."

"Thou art a good-natured soul, I will answer for thee," cried my uncle Toby; "and thou shalt drink the poor gentleman's health in a glass of sack thyself; and take a couple of bottles with my service, and tell him he is heartily welcome to them, and to a dozen more, if they will do him good."

"Though I am persuaded," said my uncle Toby, as the landlord shut the door, "he is a very compassionate fellow, Trim, yet I cannot help entertaining a high opinion of his guest too; there must be something more than common in him, that in so short a time he should win so much upon the affections of his host." "And of his whole family," added the corporal; "for they are all concerned for him." "Step after him," said my uncle Toby, "O, Trim, and ask if he knows his name."

"I have quite forgot it, truly," said the landlord, coming back into the parlour with the corporal; "but I can ask his son again." "He has a son with him then?" said my uncle Toby. "A boy," replied the landlord, "of about eleven or twelve years of age; but the poor creature has tasted almost as little as his father; he does nothing but mourn and lament for him night and day. He has not stirred from the bedside these two days."

My uncle Toby laid down his knife and fork, and thrust his plate from before him, as the landlord gave him the account, and Trim, without being ordered,

took it away, without saying one word, and in a few minutes after brought him his pipe and tobacco.

"Trim," said my uncle Toby, "I am not at rest in my mind since the account the landlord has given me. I wish I had not known so much of this affair, or that I had known more of it. How shall we manage it?"

"Leave it, an't please your honour, to me," quoth the corporal; "I'll take my hat and stick, and go to the house and reconnoitre, and act accordingly; and I will bring your honour a full account in an hour." "Thou shalt go, Trim," said my uncle Toby.

It was not till my uncle Toby had knocked the ashes out of his third pipe, that Corporal Trim returned from the inn, and gave him the following account:—

"I despaired at first," said the corporal, "of being able to bring back any intelligence to your honour about the poor sick lieutenant and his son; for when I asked where his servant was, from whom I made sure of knowing everything which was proper to be asked, I was answered, that he had no servant with him; that he had come to the inn with hired horses, which, finding himself unable to proceed (to join, I suppose, the regiment), he had dismissed the morning after he came. 'If I get better, my dear,' said he, as he gave his purse to his son to pay the man, 'we can hire horses from hence.' 'But, alas! the poor gentleman will never get from hence,' said the landlady to me, 'and when he dies, the youth, his son, will certainly die with him; for he is broken-hearted already.'

"I was hearing this account," continued the corporal, "when the youth came into the kitchen, to order the thin toast the landlord spoke of. 'But I will do it for my father myself,' said the youth. 'Pray let me save you the trouble, young gentleman,' said I, taking up a fork for the purpose, and offering him my chair to sit down upon by the fire whilst I did it. 'I believe, sir,' said he, very modestly, 'I can please him best myself.' 'I am sure,' said I, 'his honour will not like the toast the worse for being toasted by an old soldier.' The youth took hold of my hand, and instantly burst into tears." "Poor youth!" said my uncle Toby; "he has been bred up from an infant in the army, and the name of a soldier, Trim, sounded in his ears like the name of a friend. I wish I had him here."

"I never, in the longest march," said the corporal, "had so great a mind to my dinner, as I had to cry with him for company. What could be the matter with me, an't please your honour?" "Nothing in the world, Trim," said my uncle Toby, blowing his nose; "but that thou art a good-natured fellow."

"When I gave him the toast," continued the corporal, "I thought it was proper to tell him that I was Captain Shandy's servant, and that your honour (though a stranger) was extremely concerned for his father; and that if there was anything in your house or cellar"—("And thou mightst have added my purse, too," said my uncle Toby)—"he was heartily welcome to it. He made a very low bow, but no answer, for his heart was full; so he went upstairs with the toast. 'I warrant

you, my dear,' said I, as I opened the kitchen door, 'your father will be well again.'

"When the lieutenant had taken his glass of sack and toast, he felt himself a little revived, and sent down into the kitchen to let me know that, in about ten minutes, he should be glad if I would step upstairs. 'I believe,' said the landlord, 'he is going to say his prayers, for there was a book laid upon the chair by his bedside; and, as I shut the door, I saw his son take up a cushion.'

"When I went up into the lieutenant's room, which I did not do till the expiration of ten minutes, he was lying in the bed with his head raised upon his hand, with his elbow upon the pillow, and a clean white cambric handkerchief beside it. The youth was just stooping down to take up the cushion, upon which I supposed he had been kneeling; the book was laid upon the bed; and, as he arose in taking up the cushion with one hand, he reached out his other to take it away at the same time. 'Let it remain there, my dear,' said the lieutenant.

"He did not offer to speak to me till I had walked up close to his bedside. 'If you are Captain Shandy's servant,' said he, 'you must present my thanks to your master, with my little boy's thanks along with them, for his courtesy to me. If he was of Levens's,' said the lieutenant—I told him your honour was—'then,' said he, 'I served three campaigns with him in Flanders, and remember him; but the most likely as I had not the honour of any acquaintance with him, that he knows nothing of me. You will tell him, however,

that the person his good nature has laid under obligations to him is one, Le Fevre, a lieutenant in Angus's. But he knows me not, said he, a second time, musing; 'possibly he may my story,' added he, 'Pray tell the captain, I was the ensign at Breda, whose wife was most unfortunately killed with a musket-shot, as she lay in my arms in my tent.' 'I remember the story, an't please your honour,' said I, 'very well.' 'Do you so?' said he, wiping his eyes with the handkerchief; 'then well may I.' In saying this, he drew a little ring out of his bosom, which seemed tied with a black ribbon about his neck, and kissed it twice. 'Here, Billy,' said he. The boy flew across the room to the bedside, and, falling down upon his knees, took the ring in his hand, and kissed it too, then kissed his father, and then sat down upon the bed and wept. I could stay no longer, so wished his honour a good night. Young Le Fevre rose from off the bed, and saw me to the bottom of the stairs; and, as we went down together, told me they had come from Ireland, and were on their route to join the regiment in Flanders. "But, alas!" said the corporal, "the lieutenant's last day's march is over." "Then what is to become of his poor boy?" cried my uncle Toby.

The sun looked bright the morning after to every eye in the village but Le Fevre's and his afflicted son's. The hand of death pressed heavy upon his eyelids, and hardly could the wheel at the distern turn round its circle, when my uncle Toby, who had rose up an hour

before his wonted time, entered the lieutenant's room, and, without preface or apology, sat himself down upon the chair by the bedside; and, independently of all modes and customs, opened the curtain in the manner an old friend and brother officer would have done it, and asked him how he did—how he had rested in the night—what was his complaint—where was his pain—and what he could do to help him.

"You shall go home directly. Le Fevre," said my uncle Toby, "to my house, and we'll send for a doctor to see what's the matter; and we'll have an apothecary, and the corporal shall be your nurse, and I'll be your servant, Le Fevre."

There was a frankness in my uncle Toby, not the *effect* of familiarity, but the *cause* of it, which let you at once into his soul, and showed you the goodness of his nature. To this, there ~~was something~~ in his looks, and voice, and manner, superadded, ~~which~~ eternally beckoned to the unfortunate to come and take shelter under him; so that before my uncle Toby had half finished the kind offers he was making to the father, had the son insensibly pressed up close to his knees, and had taken hold of the breast of his coat, and was pulling it towards him. The blood and spirits of Le Fevre, which were waxing cold and slow within him, and were retreating to their last citadel, the heart, rallied back; the film forsook his eyes for a moment; he looked up wistfully in my uncle Toby's face, then cast a look upon his boy; and that *ligament*, fine as it was, was never broken.

Nature instantly ebbed again; the film returned to its place; the pulse fluttered—stopped—went on—throbbled—stopped again—moved—stopped! Shall I go on? No.'

GOLDSMITH.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH. Born 1728; Died 1774.

He was born in Ireland, and attended Trinity College, Dublin, with the view of entering the profession of medicine. In this career, however, he had no success; and after a roving life for some time on the Continent, he settled in London, living at one time as usher in a school, at another on literary hack-work. With his poem, the *Traveller*, in 1764, his name became famous: and the *Vicar of Wakefield*, the *Deserted Village*, and his comedies, with other works, followed. He died in distress and debt.

The chief characteristic of his work, which has won for itself a peculiar regard amongst all English readers, is its union of perfect refinement with just as perfect simplicity.

FROM "THE TRAVELLER."

As some lone miser, visiting his store,
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er;
Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still;
Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
Pleased with each good that Heaven to man supplies:
Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
To see the hoard of human bliss so small;
And oft I wish, amidst the scene to find
Some spot to real happiness consigned,

Where my worn soul, each wandering hope at rest,
May gather bliss to see my fellows blest.

But where to find that happiest spot below
Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own;
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease:
The naked negro, panting at the line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.

Such is the patriot's boast, wh'er we roam,
His first, best country, ever is at home:
And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
And estimate the blessings which they share,
Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind;
As different good, by art or nature given,
To different nations makes their blessings even.

Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
Still grants her bliss at labour's earnest call;
With food as well the peasant is supplied
On Idra's cliffs as Arno's shelvy side:
And though the rocky-crested summits frown,
These rocks, by custom, turn to beds of down.
From art more various are the blessings sent;
Wealth, commerce, honour, liberty, content.

Yet these each other's power so strong contest,
That either seems destructive of the rest.

Where wealth and freedom reign, contentment fails,
And honour sinks where commerce long prevails.
Hence every state, to one loved blessing prone,
Conforms and models life to that alone.
Each to the favourite happiness attends,
And spurns the plan that aims at other ends;
Till carried to excess in each domain,
This favourite good begets peculiar pain.

But let us try these truths with closer eyes,
And trace them through the prospect as it lies:
Here for a while, my proper cares resigned,
Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind;
Like yon neglected shrub at random cast,
That shades the steep, and sighs at every blast.

Far to the right, where Apennine ascends,
Bright as the summer, Italy extends;
Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride;
While oft some temple's mouldering tops between
With venerable grandeur mark the scene.

Could Nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of Italy were surely blest.
Whatever fruits in different climes were found,
That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground;
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whose bright succession decks the varied year;

Whatever sweets salute the northern sky,
With vernal lives, that blossom but to die ;
These, here disporting own the kindred soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil ;
While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.
In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
Contrasted faults through all his manners reign ;
Though poor, luxurious ; though submissive, vain ;
Though grave, yet trifling ; zealous, yet untrue ;
And e'en in penance planning sins anew.
All evils here contaminate the mind,
That opulence departed leaves behind ;
For wealth was theirs, not far removed the date,
When commerce proudly flourished through the state
At her command the palace learnt to rise,
Again the long-fallen column sought the skies ;
The canvas glowed beyond e'en nature warm,
The pregnant quarry teemed with human form.
Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,
Commerce on other shores displayed her sail ;
While nought remained of all that riches gave,
But towns unmanned, and lords without a slave ;
And late the nation found, with fruitless skill,
Its former strength was but plethoric ill.

Yet still the loss of wealth is here supplied
By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride ;

From these the feeble heart and long-fallen mind
An easy compensation seem to find.
Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp arrayed,
The pasteboard triumph, and the cavalcade ;
Processions formed for piety and love,
A mistress or a saint in every grove.
By sports like these are all their cares beguiled,
The sports of children satisfy the child :
Each nobler aim, repress'd by long control,
Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul ;
While low delights, succeeding fast behind,
In happier meanness occupy the mind :
As in those domes, where Cæsars once bore sway,
Defaced by time, and tottering in decay,
There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed ;
And, wondering man could want the larger pile,
Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.

My soul, turn from them, turn we to survey
Where rougher climes a nobler race display ;
Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansion tread,
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread.
No product here the barren hills afford,
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword ;
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter, lingering, chills the lap of May ;
No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.

Yet still, e'en here, content can spread a charm,
 Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
 Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts though small,
 He sees his little lot the lot of all ;
 Sees no contiguous palace rear its head,
 To shame the meanness of his humble shed ;
 No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal,
 To make him loath his vegetable meal ;
 But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
 Each wish contracting fits him to the soil.
 Cheerful at morn, he wakes from short repose,
 Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes ;
 With patient anglo trolls the finny deep,
 Or drives his venturous ploughshare to the steep ;
 Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way,
 And drags the struggling savage into day.
 At night returning, every labour sped,
 He sits him down, the monarch of a shed ;
 Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
 His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze ;
 While his loved partner, boastful of her hoard ;
 Displays her cleanly platter on the board :
 And haply too some pilgrim, thither led,
 With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus every good his native wilds impart
 Imprints the patriot passion on his heart ;
 And e'en those hills, that round his mansion rise,
 Enhance the bliss his poverty fondly prizes.
 Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
 And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms ;

And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
 Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
 So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
 But bind him to his native mountains more.

Such are the charms to barren states assigned ;
 Their wants but few, their wishes all confined ;
 Yet let them only share the praises due,
 If few their wants, their pleasures are but few ;
 For every want that stimulates the breast
 Becomes a source of pleasure when redrest.
 Whence from such lands each pleasing science flies,
 That first excites desire, and then supplies ;
 Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy,
 To fill the languid pause with finer joy ;
 Unknown those powers that raise the soul to flame,
 Catch every nerve, and vibrate through the frame.
 Their level life is but a smouldering fire,
 Unquenched by want, unfanned by strong desire ,
 Unfit for raptures, or, if raptures cheer
 On some high festival of once a year,
 In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,
 Till, buried in debauch, the blues expire.

But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow :
 Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low ;
 For, as refinement stops, from sire to son,
 Unaltered, unimproved, the manners run ;
 And love's and friendship's finely pointed dart
 Fall blunted from each indurated heart .
 Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast
 May sit, like falcons cowering on the nest ;

But all the gentler morals, such as play
Through life's more cultured walks, and charm the way,
These, far dispersed, on timorous pinions fly,
To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
I turn—and France displays her bright domain.
Gay, sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
Pleased with thyself, whom all the world can please
How often have I led thy sportive choir,
With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire!
Where shading elms along the margin grew,
And, freshened from the wave, the zephyr flew;
And haply, though my harsh touch faltering still,
But mocked all tune, and marred the dancer's skill,
Yet would the village praise my wondrous power,
And dance, forgetful of the noontide hour!
Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze,
And the gay grandsire, skilled in gestio lore,
Has frisked beneath the burden of threescore.

So blest a life these thoughtless realms display,
Thus idly busy rolls their world away:
Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,
For honour forms the social temper here.
Honour, that praise which real merit gains,
Or e'en imaginary worth obtains,
Here passes current; paid from hand to hand,
It shifts in splendid traffic round the land:
From courts to camps, to cottages it strays,
And all are taught an avarice of praise;

They please, are pleased, they give to get esteem,
Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem.

But while this softer art their bliss supplies,
It gives their follies also room to rise;
For praise too dearly loved, or warmly sought,
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought.
And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art,
Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart;
Here vanity assumes her pert grimace,
And trims her robes of frieze with copper lace;
Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boast one splendid banquet once a year;
The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,
Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause.

To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Embosomed in the deep where Holland lies.
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad ocean leans against the land,
And sedulous to stop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
Onward, methinks, and diligently slow,
The firm connected bulwark seems to grow;
Spreads its long arms amidst the watery roar,
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore.
While the pent ocean rising o'er the pile,
Sees an amphitious world beneath him smile;—

The slow canal, the yellow-blossomed vale,
 The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,
 The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,—
 A new creation rescued from his reign.

Thus, while around the wave-subjected soil
 Impels the native to repeated toil,
 Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
 And industry begets a love of gain.
 Hence all the good from opulence that springs,
 With all those ill superfluous treasure brings,
 Are here displayed. Their much-loved wealth imparts
 Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts;
 But view them closer, craft and fraud appear,
 Even liberty itself is bartered here.
 At gold's superior charms all freedom flies,
 The needy sell it, and the rich man buys;
 A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves,
 Here wretches seek dishonourable graves,
 And calmly bent, to servitude conform,
 Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.

Heavens! how unlike their Belgic sires of old!
 Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold;
 War in each breast, and freedom on each brow;
 How much unlike the sons of Britain now!

Fired at the sound, my genius spreads her wing,
 And flies where Britain courts the western spring,
 Where lawns extend that scorn African pride,
 And brighter streams than famed Hydaspes glide;

There all around the gentlest breezes stray,
 There gentle music melts on every spray;
 Creation's mildest pleasures are there combined,
 Extreme ~~pleasures mingle~~
 Stern o'er ~~the rugged mountains~~ holds her state,
 With daring aims irregularly great;
 Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
 I see the lords of human kind pass by;
 Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
 By forms unfashioned, fresh from Nature's hand;
 Fierce in their native hardness of soul,
 True to imagined right, above control;
 While e'en the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
 And learns to venerate himself as man.

Thine, Freedom! thine the blessings pictured here
 Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear;
 Too blest, indeed, were such without alloy,
 But fostered e'en by Freedom, ills annoy;
 That independence Britons prize too high,
 Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie;
 The self-dependent lordlings stand alone,
 All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown;
 Here, by the bonds of nature feebly held,
 Minds combat minds, repelling and repelled;
 Ferments arise, imprisoned factions roar,
 Repressed ambition struggles round her shore,
 Till over-wrought, the general system feels
 Its motions stop, as ~~the~~ the wheels

Nor this the worst. As nature's ties decay,
 As duty, love, and honour melt away,

Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.
Hence all obedience bows to these alone,
And talent sinks, and merit weeps unknown:
Till time may come, when, stript of all her charms,
The land of scholars and the nurse of arms,
Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,
Where kings have toiled and poets wrote for fame,
One sink of level avarice shall lie,
And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonoured die.

Yet think not, thus when Freedom's ills I state,
I mean to flatter kings, or court the great:
Ye powers of truth, that bid my soul aspire,
Far from my bosom drive the low desire.
And thou, fair Freedom, taught alike to feel
The rabble's rage and tyrant's angry steel;
Thou transitory flower, alike undone
By proud contempt or favour's fostering sun;
Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure!
I only would repress them to secure;
For just experience tells, in every soil,
That those who think must govern those that toil;
And all that Freedom's highest aims can reach,
Is but to lay proportioned loads on each.
Hence, should our order disproportioned grow,
Its double weight must ruin all below.

O then, how blind to all that truth requires,
Who think it freedom when a part aspires!
Calm is my soul, not apt to rise in arms,
Except when fast approaching danger warns,

But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
Contracting regal power to stretch their own,
When I behold a factious band agree
To call it freedom when themselves are free,
Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,
Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law,
The wealth of climes where savage nations roam
Pillaged from slaves to purchase slaves at home.
Fear, pity, justice, indignation start,
Tear off reserve, and bare my swelling heart ;
Till half a patriot, half a coward grown,
I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.

Yes, brother, curse with me that baleful hour
When first ambition struck at regal power ;
And thus polluting honour at its source,
Gave wealth to sway the mind with double force.
Have we not seen, round Britain's peopled shore,
Her useful sons exchanged for useless ore ?
Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste,
Like flaring tapers brightening as they waste ?
Seen opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
Lead stern depopulation in her train,
And over fields where scattered hamlets rose
In barren solitary pomp repose ?
Have we not seen at pleasure's lordly call
The smiling, long-frequented village fall ?
Beheld the duteous son, the sire decayed,
The modest matron, and the blushing maid,
Forced from their homes, a melancholy train,
To traverse climes beyond the western main ;

Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,
And Niagara stuns with thundering sound?

Even now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays
Through tangled forests and through dangerous ways,
Where beasts with man divided empire claim,
And the brown Indian marks with murderous aim;
There, while above the giddy tempest flies,
And all around distressful yells arise,
The pensive exile, bending with his woo,
Too weak too fearful, and too faint to go,
Casts a long look where England's glories shine,
And bids his bosom sympathise with mine.

Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
That bliss which only centres in the mind:
Why have I strayed from pleasure and repose,
To seek a good each government bestows?
In every government, though terrors reign,
Though tyrant kings or tyrant laws restrain,
How small, of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure!
Still to ourselves in every place consigned,
Our own felicity we make or find:
With secret courses, which no loud storms annoy
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy,
The lifted axe, the groning wheel,
Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel,
To men remote from power but rarely known,
Leave reason, faith, and conscience all our own.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

• TO SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

DEAR SIR,

I can have no expectations, in an address of this kind, either to add to your reputation, or to establish my own. You can gain nothing from my admiration, as I am ignorant of that art in which you are said to excel. and I may lose much by the severity of your judgment, as few have a juster taste in poetry than you. Setting interest therefore aside, to which I never paid much attention, I must be indulged at present in following my affections. The only dedication I ever made was to my brother, because I loved him better than most other men. He is since dead. Permit me to inscribe this Poem to you.

How far you may be pleased with the versification and more mechanical parts of this attempt, I do not pretend to inquire; but I know you will object (and indeed several of our best and wisest friends concur in the opinion) that the depopulation it deplures is nowhere to be seen, and the disorders it laments are only to be found in the poet's own imagination. To this I can scarcely make any other answer than that I sincerely believe what I have written, that I have taken all possible pains, in my country excursions, for these four or five years past, to be certain of what I allege,

and that all my views and inquiries have led me to believe those miseries real which I here attempt to display. But this is not the place to enter into an inquiry, whether the country be depopulating or not; the discussion would take up much room, and I should prove myself, at best, an indifferent politician, to tire the reader with a long preface, when I want his unfatigued attention to a long poem.

In regretting the depopulation of the country, I inveigh against the increase of our luxuries; and here also I expect the shout of modern politicians against me. For twenty or thirty years past it has been the fashion to consider luxury as one of the greatest national advantages, and all the wisdom of antiquity in that particular as erroneous. Still, however, I must remain a professed ancient on that head, and continue to think those luxuries prejudicial to states by which so many vices are introduced, and so many kingdoms have been undone. Indeed so much has been poured out of late on the other side of the question, that merely for the sake of novelty and variety, one would sometimes wish to be in the right.

I am, Dear Sir,

Your sincere friend and ardent admirer,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain;
Where health and plenty cheered the labouring swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed:

Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene!
How often have I paused on every charm,
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topt the neighbouring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made!
How often have I blest the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree,
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old surveyed;
And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round.
And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired;
The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
By holding out, to tire each other down;
The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter tittered round the place;
The bashful virgin's side-long looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove.
These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,
With sweet succession, taught even toil to please:
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed;
These were thy charms—but all these charms are fled.

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
 Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn
 Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
 And desolation saddens all thy green.
 One only master grasps the whole domain,
 And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain.
 No more thy glassy brook reflects the sky,
 But, choked with sedges, works its weedy way;
 Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
 The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
 Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
 And tires their echoes with unvaried cries;
 Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
 And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall;
 And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
 'Tis, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
 Where wealth accumulates, and men decay:
 Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;
 A breath can make them, as a breath can make us;
 But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
 When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's woes began,
 When every word of ground was tilled by man;
 For him light labour made his furrows more,
 Just gave him sweat for seed, and gave him more:
 His best commodity was his own health;
 And his best riches, gathered from the earth.

But times are altered; lands' unweeding train
 Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain;

Along the lawn, where scattered hamlets rose,
 Unwieldy wealth and numbers made the place,
 And every want to splendour rose,
 And every pang that riches could impose,
 Those gentle means that plenty leads to bloom,
 Those calm desires that soften but afflict not soon,
 Those healthful sports that grace the peaceful scene
 Lived in each look, and brightened all the green
 These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
 And rural mirth and manners are no more.


Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful hour,
 Thy glades forlorn, confess the tyrant's power.
 Here, as I take my solitary rounds
 Amidst thy tangled walks and ruined grounds,
 And, many a year elapsed, return to view
 Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
 Remembrance wakes, with all her busy train,
 Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wanderings round this world of care,
 In all my griefs, and God has given my share—
 I still had hoped my latest hours to spend
 Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down,
 To husband out my days in quietude,
 And keep the flame from wandering by repose.
 I still had hoped, my peace and ease to still
 Amidst the evening shades, my learned skill,
 Around my fire, to converse with friends of mine,
 And tell of all that's good and true and kind,
 And, as a hare whom hounds and horns pursue
 Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,

I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return—and die at home at last.

O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreats from care, that never must be mine,
How happy he who crowns in shades like those
A youth of labour with an age of ease ;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly !
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep ;
No surly porter stands in guilty state,
To spurn imploring famine from the gate ;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending Virtue's friend ;
Bends to the grave with unperceived decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way ;
And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past !

Sweet was the sound, when oft at evening's close
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose.
There as I past with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came softened from below ;
The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,
The sober herd that lowed to meet their young,
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school,
The watch-dog's voice that bayed the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind ;
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And filled each pause the nightingale had made.



But now the sounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
No busy steps the grass-grown foot-way tread,
For all the bloomy flush of life is fled:
All but yon widowed, solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring;
She, wretched matron, forced in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn;
She only left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden-flower grows wild;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change his place;
Unpractised he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train;
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain:
The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed;

The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away,
Wept o'er his wounds or tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woes;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all;
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed,
The reverend champion stood. At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul.
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place.
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
The service past, around the walls to roam,
With steady zeal, each honest toil to do;
E'en children followed with admiring eyes,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile.

His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed ;
 Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed :
 To them his heart, his love, his graces were given,
 But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
 As some tall bluff that lifts its awful form,
 Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
 Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
 Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
 With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay,
 There in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
 The village master taught his little school.
 A man severe he was, and stern to view ;
 I knew him well, and every truant knew ;
 Well had the budding tremblers learned to trace
 The day's disasters in his morning face ;
 Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
 At all his jokes, for many a joke had he,
 Full well the busy whisper circled round
 Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned.
 Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,
 The love he bore to learning was in fault ;
 The village all declared how much he knew ;
 'Twas certain he could write, and cypher too ;
 Lands he could measure, tides and tides presage,
 And even the sun and moon, they said, he gauged ;
 In arguing too he was a power at school ;
 For e'en the parson said he could argue still,
 While words of learned length and thundering sound
 Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around,

And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.

* * * * *

FROM THE "RETALIATION."

Of old, when Scarron his companions invited,
Each guest brought his dish, and the feast was united ;
If our landlord supplies us with beef and with fish,
Let each guest bring himself, and he brings the best dish :
Our Dean shall be venison, just fresh from the plains ;
Our Burke shall be tongue with the garnish of brains ;
Our Will shall be wild fowl, of excellent flavour,
And Dick with his pepper shall heighten the savour ;
Our Cumberland's sweet-bread its place shall obtain,
And Douglas is pudding, substantial and plain ;
Our Carrick's a salad, for in him we see
Oil & negar, sugar and saltness agree ;
To make out the dinner, full certain I am,
That Ridge is anchovy, and Reynolds is lamb,
That Hickey's a capon, and, by the same rule,
Magnanimous Goldsmith a gooseberry fool.
At a dinner so various, at such a repast,
Who'd not be a glutton, and stick to the last ?
Here, waiter, more wine ! Let me sit while I'm able,
Till all my companions sink under the table ;
Then, with chaos and blunders encircling my head,
Let me ponder, and tell what I think of the dead.

Here lies the good Dean, re-united to earth,
Who mixed reason with pleasure, and wisdom with
mirth ;

If he had any faults, he has left us in doubt ;
At least, in six weeks I could not find 'em out ;
Yet some have declared, and it can't be denied 'em,
That sly-boots was cursedly cunning to hide 'em.

Here lies our good Edmund, whose genius was such,
We scarcely can praise it or blame it too much ;
Who, born for the universe, narrowed his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind ;
Though fraught with all learning, yet straining his
throat

To persuade Tommy Townshend to lend him a vote ;
Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
And thought of convincing, while they thought of
dining ;

Though equal to all things, for all things unfit ;
Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit,
For a patriot too cool, for a drudge disobedient,
And too fond of the *right* to pursue the *expedient*.
In short, 'twas his fate, unemployed, or in place, sir,
To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor.

Here lies honest William, whose heart was a mint,
While the owner ne'er knew half the good that was in't ;
The pupil of impulse, it forced him along,
His conduct still right, with his argument wrong ;
Still aiming at honour, yet fearing to roam,
The coachman was tipsy, the chariot drove home
Would you ask for his merits ?—alas ! he had none :
What was good was spontaneous, his faults were his own.

Here lies honest Richard, whose fate I must sigh at ;
Alas, that such frolic should now be so quiet !

What spirits were his! What wit and what whim!
Now breaking a jest, and now breaking a limb;
Now wrangling and grumbling to keep up the ball,
Now teasing and vexing, yet laughing at all!

Here Cumberland lies, having acted his parts.
The Terence of England, the mender of hearts,
A flattering painter, who made it his care
To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are.

Here lies David Garrick, describe him who can;
An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man.
As an actor, confessed without rival to shine;
As a wit, if not first, in the very first line:
Yet with talents like these, and an excellent heart,
The man had his failings, a dupe to his art.
Like an ill-judging beauty, his colours he spread,
And beplastered with rouge his own natural red.
On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting;
'Twas only that when he was off he was acting.
With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
He turned and he varied full ten times a day:
Though secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick
If they were not his own by finessing and trick:
He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack,
For he knew when he pleased he could whistle them back.
Of praise a mere glutton, he swallowed what came;
And the puff of a dunce, he mistook it for fame;
Till his relish grown callous, almost to disease,
Who peppered the highest, was surest to please.
But let us be candid, and speak out our mind:
If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.

Ye Kenricks, ye Kellys, and Woodfalls so grave,
 What a commerce was yours, while you got and you gave!
 How did Grub-street re-echo the shouts that you raised,
 While he was be-Roscussed, and you were bepraised.
 But peace to his spirit, wherever it flies,
 To act as an angel and mix with the skies:
 Those poets who owe their best fame to his skill
 Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will;
 Old Shakespeare receive him with praise and with love,
 And Beaumonts and Bens be his Kellys above.

CITY NIGHT PIECE.

THE clock has just struck two; the expiring taper rises and sinks in the socket; the watchman forgets the hour in slumber; the laborious and the happy are at rest; and nothing wakes but meditation, guilt, revelry, and despair. The drunkard once more fills the destroying bowl; the robber walks his midnight round; and the suicide lifts his guilty arm against his own sacred person.

Let me no longer waste the night over the page of antiquity or the sallies of contemporary genius, but pursue the solitary walk, where Vanity, ever changing, but a few hours past walked before me—where she kept up the pageant, and now, like a forward child, seems hushed with her own importunities.

What a gloom hangs all around! The dying lamp feebly emits a yellow gleam; no sound is heard but of the chiming clock, or the distant watch-dog. All the

bustle of human pride is forgotten ; an hour like this may well display the emptiness of human vanity.

There will come a time, when this temporary solitude may be made continual, and the city itself, like its inhabitants, fade away, and leave a desert in its room.

What cities, as great as this, have once triumphed in existence, had their victories as great, joy as just and as unbounded ; and with short-sighted presumption, promised themselves immortality. Posterity can hardly trace the situation of some ; the sorrowful traveller wanders over the awful ruins of others ; and, as he beholds, he learns wisdom, and feels the transience of every sublunary possession.

"Here," he cries, "stood their citadel, now grown over with weeds ; there their senate-house, but now the haunt of every noxious reptile ; temples and theatres stood here, now only an undistinguished heap of ruin."

They are fallen, for luxury and avarice first made them feeble. The rewards of the state were conferred on amusing, and not on useful, members of society. Their riches and opulence invited the invaders, who, though at first repulsed, returned again, conquered by perseverance, and at last swept the dependents into undistinguished destruction.

How few appear in those streets which but some few hours ago were crowded with those who appear, now no longer wear their mask, nor attempt to hide their misery.

But who are those who make the streets their couch, and find a short repose from wretchedness at the doors

of the opulent? These are strangers, wanderers, and orphans, whose circumstances are too humble to expect redress, and their distresses are too great even for pity.

Their wretchedness excites rather horror. Some are without the covering even of rags, and others emaciated with disease; the world has disclaimed them; society turns its back upon their distress, and has given them up to nakedness and hunger.

Why, why was I born a man, and yet see the sufferings of wretches I cannot relieve! Poor houseless creatures! the world will give you reproaches, but will not give you relief. The slightest misfortunes of the great, the most imaginary uneasiness of the rich, are aggravated with all the power of eloquence, and held up to engage our attention and sympathetic sorrow. The poor weep unheeded, persecuted by every subordinate species of tyranny; and every law which gives others security, becomes an enemy to them.

Why was this heart of mine formed with so much sensibility? or why was not my fortune adapted to its impulse? Tenderness, without a capacity of relieving, only makes the man who feels it more wretched than the object which sues for assistance.

JOHNSON.

SAMUEL JOHNSON. Born 1709; Died 1784.

Johnson's parents were poor, and he had to struggle both for education and afterwards for a livelihood. During many years he suffered all the hardships of poverty; at length he attained, by means of literary work, and through a pension conferred upon him, to a competence: and from obscurity rose to the position of dictator in literary circles; one to whose opinion all were content to bow.

Of his works in poetry and prose the most famous are the *Vanity of Human Wishes*, *Rasselas*, the *Lives of the Poets*, and, above all, the *Dictionary*. But his ways and character have become as familiar to us as household words, by means of Boswell's *Life*, which is the most perfect biography extant.

COWLEY AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

COWLEY, like other poets who have written with narrow views, and, instead of tracing intellectual pleasures in the mind of man, paid their court to temporary prejudices, has been at one time too much praised, and too much neglected at another.

Wit, like all other things subject by their nature to the choice of man, has its changes and fashions, and at different times takes different forms. About the beginning of the seventeenth century appeared a race of writers that may be termed the *metaphysical poets*, of whom, in a criticism on the works of Cowley, it is not improper to give some account.

The metaphysical poets were men of learning, and to

show their learning was their whole endeavour; but, unluckily resolving to show it in rhyme, instead of writing poetry they only wrote verses, and very often such verses as stood the trial of the finger better than of the ear; for the modulation was so imperfect, that they were only found to be verses, by counting the syllables.

If the father of criticism has rightly denominated poetry, *an imitative art*, these writers will, without great wrong, lose their right to the name of poets, for they cannot be said to have imitated anything; they neither copied nature from life, neither painted the forms of matter, nor represented the operations of intellect.

Those, however, who deny them to be poets, allow them to be wits. Dryden confesses of himself and his contemporaries, that they fall below Donne in wit, but maintains that they surpass him in poetry.

If wit be well described by Pope, as being "that which has been often thought, but was never before so well expressed," they certainly never attained, nor ever sought it; for they endeavoured to be singular in their thoughts, and were careless of their diction. But Pope's account of wit is undoubtedly erroneous; he depresses it below its natural dignity, and reduces it from strength of thought to happiness of language.

If by a more noble and more adequate conception that be considered as wit which is at once natural and new, that which, though not obvious, is, upon its first production, acknowledged to be just; if it be that which he that never found it wonders how he missed, to wit

of this kind the metaphysical poets have seldom risen. Their thoughts are often new, but seldom natural; they are not obvious, but neither are they just; and the reader, far from wondering that he missed them, wonders more frequently by what perverseness of industry they were ever found.

But wit, abstracted from its effects upon the hearer, may be more vigorously and philosophically considered as a kind of *discordia concors*; a combination of dissimilar images, or discovery of occult resemblances in things apparently unlike. Of wit, thus defined, they have more than enough. The most heterogeneous ideas are yoked by violence together; nature and art are ransacked for illustrations, comparisons, and allusions; their learning instructs, and their subtilty surprises, but the reader commonly thinks his improvement dearly bought, and, though he sometimes admires, is seldom pleased.

From this account of their compositions, it will be readily inferred that they were not successful in representing or moving the affections. As they were wholly employed in something unexpected and surprising, they had no regard to that uniformity of sentiment which enables us to conceive and to excite the pains and the pleasure of other minds; they never inquired what, on any occasion, they should have said or done, but wrote rather as beholders than partakers of human nature; as beings looking upon good and evil, impassive and at leisure; as Epicurean doxies, making remarks on the actions of men, and the vicissitudes of life, without interest and without emotion. Their courtship was

void of fondness, and their lamentation of sorrow. Their wish was only to say what they hoped had been never said before.

Nor was the sublime more within their reach than the pathetic; for they never attempted that comprehension and expanse of thought which at once fills the whole mind, and of which the first effect is sudden astonishment, and the second rational admiration. Sublimity is produced by aggregation, and littleness by dispersion. Great thoughts are always general, and consist in positions not limited by exceptions, and in descriptions not descending to minuteness. It is with great propriety that subtlety, which in its original import means exility of particles, is taken in its metaphorical meaning for nicety of distinction. Those writers who lay on the watch for novelty could have little hope of greatness; for great things cannot have escaped former observation. Their attempts were always analytic; they broke every image into fragments; and could no more represent, by their slender conceits and laboured particularities, the prospects of nature, or the scenes of life, than he who dissects a sunbeam with a prism can exhibit the wide effulgence of a summer noon.

What they wanted however of the sublime, they endeavoured to supply by hyperbole; their amplification had no limits; they left not only reason, but fancy behind them; and produced combinations of confused magnificence, that not only could not be credited, but could not be imagined.

Yet great labour, directed by great abilities, is never

wholly lost: if they frequently threw away their wit upon false conceits, they likewise sometimes struck out unexpected truth; if their conceits were far-fetched, they were often worth the carriage. To write on their plan, it was at least necessary to read and think. No man could be born a metaphysical poet, nor assume the dignity of a writer, by descriptions copied from descriptions, by imitations borrowed from imitations, by traditional imagery, and hereditary similes, by readiness of rhyme, and volubility of syllables.

In perusing the works of this race of authors, the mind is exercised either by recollection or inquiry; either something already learned is to be retrieved, or something new is to be examined. If their greatness seldom elevates, their acuteness often surprises; if the imagination is not always gratified, at least the powers of reflection and comparison are employed; and in the mass of materials which ingenious absurdity has thrown together, genuine wit and useful knowledge may be sometimes found buried perhaps in grossness of expression, but useful to those who know their value; and such as when they are expanded to perspicuity, and polished to elegance, may give lustre to works which have more propriety though less copiousness of sentiment.

LETTER TO THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

MY LORD,

I have been lately informed, by the proprietor of 'The World,' that two papers, in which my Dictionary

is recommended to the public, were written by your lordship. To be so distinguished, is an honour, which, being very little accustomed to favours from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

When, upon some slight encouragement, I first visited your lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address, and could not forbear to wish that I might obtain that regard for which I saw the world contending: but I found my attendance so little encouraged, that neither pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it. When I had once addressed your lordship in public, I had exhausted all the art of pleasing which a retired and uncourtly scholar can possess. I had done all that I could: and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it over so little.

Seven years, my lord, have now past, since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties, of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it, at last, to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favour. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a patron before.

The shepherd in Virgil grew at last acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks.

Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and when he has reached ground, encumbers him with

help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron, which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favourer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I should conclude it, if less be possible, with less; for I have been long wakened from that dream of hope, in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation.

My lord,

Your lordship's most humble,

Most obedient servant,

SAM. JOHNSON.

THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES.

Let observation with extensive view
Survey mankind, from China to Peru;
Remark each anxious toil, each eager strife,
And watch the busy scenes of crowded life;
Then say how hope and fear, desire and hate,
O'erspread with snares the clouded maze of fate,
Where wavering man, betray'd by venturous pride,
To tread the dreary paths without a guide,

As treacherous phantoms in the mist delude,
Shuns fancied ills, or chases airy good ;
How rarely reason guides the stubborn choice,
Rules the bold hand or prompts the suppliant voice
How nations sink, by darling schemes oppressed,
When Vengeance listens to the fool's request ;
Fate wings with ev'ry wish the afflictive dart,
Each gift of nature and each grace of art ;
With fatal heat impetuous courage glows,
With fatal sweetness elocution flows ;
Impeachment stops the speaker's powerful breath,
And restless fire precipitates on death.
But, scarce observed, the knowing and the bold
Fall in the general massacre of gold ;
Wide-wasting pest ! that rages unconfined,
And crowds with crimes the records of mankind.
For gold his sword the hireling ruffian draws ;
For gold the hireling judge distorts the laws.
Wealth heaped on wealth, nor truth nor safety buys ;
The dangers gather as the treasures rise.

Let history tell, where rival kings command,
And dubious title shakes the maddened land,
When statutes glean the refuse of the sword,
How much more safe the vassal than the lord ;
Low skulks the hind beneath the rage of power,
And leaves the wealthy traitor in the Tower,
Untouched his cottage and his slumbers sound,
Though confiscation's vultures hover round.

The needy traveller, serene and gay,
Walks the wide heath, and sings his toil away.

Does envy seize thee? Crush the upbraiding joy,
Increase his riches, and his peace destroy :
New fears in dire vicissitude invade ;
The rustling brake alarms, and quivering shade :
Nor light nor darkness bring his pain relief,—
One shows the plunder, and one hides the thief. •

Yet still one general cry the skies assails,
And gain and grandeur load the tainted gales :
Few know the toiling statesman's fear or care,
The insidious rival and the gaping heir.

Once more, Democritus, arise on earth,
With cheerful wisdom and instructive mirth,
See motley life in modern trappings dressed,
And feed with varied fools the eternal jest.
Thou who couldst laugh where want enchained caprice
Toil crushed conceit, and man was of a piece ;
Where wealth unloved without a mourner died ;
And scarce a sycophant was fed by pride ;
Where no'er was known the form of mock debate,
Or seen a new-made mayor's unwieldy state ;
Where change of favourites made no change of laws,
And senates heard before they judged a cause ;
How wouldst thou shake at Briton's modish tribe,
Dart the quick taunt, and edge the piercing gibe !
Attentive truth and nature to descry,
And pierce each scene with philosophic eye.
To thee were solemn toys or empty show
The robes of pleasure and the veils of woe ;
All aid the farce, and all thy mirth maintain,
Whose joys are causeless, or whose griefs are vain.

Such was the scorn that filled the sage's mind,
Renewed at every glance in human kind.
How just that scorn ere yet thy voice declare,
Search every state, and canvass every prayer.

Unnumbered suppliants crowd P'referment's gate,
Athirst for wealth, and burning to be great;
Delusive Fortune hears the incessant call:
They mount, they shine, evaporate, and fall.
On every stage the foes of peace attend:
Hate dogs their flight, and insult mocks their end;
Love ends with hope: the sinking statesman's door
Pours in the morning worshipper no more;
For growing names the weekly scribbler lies,
To growing wealth the dedicator flies;
From every room descends the painted face,
That hung the bright palladium of the place,
And smoked in kitchens, or in auction sold,
To better features yields the frame of gold;
For now no more we trace in every line
Heroic worth, benevolence divine;
The form distorted justifies the fall,
And detestation rides the indignant wall.

But will not Britain hear the last appeal
Sign her foes' doom, or guard her favourites' zeal?
Through Freedom's sons no more remonstrance rings
Degrading nobles, and controlling kings;
Our supple tribes repress their patriot throats,
And ask no questions but the price of votes;
With weekly libels and septennial ale,
Their wish is full to riot and to rail.

In full-blown dignity see Wolsey stand,
Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand ;
To him the church, the realm, their powers consign,
Through him the rays of regal bounty shine ;
Turned by his nod the stream of honour flows ;
His smile alone security bestows ;
Still to new heights his restless wishes tower,
Claim leads to claim, and power advances power ;
Till conquest unresisted ceased to please,
And rights submitted left him none to seize.
At length his sovereign frowns ;—the train of state
Mark the keen glance, and watch the sign to hate.
Where'er he turns he meets a stranger's eye ;
His suppliants scorn him, and his followers fly ;
Now drops at once the pride of awful state,
The golden canopy, the glittering plate,
The regal palace, the luxurious board,
The liveried army, and the menial lord.
With age, with care, with maladies oppressed,
He seeks the refuge of monastic rest.
Grief aids disease, remembered folly stings.
And his last sighs reproach the faith of kings.

Speak, then, whose thoughts at humble peace repine,—
Shall Wolsey's wealth, with Wolsey's end be thine ?
Or liv'st thou now, with safer pride content,
The wisest justice on the banks of Trent ?
For why did Wolsey near the steeps of Fate
On weak foundations raise th' enormous weight ?
Why, but to sink beneath misfortune's blow,
With louder ruin to the gulf below ?

Who gave great Villiers to th' assassin's knife,
And fixed disease on Harley's closing life?
What murdered Wentworth and what exiled Hyde,
By kings protected, and to kings allied?
What but their wish indulged in courts to shine,
And power too great to keep or to resign?

When first the college rolls receive his name,
The young enthusiast quits his ease for fame;
Resistless burns the fever of renown,
Caught from the strong contagion of the gown:
O'er Bodley's dome his future labours spread,
And Bacon's mansion trembles o'er his head.
Are these thy views? Proceed, illustrious youth,
And virtue guard thee to the throne of truth!
Yet should thy soul indulge the generous heat,
Till captive science yields her last retreat;
Should Reason guide thee with her brightest ray,
And pour on misty Doubt resistless day;
Should no false kindness lure to loose delight,
No praise relax, nor difficulty fright;
Should tempting novelty thy cell refrain,
And sloth effuse her opiate fumes in vain;
Should no disease thy torpid limbs invade,
Nor Melancholy's phantoms haunt thy shade;
Yet hope not life from grief or danger free,
Nor think the doom of man reversed for thee:
Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes
And pause awhile from learning, to be wise:
There mark what ills the scholar's life assail—
Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail.

See nations slowly wise, and meanly just,
To buried merit raise the tardy bust.
If dreams yet flatter, once again attend,
Hear Lydiat's life, and Galileo's end.

Nor deem, when learning her last prize bestows,
The glittering eminence exempt from foes :
See, when the vulgar 'scape, despised or awed,
Rebellion's vengeful talons seize on Laud !
From meaner minds though smaller fines content,
The plundered palace, or sequestered rent,
Marked out by dangerous parts he meets the shock,
And fatal Learning leads him to the block :
Around his tomb let Art and Genius weep,
But hear his death, ye blockheads, hear and sleep.

The festal blazes, the triumphal show,
The ravished standard, and the captive foe,
The Senate's thanks, the gazette's pompous tale,
With force resistless o'er the brave prevail.
Such bribes the rapid Greek o'er Asia whirl'd ;
For such the steady Romans shook the world ;
For such in distant lands the Britons shine,
And stain with blood the Danube or the Rhine :
This power has praise, that virtue scarce can warm,
Till fame supplies the universal charm.
Yet Reason frowns in war's unequal game,
Where wasted nations raise a single name,
And mortgaged states their grandsires' wreaths regret,
From age to age in everlasting debt ;
Wreaths which at last the dear-bought right convey,
To rust on medals, or on stones decay.

On what foundation stands the warrior's pride,
How just his hopes, let Swedish Charles decide ;
A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
No dangers fright him, and no labours tire ;
O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,
Unconquered lord of pleasure and of pain :
No joys to him pacific sceptres yield,—
War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field ;
Behold surrounding kings their powers combine,
And one capitulate, and one resign :
Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain ;
“ Think nothing gained,” he cried, “ till naught remain ”
“ On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,
“ And all be mine beneath the polar sky.”
The march begins in military state,
And nations on his eye suspended wait ;
Stern Famine guards the solitary coast,
And Winter barricades the realms of frost.
He comes : nor want, nor cold his course delay ;—
Hide, blushing glory, hide Pultowa's day :
The vanquished hero leaves his broken bands,
And shows his miseries in distant lands ;
Condemned a needy suppliant to wait,
While ladies interpose, and slaves debate.
But did not Chance at length her error mend ?
Did no subverted empire mark his end ?
Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound ?
Or hostile millions press him to the ground ?
His fall was destined to a barren strand,
A petty fortress and a dubious hand.

He left the name, at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

All times their scenes of pompous woes afford,
From Persia's tyrant to Bavaria's lord.
In gay hostility and barbarous pride,
With half mankind embattled at his side,
Great Xerxes comes to seize the certain prey,
And starves exhausted regions in his way.
Attendant Flattery counts his myriads o'er,
Till counted myriads sooth his pride no more ;
Fresh praise is tried till madness fires his mind,
The waves he lashes, and enchains the wind :
New powers are claimed, new powers are still bestowed,
Till rude resistance lops the spreading god.
The daring Greeks deride the martial show,
And heap their valleys with the gaudy foe.
The insulted sea with humble thoughts he gains ;
A single skill to speed his flight remains ;
The encumbered ear scarce leaves the dreaded coast,
Through purple billows and a floating host.
The bold Bavarian, in a luckless hour,
Tries the dread summits of Caesarean power ;
With unexpected legions bursts away,
And sees defenceless realms receive his sway ;
Short sway !—fair Austria spreads her mournful charms,
The queen, the beauty, sets the world in arms :
From hill to hill the beacon's rousing blaze
Spreads wide the hope of plunder and of praise :
The fierce Croatian and the wild Hussar,
With all the sons of ravage, crowd the war.

The baffled prince in honour's flattering bloom
Of hasty greatness finds the fatal doom,
His foes' derision and his subjects' blame,
And steals to death from anguish and from shame.

Enlarge my life with multitude of days!
In health, in sickness, thus the suppliant prays :
Hides from himself his state, and shuns to know,
That life protracted is protracted woe.
Time hovers o'er, impatient to destroy,
And shuts up all the passages of joy ;
In vain their gifts the bounteous seasons pour,
The fruit autumnal and the vernal flower :
With listless eyes the dotard views the store ;
He views and wonders that they please no more.
Now palls the tasteless meats and joyless wines,
And Luxury with sighs her slave resigns.
Approach, ye minstrels, by the soothing strain,
Diffuse the tuneful lenitives of pain :
No sounds, alas ! would touch the impervious ear,
Though dancing mountains witnessed Orpheus near :
No lute nor lyre his feeble powers attend,
Nor sweeter music of a virtuous friend :
But everlasting dictates crowd his tongue,
Perversely grave, or positively wrong.
The still returning tale and lingering jest
Perplex the fawning niece and pampered guest,
While growing hopes scarce awe the gathering sneer,
And scarce a legacy can bribe to hear ;
The watchful guests still hint the last offence,
The daughter's petulance, the son's expense,

Improve his heady rage with treacherous skill,
And mould his passions till they make his will.

Unnumbered maladies his joints invade,
Lay siege to life, and press the dire blockade ;
But unextinguished Avarice still remains,
And dreaded losses aggravate his pains ;
He turns with anxious heart and crippled hands,
His bonds of debt and mortgages of lands ;
Or views his coffers with suspicious eyes,
Unlocks his gold, and counts it till he dies.

But grant, the virtues of a temperate prime,
Bless with an age exempt from scorn or crime ;
An age that melts with unperceived decay,
And glides in modest innocence away ;
Whose peaceful day Benevolence endears,
Whose night congratulating Conscience cheers :
The general favourite as the general friend ;
Such age there is, and who shall wish its end ?

Yet even on this her load misfortune flings
To press the weary minutes' flagging wings ;
New sorrow rises as the day returns,
A sister sickens, or a daughter mourns.
Now kindred merit fills the sable bier,
Now lacerated friendship claims a tear.
Year chases year, decay pursues decay,
Still drops some joy from withering life away ;
New forms arise and different views engage,
Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage,
Till pitying Nature signs the last release,
And bids afflicted worth retire to peace.

But few there are whom hours like these await,
 Who set unclouded in the gulfs of fate.
 From Lydia's monarch should the search descend,
 By Solon cautioned to regard his end,
 In life's last scene what prodigies surprise—
 Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise!
 From Marlborough's eyes the streams of dotage flow,
 And Swift expires a driveller and a show.

Where then shall Hope and Fear their objects find?
 Must dull Suspense corrupt the stagnant mind?
 Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,
 Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate?
 Must no dislike alarm, no wishes rise,
 No cries invoke the mercies of the skies?—
 Enquirer cease; petitions yet remain,
 Which heaven may hear: nor deem religion vain.
 Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
 But leave to Heaven the measure and the choice;
 Safe in His power, whose eyes discern afar
 The secret ambush of a specious prayer.
 Implore His aid, in His decisions rest,
 Secure, whate'er He gives, He gives the best.
 Yet when the sense of sacred presence fires
 And strong devotion to the skies aspires,
 Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind,
 Obedient passions, and a will resigned;
 For love, which scarce collective man can fill;
 For patience, sovereign o'er transmuted ill.
 For faith, that panting for a happier seat,
 Counts death kind Nature's signal of retreat;

These goods for man the laws of Heaven ordain :
These goods he grants, who grants the power to gain ;
With these celestial Wisdom calms the mind,
And makes the happiness she does not find.

BURKE.

EDMUND BURKE. Born 1729 ; Died 1797.

Born in Dublin, Burke came to push his fortune in the career of law at London, in 1750. Ten years later he returned to Ireland as private Secretary to Chief Secretary Hamilton. In 1766 he entered Parliament.

Before this had been published, among other works, his treatise on the *Sublime and Beautiful* ; and from this year until his death a constant series of political writings came from his pen, which have secured to him one of the chief places in our literature.

While opposed, altogether, to mere speculative and theoretic politics, Burke, at the same time, strove to give to practical politics a philosophical basis ; to throw light upon political action from every possible point of view.

CRITICISM OF GOVERNMENT A DUTY.

It is an undertaking of some degree of delicacy to examine into the cause of public disorders. If a man happens not to succeed in such an inquiry, he will be thought weak and visionary ; if he touches the true grievance, there is a danger that he may come near to persons of weight and consequence, who will rather be exasperated at the discovery of their errors, than thankful for the occasion of correcting them. If he should be obliged to blame the favourites of the people,

he will be considered as the tool of power ; if he censures those in power, he will be looked on as an instrument of faction. But in all exertions of duty something is to be hazarded. In cases of tumult and disorder, our law has invested every man, in some sort, with the authority of a magistrate. When the affairs of the nation are distracted, private people are, by the spirit of that law, justified in stepping a little out of their ordinary sphere. They enjoy a privilege, of somewhat more dignity and effect, than that of idle lamentation over the calamities of their country. They may look into them narrowly ; they may reason upon them liberally ; and if they should be so fortunate as to discover the true source of the mischief, and to suggest any probable method of removing it, though they may displease the rulers for the day, they are certainly of service to the cause of Government. Government is deeply interested in everything which, even through the medium of some temporary uneasiness, may tend finally to compose the minds of the subject, and to conciliate their affections. I have nothing to do here with the abstract value of the voice of the people. But as long as reputation, the most precious possession of every individual, and as long as opinion, the great support of the State, depend entirely upon that voice, it can never be considered as a thing of little consequence either to individuals or to Government. Nations are not primarily ruled by laws ; less by violence. Whatever original energy may be supposed either in force or regulation ; the operation of both is, in truth, merely instrumental. Nations are

governed by the same methods, and on the same principles, by which an individual without authority is often able to govern those who are his equals or his superiors; by a knowledge of their temper; and by a judicious management of it; I mean,—when public affairs are steadily and quietly conducted; not when Government is nothing but a continued *souffle* between the magistrate and the multitude; in which sometimes the one and sometimes the other is uppermost; in which they alternately yield and prevail, in a series of contemptible victories, and scandalous submissions. The temper of the people amongst whom he presides ought therefore to be the first study of a statesman. And the knowledge of this temper it is by no means impossible for him to attain, if he has not an interest in being ignorant of what it is his duty to learn.

To complain of the age we live in, to murmur at the present possessors of power, to lament the past, to conceive extravagant hopes of the future, are the common dispositions of the greatest part of mankind; indeed the necessary effects of the ignorance and levity of the vulgar. Such complaints and humours have existed in all times; yet as all times have *not* been alike, true political sagacity manifests itself, in distinguishing that complaint which only characterises the general infirmity of human nature, from those which are symptoms of the particular distemperature of our own air and season.

THE USE AND ABUSE OF PARTY.

In order to throw an odium on political connection, these politicians suppose it a necessary incident to it, that you are blindly to follow the opinions of your party, when in direct opposition to your own clear ideas; a degree of servitude that no worthy man could bear the thoughts of submitting to; and such as, I believe, no connections (except some Court Factions) ever could be so senselessly tyrannical as to impose. Men thinking freely, will, in particular instances, think differently. But still as the greater part of the measures which arise in the course of public business are related to, or dependent on, some great *leading general principles in Government*, a man must be peculiarly unfortunate in the choice of his political company if he does not agree with them at least nine times in ten. If he does not concur in these general principles upon which the party is founded, and which necessarily draw on a concurrence in their application, he ought from the beginning to have chosen some other, more conformable to his opinions. When the question is in its nature doubtful, or not very material, the modesty which becomes an individual, and (in spite of our Court moralists) that partiality which becomes a well-chosen friendship, will frequently bring on an acquiescence in the general sentiment. Thus the disagreement will naturally be rare; it will be only enough to indulge freedom, without violating concord, or disturbing arrangement. And this is all that ever was required for

a character of the greatest uniformity and steadiness in connection. How men can proceed without any connection at all, is to me utterly incomprehensible. Of what sort of materials must that man be made, how must he be tempered and put together, who can sit whole years in Parliament, with five hundred and fifty of his fellow-citizens, amidst the storm of such tempestuous passions, in the sharp conflict of so many wits, and tempers, and characters, in the agitation of such mighty questions, in the discussion of such vast and ponderous interests, without seeing any one sort of men, whose character, conduct, or disposition, would lead him to associate himself with them, to aid and be aided, in any one system of public utility?

I remember an old scholastic aphorism, which says "that the man who lives wholly detached from others, must be either an angel or a devil." When I see in any of these detached gentlemen of our times the angelic purity, power, and beneficence, I shall admit them to be angels. In the meantime we are born only to be men. We shall do enough if we form ourselves to be good ones. It is therefore our business carefully to cultivate in our minds, to rear to the most perfect vigour and maturity, every sort of generous and honest feeling that belongs to our nature. To bring the dispositions that are lovely in private life into the service and conduct of the commonwealth; so to be patriots, as not to forget we are gentlemen. To cultivate friendships, and to incur enmities. To have both strong, but both selected: in the one, to be placable; in the other

immovable. To model our principles to our duties and our situation. To be fully persuaded, that all virtue which is impracticable is spurious; and rather to run the risk of falling into faults in a course which leads us to act with effect and energy, than to loiter out our days without blame, and without use. Public life is a situation of power and energy; he trespasses against his duty who sleeps upon his watch, as well as he that goes over to the enemy.

There is, however, a time for all things. It is not every conjuncture which calls with equal force upon the activity of honest men; but critical exigences now and then arise; and I am mistaken, if this be not one of them. Men will see the necessity of honest combination; but they may see it when it is too late. They may embody, when it will be ruinous to themselves, and of no advantage to the country; when, for want of such a timely union as may enable them to oppose in favour of the laws, with the laws on their side, they may at length find themselves under the necessity of conspiring, instead of consulting. The law, for which they stand, may become a weapon in the hands of its bitterest enemies; and they will be cast, at length, into that miserable alternative, between slavery and civil confusion, which no good man can look upon without horror; an alternative in which it is impossible he should take either part, with a conscience perfectly at repose. To keep that situation of guilt and remorse at the utmost distance is, therefore, our first obligation. Early activity may prevent late and

fruitless violence. As yet we work in the light. The scheme of the enemies of public tranquillity has disarranged, it has not destroyed us.

If the reader believes that there really exists a Faction ruling by the private inclinations of a Court against the general sense of the people; and that this Faction, whilst it pursues a scheme for undermining all the foundations of our freedom, weakens (for the present at least) all the powers of executory Government, rendering us abroad contemptible, and at home distracted; he will believe also, that nothing but a firm combination of public men against this body, and that too, supported by the hearty concurrence of the people at large, can possibly get the better of it. The people will see the necessity of restoring public men to an attention to the public opinion, and of restoring the constitution to its original principles. Above all, they will endeavour to keep the House of Commons from assuming a character which does not belong to it. They will endeavour to keep that House, for its existence, for its powers, and its privileges, as independent of every other, and as dependent upon themselves, as possible. This servitude is to an House of Commons (like obedience to the Divine law) "perfect freedom." For if they once quit this natural, rational, and liberal obedience, having deserted the only proper foundation of their power, they must seek a support in an abject and unnatural dependence somewhere else. When, through the medium of this just connection with their constituents, the genuine dignity of the House of

Commons is restored, it will begin to think of casting from it, with scorn, as badges of servility, all the false ornaments of illegal power, with which it has been, for some time, disgraced. It will begin to think of its old office of CONTROL. It will not suffer that last of evils to predominate in the country: men without popular confidence, public opinion, natural connection, or mutual trust, invested with all the powers of Government.

When they have learned this lesson themselves, they will be willing and able to teach the Court, that it is the true interest of the Prince to have but one Administration; and that one composed of those who recommend themselves to their Sovereign through the opinion of their country, and not by their obsequiousness to a favourite. Such men will serve their Sovereign with affection and fidelity; because his choice of them, upon such principles, is a compliment to their virtue. They will be able to serve him effectually; because they will add the weight of the country to the force of the executory power. They will be able to serve their King with dignity; because they will never abuse his name, to the gratification of their private spleen or avarice. This, with allowances for human frailty, may probably be the general character of a Ministry, which thinks itself accountable to the House of Commons, when the House of Commons thinks itself accountable to its constituents. If other ideas should prevail, things must remain in their present confusion; until they are hurried into all the rage of civil

violence; or until they sink into the dead repose of despotism.

AMERICAN TAXATION.

Again, and again, revert to your own principles—*Seek Peace and ensue it*—leave America, if she has taxable matter in her, to tax herself. I am not here going into the distinctions of rights, not attempting to mark their boundaries. I do not enter into these metaphysical distinctions; I hate the very sound of them. Leave the Americans as they anciently stood, and these distinctions, born of our unhappy contest, will die along with it. They and we, and their and our ancestors, have been happy under that system. Let the memory of all actions, in contradiction to that good old mode, on both sides, be extinguished for ever. Be content to bind America by laws of trade; you have always done it. Let this be your reason for hindering their trade. Do not burden them by taxes; you were *not used to do so from the beginning*. Let this be your reason for not taxing. These are the arguments of states and kingdoms. Leave the rest to schools; for there only they may be discussed with safety. But, if intemperately, unwisely, fatally, you sophisticate and poison the very source of government, by urging subtle deductions, and consequences odious to those you govern, from the unlimited and illimitable nature of supreme sovereignty, you will teach them by these means to call that sovereignty itself in question. When you drive him hard, the boar will surely turn

upon the hunters. If that sovereignty and their freedom cannot be reconciled, which will they take? They will cast your sovereignty in your face. Nobody will be argued into slavery. Sir, let the gentlemen on the other side call forth all their ability; let the best of them get up, and tell me, what one character of liberty the Americans have, and what one brand of slavery they are free from, if they are bound in their property and industry, by all these restraints you can imagine on commerce, and at the same time are made pack-horses of every tax you choose to impose, without the least share in granting them. When they bear the burdens of unlimited monopoly, will you bring them to bear the burdens of unlimited revenue too? The Englishman in America will feel that this is slavery—that it is *legal* slavery, will be no compensation, either to his feelings or his understanding.

A Noble Lord, who spoke some time ago, is full of the fire of ingenuous youth; and when he has modelled the ideas of a lively imagination by further experience, he will be an ornament to his country in either House. He has said, that the Americans are our children, and how can they revolt against their parent? He says, that if they are not free in their present state, England is not free; because Manchester, and other considerable places, are not represented. So then, because some towns in England are not represented, America is to have no representative at all. They are our *children*: but when children *ask for bread*, we are not to *give a stone*. Is it because the natural resistance of things,

and the various mutations of time, hinders our government, or any scheme of government, from being any more than a sort of approximation to the right, is it therefore that the Colonies are to recede from it infinitely? When this child of ours wishes to assimilate to its parent, and to reflect with a true filial resemblance the beauteous countenance of British liberty, are we to turn to them the shameful parts of our Constitution? are we to give them our weakness for their strength? our opprobrium for their glory? and the slough of slavery, which we are not able to work off, to serve them for their freedom?

If this be the case, ask yourselves this question, Will they be content in such a state of slavery? If not, look to the consequences. Reflect how you are to govern a people, who think they ought to be free, and think they are not. Your scheme yields no revenue; it yields nothing but discontent, disorder, disobedience; and such is the state of America, that after wading up to your eyes in blood, you could only end just where you begun; that is, to tax where no revenue is to be found to—my voice fails me; my inclination indeed carries me no farther—all is confusion beyond it.

THE SPIRIT OF LIBERTY IN THE AMERICAN COLONIES.

These, sir, are my reasons for not entertaining that high opinion of untried force, by which many gentlemen, for whose sentiments in other particulars I have great respect, seem to be so greatly captivated. But there is still behind a third consideration concerning

this object, which serves to determine my opinion on the sort of policy which ought to be pursued in the management of America, even more than its population and its commerce, I mean its *temper and character*.

In this character of the Americans, a love of freedom is the predominating feature which marks and distinguishes the whole; and as an ardent is always a jealous affection, your Colonies become suspicious, restive, and untractable, whenever they see the least attempt to wrest from them by force, or shuffle from them by chicane, what they think the only advantage worth living for. This fierce spirit of Liberty is stronger in the English Colonies probably than in any other people of the earth; and this from a great variety of powerful causes; which to understand the true temper of their minds, and the direction which this spirit takes, it will not be amiss to lay open somewhat more largely.

First, the people of the Colonies are descendants of Englishmen. England, sir, is a nation, which still I hope respects, and formerly adored, her freedom. The Colonists emigrated from you when this part of your character was most predominant; and they took this bias and direction the moment they parted from your hands. They are therefore not only devoted to liberty, but to liberty according to English ideas, and on English principles. Abstract liberty, like other mere abstractions, is not to be found. Liberty inheres in some sensible object; and every nation has formed to itself some favourite point, which by way of eminence

becomes the criterion of their happiness. It happened, you know, sir, that the great contests for freedom in this country were from the earliest times chiefly upon the question of taxing. Most of the contests in the ancient commonwealths turned primarily on the right of election of magistrates; or on the balance among the several orders of the state. The question of money was not with them so immediate. But in England it was otherwise. On this point of taxes the ablest pens, and most eloquent tongues have been exercised; the greatest spirits have acted and suffered. In order to give the fullest satisfaction concerning the importance of this point, it was not only necessary for those who in argument defended the excellence of the English Constitution, to insist on this privilege of granting money as a dry point of fact, and to prove, that the right had been acknowledged in ancient parchments, and blind usages, to reside in a certain body called an House of Commons. They went much farther; they attempted to prove, and they succeeded, that in theory it ought to be so, from the particular nature of an House of Commons, as an immediate representative of the people; whether the old records had delivered this oracle or not. They took infinite pains to inculcate, as a fundamental principle, that in all monarchies the people must in effect themselves, mediately or immediately, possess the power of granting their own money, or no shadow of liberty could subsist. The Colonies draw from you, as with their life-blood, these ideas and principles. Their love of liberty, as with you, fixed

and attached on this specific point of taxing. Liberty might be safe, or might be endangered, in twenty other particulars, without their being much pleased or alarmed. Here they felt its pulse; and as they found that beat, they thought themselves sick or sound. I do not say whether they were right or wrong in applying your general arguments to their own case. It is not easy indeed to make a monopoly of theorems and corollaries. The fact is, that they did thus apply those general arguments; and your mode of governing them, whether through lenity or indolence, through wisdom or mistake, confirmed them in the imagination, that they, as well as you, had an interest in these common principles.

They were further confirmed in this pleasing error by the form of their provincial legislative assemblies. Their governments are popular in a high degree; some are merely popular; in all, the popular representative is the most weighty; and this share of the people in their ordinary government never fails to inspire them with lofty sentiments, and with a strong aversion from whatever tends to deprive them of their chief importance.

If anything were wanting to this necessary operation of the form of government, religion would have given it a complete effect. Religion, always a principle of energy, in this new people is no way worn out or impaired; and their mode of professing it is also one main cause of this free spirit. The people are Protestants; and of that kind which is the most adverse to

all implicit submission of mind and opinion. This is a persuasion not only favourable to liberty, but built upon it. I do not think, sir, that the reason of this averseness in the dissenting churches, from all that looks like absolute government, is so much to be sought in their religious tenets, as in their history. Every one knows that the Roman Catholic religion is at least coeval with most of the governments where it prevails; that it has generally gone hand in hand with them, and received great favour and every kind of support from authority. The Church of England too was formed from her cradle under the nursing care of regular government. But the dissenting interests have sprung up in direct opposition to all the ordinary powers of the world; and could justify that opposition only on a strong claim to natural liberty. Their very existence depended on the powerful and unremitting assertion of that claim. All Protestantism, even the most cold and passive, is a sort of dissent. But the religion most prevalent in our Northern Colonies is a refinement of the principle of resistance; it is the dissidence of dissent, and the Protestantism of the Protestant religion. This religion, under a variety of denominations agreeing in nothing but in the communion of the spirit of liberty, is predominant in most of the Northern provinces; where the Church of England, notwithstanding its legal rights, is in reality no more than a sort of private sect, not composing most probably the tenth of the people. The Colonists left England when this spirit was high, and in the emi-

grants was the highest of all; and even that stream of foreigners, which has been constantly flowing into these Colonies, has, for the greatest part, been composed of dissenters from the establishments of their several countries, and have brought with them a temper and character far from alien to that of the people with whom they mixed.

Sir, I can perceive by their manner, that some gentlemen object to the latitude of this description; because in the Southern Colonies the Church of England forms a large body, and has a regular establishment. It is certainly true. There is, however, a circumstance attending these Colonies, which, in my opinion, fully counterbalances this difference, and makes the spirit of liberty still more high and haughty than in those to the northward. It is, that in Virginia and the Carolinas they have a vast multitude of slaves. Where this is the case in any part of the world, those who are free are by far the most proud and jealous of their freedom. Freedom is to them not only an enjoyment, but a kind of rank and privilege. Not seeing there, that freedom, as in countries where it is a common blessing, and *as broad and general as the air*, may be united with much abject toil, with great misery, with all the exterior of servitude, liberty looks, amongst them, like something that is more noble and liberal. I do not mean, sir, to commend the superior morality of this sentiment, which has at least as much pride as virtue in it; but I cannot alter the nature of man. The fact is so; and these people of the Southern Colonies are much more strongly, and with an higher

and more stubborn spirit, attached to liberty, than those to the northward. Such were all the ancient common wealths; such were our Gothic ancestors; such in our days were the Poles; and such will be all masters of slaves, who are not slaves themselves. In such a people, the haughtiness of domination combines with the spirit of freedom, fortifies it, and renders it invincible.

Permit me, sir, to add another circumstance in our Colonies, which contributes no mean part towards the growth and effect of this untractable spirit. I mean their education. In no country perhaps in the world is the law so general a study. The profession itself is numerous and powerful; and in most provinces it takes the lead. The greater number of the Deputies sent to the Congress were lawyers. But all who read (and most do read), endeavour to obtain some smattering in that science. I have been told by an eminent bookseller, that in no branch of his business, after tracts of popular devotion, were so many books as those on the law exported to the plantations. The Colonists have now fallen into the way of printing them for their own use. I hear that they have sold nearly as many of Blackstone's Commentaries in America as in England. General Gage marks out this disposition very particularly in a letter on your table. He states, that all the people in his government are lawyers, or smatterers in law; and that in Boston they have been enabled, by successful chicano, wholly to evade many parts of one of your capital penal constitutions. The smartness

of debate will say, that this knowledge ought to teach them more clearly the rights of legislature, their obligations to obedience, and the penalties of rebellion. All this is mighty well. But my honourable and learned friend on the floor, who condescends to mark what I say for animadversion, will disdain that ground. He has heard, as well as I, that when great honours and great emoluments do not win over this knowledge to the service of the state, it is a formidable adversary to government. If the spirit be not tamed and broken by these happy methods, it is stubborn and litigious. *Abeunt studia in mores.* This study renders men acute, inquisitive, dexterous, prompt in attack, ready in defence, full of resources. In other countries, the people, more simple, and of a less mercurial cast, judge of an ill-principle in government only by an actual grievance; here they anticipate the evil, and judge of the pressure of the grievance by the badness of the principle. They augur misgovernment at a distance; and snuff the approach of tyranny in every tainted breeze.

The last cause of this disobedient spirit in the Colonies is hardly less powerful than the rest, as it is not merely moral, but laid deep in the natural constitution of things. Three thousand miles of ocean lie between you and them. No contrivance can prevent the effect of this distance in weakening government. Seas roll, and months pass, between the order and the execution; and the want of a speedy explanation of a single point is enough to defeat a whole system.

You have, indeed, *winged ministers of vengeance*, who carry your bolts in their pounces to the remotest verge of the sea. But there a power steps in, that limits the arrogance of raging passions and furious elements, and says, "*So far shalt thou go, and no farther.*" Who are you, that you should fret and rage, and bite the chains of Nature?—Nothing worse happens to you than does to all nations who have extensive Empire; and it happens in all the forms into which Empire can be thrown.* In large bodies, the circulation of power must be less vigorous at the extremities. Nature has said it. The Turk cannot govern Egypt, and Arabia, and Curdistan, as he governs Thrace; nor has he the same dominion in Crimca and Algiers, which he has at Brusa and Smyrna. Despotism itself is obliged to truck and huckster. The Sultan gets such obedience as he can. He governs with a loose rein, that he may govern at all; and the whole of the force and vigour of his authority in his centre is derived from a prudent relaxation in all his borders. Spain, in her provinces, is, perhaps, not so well obeyed as you are in yours. She complies too; she submits; she watches times. This is the immutable condition, the eternal Law, of extensive and detached Empire.

Then, sir, from these six capital sources; of Descent; of Form of Government; of Religion in the Northern Provinces; of Manners in the Southern; of Education; of the Remoteness of Situation from the First Mover of Government; from all these causes a fierce Spirit of Liberty has grown up. It has *grown with the growth* of the

people in your Colonies, and increased with the increase of their wealth; a Spirit, that unhappily meeting with an exercise of Power in England, which, however lawful, is not reconcilable to any ideas of Liberty, much less with theirs, has kindled this flame that is ready to consume us,

GIBBON.

EDWARD GIBBON. Born 1737; Died 1794.

Educated at first privately, Gibbon found little that was congenial to his taste in the spirit of Oxford when he went there. He left the University, and by long residence on the Continent, he acquired the power of writing with ease in French, in which language his first essay appeared.

His great work, *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, was the labour of more than twenty years. The style, though perhaps monotonous, is yet always dignified and stately; and enriched by brilliant wit.

In the last moments of her decay, Constantinople was doubtless more opulent and populous than Athens at her most flourishing era, when a scanty sum of six thousand talents, or twelve hundred thousand pounds sterling, was possessed by twenty-one thousand male citizens of an adult age. But each of these citizens was a freeman, who dared to assert the liberty of his thoughts, words, and actions; whose person and property were guarded by equal law; and who exercised his independent vote in the government of the republic. Their numbers seem to be multiplied by the strong and various discriminations of character;

under the shield of freedom, on the wings of emulation and vanity, each Athenian aspired to the level of the national dignity; from this commanding eminence, some chosen spirits soared beyond the reach of a vulgar eye; and the chances of superior merit in a great and populous kingdom, as they are proved by experience, would excuse the computation of imaginary millions. The territories of Athens, Sparta, and their allies, do not exceed a moderate province of France or England; but after the trophies of Salamis and Platea, they expand in our fancy to the gigantic size of Asia, which had been trampled under the feet of the victorious Greeks. But the subjects of the Byzantine Empire, who assume and dishonour the names both of Greeks and Romans, present a dead uniformity of abject vices, which are neither softened by the weakness of humanity, nor animated by the vigour of memorable crimes. The freemen of antiquity might repeat with generous enthusiasm the sentence of Homer, "that on the first day of his servitude, the captive is deprived of one half of his manly virtue." But the poet had only seen the effects of civil or domestic slavery, nor could he foretell that the second moiety of manhood must be annihilated by the spiritual despotism which shackles not only the actions, but even the thoughts of the prostrate votary.

CRABBE.

GEORGE CRABBE. Born 1754; Died 1832.

The son of a collector of taxes in Aldborough, Suffolk. His father was poor, and could give him only a meagre education. Failing as a surgeon, he turned to literature, and, unaided, developed his genius in his own way. He finally entered the Church. As the poet of the poor, with a style of singular directness and simplicity, which owed nothing to ornament, he helped to break down the artificiality which had crept over English poetry. He is especially at home in truthful and pathetic descriptions of humble life.

ISAAC ASHFORD, A NOBLE PEASANT.

NEXT to these ladies, but in nought allied,
A noble peasant, Isaac Ashford, died. *
Noble he was, contemning all things mean,
His truth unquestioned and his soul serene.
Of no man's presence Isaac felt afraid;
At no man's question Isaac looked dismayed:
Shame knew him not, he dreaded no disgrace,
Truth, simple truth, was written in his face;
Yet while the serious thought his soul approved,
Cheerful he seemed, and gentleness he loved;
To bliss domestic he his heart resigned,
And with the firmest, had the fondest mind:
Were others joyful, he looked smiling on,
And gave allowance where he needed none;

Good he refused with future ill to buy,
Nor know a joy that caused reflection's sigh;
A friend to virtue, his unclouded breast
No envy stung, no jealousy distressed—
Bane of the poor! it wounds their weaker mind
To miss one favour which their neighbours find—
Yet far was he from stoic pride removed;
He felt humanely, and he warmly loved:
I marked his action when his infant died,
And his old neighbour for offence was tried;
The still tears, stealing down that furrowed cheek,
Spoke pity plainer than the tongue can speak.
If pride were his, 'twas not their vulgar pride,
Who, in their base contempt, the great deride;
Nor pride in learning, though my clerk agreed,
If fate should call him, Ashford might succeed;
Nor pride in rustic skill, although we knew
None his superior, and his equals few:
But if that spirit in his soul had place,
It was the jealous pride that shuns disgrace;
A pride in honest fame, by virtue gained,
In sturdy boys to virtuous labours trained;
Pride in the power that guards his country's coast
And all that Englishmen enjoy and boast;
Pride in a life that slander's tongue defied,
In fact, a noble passion, misnamed pride.
He had no party's rage, no sect's whim,
Christian and countryman was all with him;
True to his church he came; no Sunday shower
Kept him at home in that important hour;

Nor his firm feet could one persuading sect
By the strong glare of their new light direct ;
“ On hope, in mine own sober light, I gaze,
But should be blind and lose it in your blaze ! ”

In times severe, when many a sturdy swain
Felt it his pride, his comfort to complain,
Isaac their wants would soothe, his own would hide,
And feel in that his comfort and his pride.

At length he found, when seventy years were run,
His strength departed and his labour done ;
When, save his honest fame, he kept no more,
But lost his wife and saw his children poor ;
’Twas then a spark of—say not, discontent—
Struck on his mind—and thus he gave it vent :

“ Kind are your laws—’tis not to be denied—
That in yon house for ruined age provide,
And they are just ; when young, we give you all,
And then for comforts in our weakness call.
Why then this proud reluctance to be fed,
To join your poor and eat the parish bread ?
But yet I linger, loath with him to feed
Who gains his plenty by the sons of need ;
He who, by contract, all your paupers took,
And gauges stomachs with an anxious look :
On some old master I could well depend ;
See him with joy, and thank him as a friend ;
But ill on him who doles the day’s supply,
And counts our chances who at night may die ;
Yet help me, Heaven ! and let me not complain
Of what befalls me, but the fate sustain ! ”

Such were his thoughts, and so resigned he grew
Daily he placed the workhouse in his view !
But came not there, for sudden was his fate,
He dropt expiring at his cottage-gate.

I feel his absence in the hours of prayer
And view his seat, and sigh for Isaac there ;
I see no more those white locks thinly spread
Round the bald polish of that honoured head ;
No more that awful glance on playful wight
Compelled to kneel and tremble at the sight ;
To fold his fingers all in dread the while,
'Till Mister Ashford softened to a smile ;
No more that meek and suppliant look in prayer,
Nor the pure faith—to give it force—are there :
But he is blest, and I lament no more,
A wise, good man contented to be poor.

BURNS.

ROBERT BURNS. Born 1759; Died 1796.

The son of an Ayrshire farmer; Burns owed little or nothing to education, and, in his genius, followed the impulse of nature alone. Into the poetical literature of Scotland he not only breathed a new spirit of purity and tenderness, but added a vigour, and freshness and humour, hardly to be paralleled in the lyrical poetry of any country, and enough to make him a poet for all nations and all times. His career was short, and ended sadly: and in his poems we must look rather for natural outbursts of genius than for completeness or art.

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
 Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
 The short and simple annals of the poor.

GRAY.

My lov'd, my honour'd, much-respected friend!
 No mercenary bard his homage pays:
 With honest pride, I scorn each selfish end;
 My dearest need, a friend's esteem and praise
 To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,
 The lowly train in life's sequester'd scene;
 The native feelings strong, the guileless ways;
 What Aikin in a cottage would have been:
 Ah! tho' his worth unknown, far happier there, I ween.

November chill blaws loud wi' angry sigh ;
 'The short'ning winter day is near a close ;
The miry beasts retreating fra' the pleugh ;
 The black'ning train o' craws to their repose :
The toil-worn cotter frae his labour goes,
 This night his weekly toil is at an end,
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
 Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hame-
 bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
 Beneath the shelter of an aged tree ;
'Th' expectant wee-things, toddlin, stacher through
 To meet their dad, wi' flichterin noise an' glee.
His wee bit ingle, blinkin bonilie,
 His clean hearth-stane, his thrifty wif's smile,
'The lispin infant prattling on his knee,
 Does a' his weary carkin cares beguile,
An' makes him quite forget his labour an' his toil.

Belyve, the elder bairns come drappin' in,
 At service out, amang the farmers roun' ;
Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin
 A cannie errand to a neebor town :
'Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman-grown,
 In youthfu' bloom, love sparklin' in her e'e,
Comes hame, perhaps, to show a braw new gown,
 Or deposite her sair-won penny fee
To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

With joy unfeign'd brothers and sisters meet,
And each for other's weelfare kindly spiers;
The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnoticed fleet;
Each tells the uncos that he sees and hears;
The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years;
Anticipation forward points the view:
The mother wi' her needle, and her shears,
Gars auld claes look amaist as well's the new;
The father mixes a' with admonition due.

Their master's and their mistress's command,
The youngers a' are warned to obey;
And mind their labours wi' an cydent hand,
And ne'er, though out o' sight, to jauk or play;
"And O! be sure to fear the Lord alway!
And mind your duty duly, morn and night!
Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
Implore His counsel and assisting might:
They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright."

But now the supper crowns their simple board,
The halsome parritch, chief o' Scotia's food;
The soupe their only Hawkie does afford,
That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her cood;
The dame brings forth in complimental mood,
To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck, fell,
And aft he's prest, and aft he ca's it guid;
The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell,
How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' lint was i' the bell.

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
They, round the ingle, form a circle wide ;
The sire turns o'er, with patriarchal grace,
The big ha'-Bible, ance his father's pride ;
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
His lyart haffets wearing thin and bare ;
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
He wales a portion with judicious care,
And, "Let us worship God !" he says, with solemn air

'Then kneeling down, to Heaven's Eternal King,
The saint, the father, and the husband prays ;
Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing,"
That thus they all shall meet in future days :
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
'Together hymning their Creator's praise.
In such society, yet still more dear ;
While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Compared with this how poor Religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method and of art.
When men display to congregations wide
Devotion's every grace, except the heart !
The Power, incensed, the pageant will desert,
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole ;
But haply, in some cottage far apart,
May hear, well-pleased the language of the soul ;
And in His Book of life the inmates poor enroll.

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way :
The youngling cottagers retire to rest ;
The parent pair their secret homage pay,
And proffer up to Heaven the warm request,
That He who stills the raven's clamorous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,
Would, in the way His wisdom sees the best,
For them and for their little ones provide ;
But chiefly in their hearts with grace divine preside.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad :
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
" An honest man's the noblest work of God :"
And certes, in fair virtue's heavenly road,
The cottage leaves the palace far behind ;
What is a lordling's pomp ? a cumbrous load,
Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refined !

O Scotia ! my dear, my native soil !
For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent :
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
Be bless'd with health, and peace, and sweet content
And, oh, may Heaven their simple lives prevent
From luxury's contagion, weak and vile !
Then, how'er crowns and coronets be rent,
A virtuous populace may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their much-loved Isle.

O Thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide
That stream'd through Wallace's undaunted heart;
Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die, the second glorious part,
(The patriot's God, peculiarly Thou art,
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!)
O never, never, Scotia's realm desert,
But still the patriot, and the patriot bard,
In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard

MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN.

A DIRGE.

When chill November's surly blast
Made fields and forests bare,
One evening as I wandered forth
Along the banks of Ayr,
I spy'd a man, whose aged step
Seemed weary worn with care;
His face was furrowed o'er with years,
And hoary was his hair.

Young stranger, whither wanderest thou?
Began the reverend sago;
Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,
Or youthful pleasure's rage?
Or haply, prest with cares and woes,
Too soon thou hast begun
To wander forth, with me, to mourn
The miseries of Man.

The sun that overhangs yon moors,
Out-spreading far and wide,
Where hundreds labour to support
A haughty lordling's pride ;
I've seen yon weary winter-sun
Twice forty times return ;
And every time has added proofs,
That Man was made to mourn.

O Man ! while in thy early years,
How prodigal of time !
Mis-spending all thy precious hours,
Thy glorious youthful prime !
Alternate follies take the sway ;
Licentious passions burn ;
Which tenfold force give nature's law,
That Man was made to mourn.

Look not alone in youthful prime,
Or manhood's active might ;
Man then is useful to his kind,
Supported in his right.
But see him on the edge of life,
With cares and sorrows worn,
Then age and want, oh ! ill-matched pair
Show-Man was made to mourn.

Many and sharp the num'rous ills
Inwoven with our frame !
More pointed still we make ourselves,
Regret, remorse, and shame !

And Man, whose heaven-created face
The smiles of love adorn,
Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn !

See yonder poor, o'er-labour'd wight,
So abject, mean, and vile,
Who begs a brother of the earth
To give him leave to toil ;
And see his lordly fellow-worm
The poor petition spurn,
Unmindful, tho' a weeping wife
And helpless offspring mourn.

If I'm design'd yon lordling's slave --
By nature's law design'd--
Why was an independent wish
E'er planted in my mind ?
If not, why am I subject to
His cruelty, or scorn ?
Or why has Man the will and power
To make his fellow mourn ?

Yet, let not this too much, my son,
Disturb thy youthful breast ;
This partial view of human kind
Is surely not the last !
The poor oppressed, honest man,
Had never, sure been born,
Had there not been some recompense
To comfort those that mourn !

O Death ! the poor man's dearest friend,
The kindest and the best !
Welcome the hour my aged limbs
Are laid with thee at rest !
The great, the wealthy, fear thy blow,
From pomp and pleasure torn !
But, oh ! a blest relief to those
That weary-laden mourn.

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY.

ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE PLOUGH, IN APRIL 1789.

Wee, modest, crimson-tippèd flow'r,
Thou's met me in an evil hour ;
For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem.
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
Thou bonnie gem.

Alas it's no thy neebor sweet,
The bonie lark, companion-meet !
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet
Wi' spreckled breast,
When upward-springing, blythe to greet
The purpling east.

Could blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early humblo birth ;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm,
Searce rear'd above the parent earth
Thy tender form,

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,
High sheltering woods and wa's mann shield,
But thou beneath the random bield
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie stibble-field
Unseen, alane.

There in thy scanty mantle clad
Thy snawy bosom, sun-ward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise;
But now the share uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies!

* * * * *

Such is the fate of simple bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd!
Unskilful he to note the card
Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er!

Such fate to suffering worth is given,
Who long with wants and woes has striven,
By human pride or cunning driven
To mis'ry's brink,
Till wrench'd of every stay but Heav'n,
Ho, ruin'd, sink!

Even thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate
That fate is thine—no distant date;
Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives, clate,

Full on thy bloom,
Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,
Shall be thy doom !

A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT.

Is there, for honest poverty,
That hangs his head, and a' that ?
The coward-slave we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that !
For a' that, and a' that,
Our toil's obscure, and a' that ;
The rank is but the guinea-stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that !
What tho' on homely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin grey, and a' that ;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that !
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that,
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
Is king of men for a' that !
Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, and stares, and a' that ;
Though hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that :
For a' that, and a' that,
His riband, star, and a' that,
The man of independent mind
He looks and laughs at a' that !

A king can make a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that ;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith ho mauna fa' that !
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher rank than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may -
As come it will for a' that—
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that,
For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet for a' that,
That man to man, the world o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that !

• DEVOTION.

NEW YEAR'S DAY MORNING, 1789.

I own that I approve set times, seasons of more than ordinary acts of devotion, for breaking in on that habituated routine of life and thought which is so apt to reduce our existence to a kind of instinct, or even sometimes, and with some minds, to a state very little superior to mere machinery.

This day—the first Sunday of May—a breezy, blue-skied noon some time about the beginning, and a hoary

morning, and calm sunny day, about the end of autumn—these, time out of mind, have been with me a kind of holiday.

I believe I owe this to that glorious paper in the *Spectator*, ‘The Vision of Mirza,’ a piece that struck my young fancy before I was capable of fixing an idea to a word of three syllables: “On the fifth day of the moon, which, according to the custom of my forefathers, I always *keep holy*, after having washed myself and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hill of Bagdad, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer.”

We know nothing, or next to nothing, of the substance or structure of our souls, so cannot account for those seeming caprices in them that one should be particularly pleased with this thing, or struck with that, which on minds of a different cast makes no extraordinary impression. I have some favourite flowers in spring, among which are the mountain daisy, the harebell, the foxglove, the wild-brier rose, the budding birch, and the hoary hawthorn, that I view and hang over with particular delight. I never heard the loud, solitary whistle of the curlew in a summer noon, or the wild, mixing cadence of a troop of grey plovers in an autumnal morning, without feeling an elevation of soul like the enthusiasm of devotion or poetry. Tell me, my dear friend, to what can this be owing? Are we a piece of machinery, which, like the Æolian harp, passive takes the impression of the passing accident? Or do these workings argue something within us

above the trodden clod? I own myself partial to such proofs of those awful and important realities—a God that made all things—man's immaterial and immortal nature—and a world of weal or woe beyond death and the grave!

COWPER.

WILLIAM COWPER. Born 1731; Died 1800.

Bred for the profession of the law, Cowper was unable to pursue it. As life advanced, a morbid temperament deepened into insanity, in the lucid intervals of which he was cheered by the watchful care of Mrs Unwin. It was not till his fiftieth year that Cowper began his literary work. Of his longer poems the *Task* is perhaps the best known, but some of his shorter pieces have all the grace and purity of his genius.

Cowper's poetry is simple; it does not appeal to the passions, or rouse the imagination; but it is drawn upon broad and very sure foundations, and it interests by the sympathy which it kindles in us.

SLAVERY.

On for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
 Some boundless contiguity of shade,
 Where rumour of oppression and deceit,
 Of unsuccessful or successful war,
 Might never reach me more! My ear is pained,
 My soul is sick, with every day's report
 Of wrong and outrage with which earth is filled
 There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart,
 It does not feel for man; the natural bond
 Of brotherhood is severed as the flax
 That falls asunder at the touch of fire.
 He finds his fellow guilty of a skin
 Not coloured like his own; and, having power
 To enforce the wrong, for such a worthy cause

Dooms and devotes him as his lawful prey.
Lands intersected by a narrow frith
Abhor each other. Mountains interposed
Make enemies of nations, who had else,
Like kindred drops, been mingled into one.
Thus man devotes his brother, and destroys
And, worse than all, and most to be deplored,
As human nature's broadest, foulest blot,
Chains him, and tasks him, and exacts his sweat,
With stripes, that Mercy, with a bleeding heart,
Weeps when she sees inflicted on a beast.
Then what is man? And what man, seeing this,
And having human feelings, does not blush,
And hang his head, to think himself a man?
I would not have a slave to till my ground,
To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
That sinews bought and sold have over earned.
No: dear as freedom is, and in my heart's
Just estimation prized above all price,
I had much rather be myself the slave,
And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him.
We have no slaves at home—then why abroad?
And they themselves, once ferried o'er the wave
That parts us, are emancipate and loosed.
Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs
Receive our air, that moment they are free;
They touch our country, and their shackles fall.
That's noble, and bespeaks a nation proud
And jealous of the blessing. Spread it, then,

COWPER.

And let it circulate through every vein
Of all your empire; that, where Britain's power
Is felt, mankind may feel her mercy too.

MY MOTHER'S PICTURE.

O that those lips had language! Life has pass'd
With me but roughly, since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smile I see,
The same, that oft in childhood solac'd me;
Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
“Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away;”
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
(Bless'd be the art that can immortalise,
The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim
To quench it) here shines on me still the same.

Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
O welcome guest, though unexpected here!
Who bidd'st me honour with an artless song,
Affectionate, a mother lost so long.

I will obey, not willingly alone,
But gladly, as the precept were her own;
And, while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
A momentary dream, that thou art she.

My mother! when I learn'd that thou wast dead
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hover'd thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?

Perhaps thou gav'st me, though unfelt, a kiss ?
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
Ah, that maternal smile ! it answers—Yes.
I heard the bell toll'd on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
And, turning from my nurs'ry window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu :
But was it such ?—It was.—Where thou art gone,
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting word shall pass my lips no more !
Thy maidens, griev'd themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return.
What ardently I wish'd, I long believ'd,
And, disappointed still, was still deceiv'd.
By expectation every day beguil'd,
Dupe of *to-morrow* even from a child.
Thus many a sad *to-morrow* came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
I learn'd at last submission to my lot ;
But, though I loss deplor'd thee, ne'er forgot.
Where once we dwelt, our name is heard no
more.

Children not thine have trod my nursery floor ;
And where the gardener Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapp'd
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet capp'd,
'Tis now become a history little known,
That once we call'd the past'ral house our own.

Short-liv'd possession ! but the record fair,
That memory keeps of all thy kindness there,
Still outlives many a storm, that has effac'd
A thousand other themes less deeply trac'd.
'Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou mightst know me safe and warmly laid ;
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
The biscuit or confectionery plum ;
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestow'd
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glow'd ;
All this, and more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
Ne'er roughen'd by those cataracts and breaks,
That humour interpos'd too often makes ;
All this still legible in memory's page,
And still to be so to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honours to thee as my numbers may ;
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
Not scorn'd in heaven, though little noticed here.
Could Time, his flight revers'd, restore the hours
When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers,
'The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
I pricked them into paper with a pin
(And thou wast happier than myself the while ;
Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head and smile),
Could those few pleasant days again appear,
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here !
I would not trust my heart—the dear delight
Seems so to be desir'd, perhaps I might.—

But no—what here we call our life is such,
So little to be lov'd, and thou so much,
'That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast
(The storms all weather'd, and the ocean cross'd)
Shoots into port at some well-haven'd isle,
Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons smile,
There sits quiescent on the floods, that show
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
While airs impregnated with incense play
Around her, fanning light her streamers gay :
So thou with sails how swift ! hast reach'd the shore,
“ Where tempests never beat nor billows roar,”
And thy loved consort, on the dangerous tide
(Of life, long since has anchor'd by thy side.
But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
Always from port withheld, always distress'd—
Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest-toss'd,
Sails ripp'd, seams opening wide, and compass lost,
And day by day some current's thwarting force
Sets me more distant from a prosp'rous course.
Yet oh the thought, that thou art safe, and he !
'That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
My boast is not, that I deduce my birth
From loins enthron'd, and rulers of the earth ;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise—
'The son of parents pass'd into the skies.
And now, farewell—Time unrevoked has run
His wonted course, yet what I wish'd is done.

By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again;
To have renew'd the joys that once were mine
Without the sin of violating thine;
And, while the wings of Fancy still are free
And I can view this mimic show of thee,
Time has but half succeeded in his theft—
Thyself remov'd, thy power to soothe me left.

TO MARY.

The twentieth year is well nigh past,
Since first our sky was overcast,
Ah would that this might be the last!

My Mary!

Thy spirits have a fainter flow,
I see thee daily weaker grow--
'Twas my distress that brought thee low,

My Mary

Thy needles once a shining store,
For my sake restless heretofore,
Now rust disused, and shine no more:

My Mary!

For though thou gladly wouldst fulfil
The same kind office for me still,
Thy sight now secunds not thy will.

My Mary!

But well thou play'dst the housewife's part,
And all thy threads with magic art
I have wound themselves about this heart,
My Mary !

Thy indistinct expressions seem
Like language utter'd in a dream ;
Yet me they charm, whate'er the theme,
My Mary !

Thy silver locks, once auburn bright,
Are still more lovely in my sight
Than golden beams of orient light,
My Mary !

For could I view nor them nor thee,
What sight worth seeing could I see ?
The sun would rise in vain for me,
My Mary !

Partakers of thy sad decline,
Thy hands their little force resign ;
Yet gently press'd, press gently mine,
My Mary !

Such feebleness of limbs thou prov'st,
That now at every step thou mov'st
Upheld by two, yet still thou lov'st,
My Mary

And still to love, though press'd with ill,
In wintry age to feel no chill,
With me is to be lovely still,
My Mary !

But ah ! by constant heed I know
 How oft the sadness that I show
 Transforms thy smiles to looks of woe,

My Mary !

And should my future lot be cast
 With much resemblance of the past,
 Thy worn-out heart will break at last,

My Mary !

SCOTT.

SIR WALTER SCOTT. Born 1771 ; Died 1832.

Scott was born in Edinburgh, but was reared in the country, where he imbibed from infancy the poetry of the Border legends of Scotland. To this source of inspiration at a later time he added a thorough knowledge of the Highlands and their traditions.

He began with a succession of poems in which the metrical romance was revived. These, with *Lives of Swift and Dryden*, occupied him until *Waverley* in 1815 began his novels.

It is upon these, which, taken as a whole, are the grandest body of fiction in this, or in any language, that his fame chiefly rests.

OLD MORTALITY.

"Most readers," says the manuscript of Mr. Pattieson, "must have witnessed with delight the joyous burst which attends the dismissing of a village-school on a fine summer evening. The buoyant spirit of childhood, repressed with so much difficulty during the tedious hours of discipline, may then be seen to explode, as it were, in shout, and song, and frolic, as the little urchins join in groups in their play-ground, and arrange their

matches of sport for the evening. But there is one individual who partakes of the relief afforded by the moment of dismissal, whose feelings are not so obvious to the eye of the spectator, or so apt to receive his sympathy. I mean the teacher himself, who stunned with the hum, and suffocated with the closeness of his school-room, has spent the whole day (himself against a host) in controlling petulance, exciting indifference to action, striving to enlighten stupidity, and labouring to soften obstinacy; and whose very powers of intellect have been confounded by hearing the same dull lesson repeated a hundred times by rote, and only varied by the various blunders of the reciters. Even the flowers of classic genius, with which his solitary fancy is most gratified, have been rendered degraded, in his imagination, by their connection with tears, with errors, and with punishment; so that the *Eclogues* of Virgil, and *Odes* of Horace are each inseparably allied in association with the sullen figure and monotonous recitation of some blubbing school-boy. If to these mental distresses are added a delicate frame of body, and a mind ambitious of some higher distinction than that of being the tyrant of childhood, the reader may have some slight conception of the relief which a solitary walk, in the cool of a fine summer evening, affords to the head which has ached, to the nerves which have been shattered, for so many hours, in plying the irksome task of public instruction.

“To me these evening strolls have been the happiest hours of an unhappy life; and if any gentle reader

shall hereafter find pleasure in perusing these lucubrations, I am not unwilling he should know that the plan of them has been usually traced in those moments, when relief from toil and clamour, combined with the quiet scenery around me, has disposed my mind to the task of composition.

“My chief haunt, in these hours of golden leisure, is the banks of the small stream, which, winding through ‘a lone vale of green bracken,’ passes in front of the village school-house of Ganderclough. For the first quarter of a mile, perhaps, I may be disturbed from my meditations, in order to return the scrape, or doffed bonnet, of such stragglers among my pupils as fish for trouts or minnows in the little brook, or seek rushes and wild-flowers by its margin. But, beyond the space I have mentioned, the juvenile anglers, do not, after sunset, voluntarily extend their excursions. The cause is, that farther up the narrow valley, and in a recess which seems scooped out of the side of the steep heathery bank, there is a deserted burial-ground, which the little cowards are fearful of approaching in the twilight. To me, however, the place has an inexpressible charm. It has been long the favourite termination of my walks, and, if my kind patron forgets not his promise, will (and probably at no very distant day) be my final resting-place after my mortal pilgrimage.

“It is a spot which possesses all the solemnity of feeling attached to a burial-ground, without exciting those of a more unpleasing description. Having been

very little used for many years, the few hillocks which rise above the level plain are covered with the same short velvet turf. The monuments, of which there are not above seven or eight, are half sunk in the ground, and overgrown with moss. No newly erected tomb disturbs the sober severity of our reflections by reminding us of recent calamity, and no rank-springing grass forces upon our imagination the recollection that it owes its dark luxuriance to the foul and festering remains of mortality which ferment beneath. The daisy which sprinkles the sod, and the harebell which hangs over it, derive their pure nourishment from the dew of heaven, and their growth impresses us with no degrading or disgusting recollections. Death has indeed been here, and its traces are before us; but they are softened and deprived of their horror by our distance from the period when they have been first impressed. Those who sleep beneath are only connected with us by the reflection that they have once been what we now are, and that, as their relics are now identified with their mother earth, ours shall, at some future period, undergo the same transformation.

“One summer evening, as, in a stroll such as I have described, I approached this deserted mansion of the dead, I was somewhat surprised to hear sounds distinct from those which usually soothe its solitude—the gentle chiding, namely, of the brook, and the sighing of the wind in the boughs of three gigantic ash-trees, which mark the cemetery. The clink of a hammer was on this occasion distinctly heard: and I entertained some

alarm that a march-dike, long meditated by the two proprietors whose estates were divided by my favourite brook, was about to be drawn up the glen, in order to substitute its rectilinear deformity for the graceful winding of the natural boundary. As I approached, I was agreeably undeceived. An old man was seated upon the monument of the slaughtered Presbyterians, and busily employed in deepening with his chisel the letters of the inscription, which, announcing, in scriptural language, the promised blessings of futurity to be the lot of the slain, anathematised the murderers with corresponding violence.

"Although I had never seen the old man before, yet from the singularity of his employment, and the style of his equipage, I had no difficulty in recognising a religious itinerant, whom I had often heard talked of, and who was known in various parts of Scotland by the title of Old Mortality.

"Where this man was born, or what was his real name, I have never been able to learn; nor are the motives which made him desert his home, and adopt the erratic mode of life which he pursued, known to me, except very generally. According to the belief of most people, he was a native of either the county of Dumfries or Galloway, and lineally descended from some of those champions of the Covenant, whose deeds and sufferings were his favourite theme. He is said to have held, at one period of his life, a small moorland farm; but, whether from pecuniary losses, or domestic misfortune, he had long renounced that and

every other gainful calling. In the language of Scripture, he left his house, his home, and his kindred, and wandered about until the day of his death—a period of nearly thirty years.

“During this long pilgrimage, the pious enthusiast regulated his circuit so as annually to visit the graves of the unfortunate Covenanters who suffered by the sword, or by the executioner, during the reigns of the two last monarchs of the Stuart line. These are most numerous in the western districts of Ayr, Galloway, and Dumfries; but they are also to be found in other parts of Scotland, wherever the fugitives had fought, or fallen, or suffered by military or civil execution. Their tombs are often apart from all human habitation, in the remote moors and wilds to which the wanderers had fled for concealment. But wherever they existed, Old Mortality was sure to visit them when his annual round brought them within his reach. In the most lonely recesses of the mountains, the moor-fowl shooter has been often surprised to find him busied in cleaning the moss from the grey stones, renewing with his chisel the half-defaced inscriptions, and repairing the emblems of death with which these simple monuments are usually adorned. Motives of the most sincere, though fanciful devotion, induced the old man to dedicate so many years of existence to perform this tribute to the memory of the deceased warriors of the church. He considered himself as fulfilling a sacred duty, while renewing to the eyes of posterity the decaying emblems of the zeal and sufferings of their

forefathers, and thereby trimming, as it were, the beacon light which was to warn future generations to defend their religion even unto blood.

“It is now some years since he has been missed in all his usual haunts, while moss, lichen, and deer-hair, are fast covering those stones, to cleanse which had been the business of his life. About the beginning of this century he closed his mortal toils, being found on the highway near Locherby, in Dumfriesshire, exhausted and just expiring. The old white pony, the companion of all his wanderings, was standing by the side of his dying master. There was found about his person a sum of money sufficient for his decent interment, which serves to show that his death was in no ways hastened by violence or by want. The common people still regard his memory with great respect; and many are of opinion, that the stones which he repaired will not again require the assistance of the chisel.”

DEATH OF THE MASTER OF RAVENSWOOD.

It is not known how the Master of Ravenswood disposed of the rest of that unhappy day. Late at night, however, he arrived at Wolf's-Crag, and aroused his old domestic, Caleb Balderston, who had ceased to expect his return. Confused and flying rumours of the late tragical death of Miss Ashton, and of its mysterious cause, had already reached the old man, who was filled with the utmost anxiety, on account of the probable effect these events might produce upon the mind of his master.

The conduct of Ravenswood did not alleviate his apprehensions. To the butler's trembling entreaties, that he would take some refreshment, he at first returned no answer, and then suddenly and fiercely demanding wine, he drank, contrary to his habits, a very large draught. Seeing that his master would eat nothing, the old man affectionately entreated that he would permit him to light him to his chamber. It was not until the request was three or four times repeated, that Ravenswood made a mute sign of compliance. But when Balderston conducted him to an apartment which had been comfortably fitted up, and which, since his return, he had usually occupied, Ravenswood stopped short on the threshold.

"Not here," said he, sternly, "shew me the room in which my father died; the room in which she slept the night they were at the castle."

"Who, sir?" said Caleb, too terrified to preserve his presence of mind.

"*She*, Lucy Ashton!—would you kill me, old man, by forcing me to repeat her name?"

Caleb would have said something of the disrepair of the chamber, but was silenced by the irritable impatience which was expressed in his master's countenance; he lighted the way trembling and in silence, placed the lamp on the table of the deserted room, and was about to attempt some arrangement of the bed, when his master bid him begone in a tone that admitted of no delay. The old man retired, not to rest, but to prayer; and from time to time crept to the door of

the apartment, in order to find out whether Ravenswood had gone to repose. His measured heavy step upon the floor was only interrupted by deep groans; and the repeated stamps of the heel of his heavy boot, intimated, too clearly, that the wretched inmate was abandoning himself at such moments to paroxysms of uncontrolled agony. The old man thought that the morning for which he longed would never have dawned; but time, whose course rolls on with equal current, however it may seem more rapid or more slow to mortal apprehension, brought the dawn at last, and spread a ruddy light on the broad verge of the glistening ocean. It was early in November, and the weather was serene for the season of the year. But an easterly wind had prevailed during the night, and the advancing tide rolled nearer than usual to the foot of the crags on which the castle was founded.

With the first peep of light, Caleb Balderston again resorted to the door of Ravenswood's sleeping apartment, through a chink of which he observed him engaged in measuring the length of two or three swords which lay in a closet adjoining to the apartment. He muttered to himself, as he selected one of these weapons, "It is shorter—let him have this advantage, as he has every other."

Caleb Balderston knew too well, from what he witnessed, upon what enterprise his master was bound, and how vain all interference on his part must necessarily prove. He had but time to retreat from the door, so nearly was he surprised by his master

suddenly coming^g out and descending to the stables. The faithful domestic followed; and from the dishevelled appearance of his master's dress, and his ghastly look, was confirmed in his conjecture that he had passed the night without sleep or repose. He found him busily engaged in saddling his horse, a service from which Caleb, though with faltering voice and trembling hands, offered to relieve him. Ravenswood rejected his assistance by a mute sign, and having led the animal into the court, was just about to mount him, when the old domestic's fear giving way to the strong attachment which was the principal passion of his mind, he flung himself suddenly at Ravenswood's feet, and clasped his knees, while he exclaimed, "Oh, sir! Oh, master! kill me if you will, but do not go out on this dreadful errand! Oh! my dear master, wait but this day—the Marquis of A—— comes to-morrow, and all will be remedied."

"You have no longer a master, Caleb," said Ravenswood, endeavouring^g to extricate himself; "Why, old man, would you cling to a falling tower?"

"But I *have* a master," cried Caleb, still holding him fast, "while the heir of Ravenswood breathes. I am but a servant; but I was born your father's—your grandfather's servant—I was born for the family—I have lived for them—I would die for them!—Stay but at home, and all will be well!"

"Well, fool! well!" said Ravenswood; "vain old man, nothing hereafter in life will be well with me, and happiest is the hour that shall soonest close it!"

So saying, he extricated himself from the old man's hold, threw himself on his horse, and rode out at the gate; but instantly turning back, he threw towards Caleb, who hastened to meet him, a heavy purse of gold.

"Caleb!" he said with a ghastly smile, "I make you my executor;" and again turning his bridle, he resumed his course down the hill.

The gold fell unheeded on the pavement, for the old man ran to observe the course which was taken by his master, who turned to the left down a small and broken path, which gained the sea-shore through a cleft in the rock, and led to a sort of cove, where, in former times, the boats of the castle were wont to be moored. Observing him take this course, Caleb hastened to the eastern battlement, which commanded the prospect of the whole sands, very near as far as the village of Wolf's-hope. He could easily see his master riding in that direction, as fast as the horse could carry him. The prophecy at once rushed on Balderston's mind, that the Lord of Ravenswood should perish on the Kelpie's Flow, which lay half way betwixt the tower and the links, or sand knolls, to the northward of Wolf's-hope. He saw him accordingly reach the fatal spot, but he never saw him pass farther.

Colonel Ashton, frantic for revenge, was already in the field, pacing the turf with eagerness, and looking with impatience towards the tower for the arrival of his antagonist. The sun had now risen, and showed its broad disk above the eastern sea, so that he could

easily discern the horseman who rode towards him with speed which argued impatience equal to his own. At once the figure became invisible, as if it had melted into the air. He rubbed his eyes, as if he had witnessed an apparition, and then hastened to the spot, near which he was met by Balderston, who came from the opposite direction. No trace whatever of horse or rider could be discerned; it only appeared that the late winds and high tides had greatly extended the usual bounds of the quicksand, and that the unfortunate horseman, as appeared from the hoof-tracks, in his precipitated haste, had not attended to keep on the firm sands on the foot of the rock, but had taken the shortest and most dangerous course. One only vestige of his fate appeared. A large sable feather had been detached from his hat, and the rippling waves of the rising tide wafted it to Caleb's feet.

The old man took it up, dried it, and placed it in his bosom.

The inhabitants of Wolf's-hope were now alarmed, and crowded to the place, some on shore, and some in boats, but their search availed nothing. The tenacious depths of the quicksand, as is usual in such cases, retained its prey.

THE BATTLE OF FLODDEN FIELD.

Next morn the Baron climbed the tower
To view afar the Scottish power,

Encamped on Flodden edge :
The white pavilions made a show,
Like remnants of the winter snow,
Along the dusky ridge.
Long Marmion looked :—at length his eye
Unusual movement might descry
Amid the shifting lines :
The Scottish host drawn out appears,
For, flashing on the hedge of spears,
The eastern sunbeam shines.
Their front now deepening, now extending ;
Their flank inclining, wheeling, bending,
Now drawing back, and now descending,
The skilful Marmion well could know,
Thoy watched the motions of some foe,
Who traversed on the plain below.

Even so it was :—from Flodden ridge
The Scots beheld the English host
Leave Barmore-wood, their evening post,
And heedful watched them as they crossed
The Till by Twisel Bridge.
High sight it is, and haughty, while
They dive into the deep defile :
Beneath the caverned cliff they fall,
Beneath the castle's airy wall.
By rock, by oak, by hawthorn tree,
Troop after troop are disappearing ;
Troop after troop their banners rearing
Upon the eastern bank you see

Still pouring down the rocky den,
Where flows the sullen Till,
And rising from the dim-wood glen,
Standards on standards, men on men,
In slow succession still,
And sweeping o'er the Gothic arch,
And pressing on, in ceaseless march,
To gain the opposing hill.

That morn, to many a trumpet clang;
Twisel ! thy rock's deep echo rang ;
And many a chief of birth and rank,
Saint Helen ! at thy fountain drank.
Thy hawthorn glade, which now we see
In spring-tide bloom so lavishly,
Had then from many an axe its doom,
To give the marching columns room.

And why stands Scotland idly now,
Dark Flodden ! on thy airy brow,
Since England gains the pass the while,
And struggles through the deep defile ?
What checks the fiery soul of James ?
Why sits that champion of the dames
Inactive on his steed,
And sees, between him and his land,
Between him and Tweed's southern strand,
His host Lord Surrey lead ?
What 'vails the vain knight-errand's brand
O, Douglas, for thy leading wand !
Fierco Randolph, for thy speed !

O for one hour of Wallace wight,
 Or well-skilled Bruce, to rule the fight,
 And cry, "Saint Andrew and our right!"
 Another sight had seen that morn,
 From Fate's dark book a leaf been torn,
 And Flodden had been Bannock-bourne!
 The precious hour has passed in vain,
 And England's host has gained the plain;
 Wheeling their march, and circling still,
 Around the base of Flodden-hill.

Ere yet the bands met Marmion's eye,
 Fitz-Eustace shouted loud and high,
 "Hark! hark! my lord, an English drum!
 And see ascending squadrons come
 Between Tweed's river and the hill,
 Foot, horse, and cannon:—hap what hap,
 My basnet to a prentice cap,
 • Lord Surrey's o'er the Till!

Yet more! yet more—how fair arrayed
 They file from out the hawthorn shade,
 And sweep so gallant by!
 With all their banners bravely spread,
 And all their armour flashing high,
 Saint George might waken from the dead,
 To see fair England's standard fly."
 "Stint in thy prate," quoth Blount; "thou'dst best,
 And listen to our lord's behest."
 With kindling brow Lord Marmion said,
 "This instant be our band arrayed;

The river must be quickly crossed,
 That we may join Lord Surrey's host.
 If fight King James—as well I trust.
 That fight he will, and fight he must—
 The Lady Clare behind our lines
 Shall tarry, while the battle joins."

Himself he swift on horseback threw,
 Scarce to the Abbot bade adieu;
 Far less would listen to his prayer,
 To leave behind the helpless Clare.
 Down to the Tweed his hand he drew,
 And muttered as the flood they view,
 "The pheasant in the falcon's claw,
 He scarce will yield to please a daw:
 Lord Angus may the Abbot awe,
 So Clare shall bide with me."
 Then on that dangerous foed, and deep,
 Where to the Tweed Leat's eddies creep,
 He ventured desperately:
 And not a moment will he bide,
 Till squire or groom before him ride;
 Headmost of all he stems the tide,
 And stems it gallantly.
 Eustace held Clare upon his horse,
 Old Hubert led her rein,
 Stoutly they braved the current's course,
 And though far downward driven perforce,
 The southern bank they gain;

Behind them, straggling, came to shore,
 As best they might, the train :
 Each o'er his head his yew-bow bore,
 A caution not in vain :
 Deep need that day that every string,
 By wet unharmed should sharply ring.
 A moment then Lord Marmion staid,
 And breathed his steed, his men arrayed,
 Then forward moved his band,
 Until, Lord Surrey's rear-guard won,
 He halted by a cross of stone,
 That, on a hillock standing lone,
 Did all the field command.

Hence might they see the full array
 Of either host, for deadly fray ;
 Their marshalled lines stretched east and west,
 And fronted north and south,
 And distant salutation past
 From the loud cannon's mouth
 Not in the close successive rattle,
 That breathes the voice of modern battle,
 But slow and far between. —
 The hillock gained, Lord Marmion staid,
 ' Here by this cross,' he gently said,
 " You well may view the scene ;
 Here shalt thou tarry, lovely Clare :
) I think of Marmion in thy prayer ! —
 Thou wilt not ? — well, — no less my care
 I'll, watchful, for thy weal prepare. —

You, Blount and Eustace, are her guard,
With ten picked archers of my train ;
With England if the day go hard,
To Berwick speed amain.--
But, if we conquer, cruel maid !
My spoils shall at your feet be laid,
When here we meet again."
He waited not for answer there,
And would not mark the maid's despair,
Nor heed the discontented look
From either squire : but spurred amain,
And, dashing through the battle-plain,
His way to Surrey took.

"--The good Lord Marmion, by my life !
Welcome to danger's hour !—
Short greeting serves in time of strife ;—
Thus have I ranged my power :
Myself will rule this central host,
Stout Stanley fronts their right,
My sons command the vaward post,
With Brian Tunstall, stainless knight ;
Lord Dacre, with his horsemen light,
Shall be in rearward of the fight,
And succour those that need it most.
Now, gallant Marmion, well I know,
Would gladly to the vanguard go ;
Edmund, the Admiral, Tunstall there,
With thee their charge will blithely share

There fight thine own retainers too,
Beneath De Burg, thy steward true."
"Thanks, noble Surrey!" Marmion said,
Nor further greeting there he paid;
But, parting like a thunder-bolt,
First in the vanguard made a halt,

Where such a shout there rose
Of "Marmion! Marmion!" that the cry
Up Flodden mountain shrilling high,
Startled the Scottish foes.

Blount and Fitz-Eustace rested still
With Lady Clare upon the hill;
On which (for far the day was spent)
The western sunbeams now were bent.
The cry they heard, its meaning know,
Could plain their distant comrades view;
"Sadly to Blount did Eustace say,
"Unworthy office here to stay!"
No hope of gilded spurs to-day.—
But, see! look up—on Flodden bent.
The Scottish foe has fired his tent."—

And, sudden as he spoke,
From the sharp ridges of the hill,
All downward to the banks of Till,

Was wreathed in sable smoke.
Volumed and fast, and rolling far,
The cloud enveloped Scotland's war,
As down the hill they broke;

Nor marshal shout, nor minstrel tone,
Announced their march, their tread alone,
At times their warping trumpet blown,
At times a stifled hum,
Told England, from his mountain throne,
King James did rushing come. —
Scarce could they hear or see their foes,
Until at weapon point they close. —
They close in clouds of smoke and dust,
With sword-sway and with lances thrust;
And such a yell was there,
Of sudden and portentous birth,
As if men fought upon the earth
And fiends in upper air;
O life and death were in the shout,
Recoil and rally, charge and rout,
And triumph and despair.
Long looked the anxious squires: their eye
Could in the darkness nought descry.

At length the freshening western blast
Aside the shroud of battle cast,
And, first, the ridge of mingled spears
Above the brightening cloud appears;
And in the smoke the passions saw,
As in the storm the white swan saw,
Then marked they, dashing broad and far,
The broken billows of the war,
And plumed crests of chieftains brave,
Floating like foam upon the wave;

But nought distinct they see :

Wide raged the battle on the plain ;
Spears shook, and falchions flashed amain ;
Fell England's arrow-flight like rain ;
Crests rose, and stooped, and rose again,
• Wild and disorderly.

Amid the scene of tumult, high
They saw Lord Marmion's falcon fly :
And stainless Tunstall's banner white,
And Edmund Howard's lion bright,
Still bear them bravely in the fight :

Although against them come
Of gallant Gordons many a one,
And many a stubborn Highlandman,
And many a rugged Border clan,
With Huntley and with Home.

Far on the left, unseen the while,
Stanley broke Leunox and Argyle ;
• Though there the western mountaineer
Rushed with bare bosom on the spear,
And flung the feeble targe aside,
And with both hands the broadsword plied :
"Twas vain :—But fortune, on the right,
With sickle smile, cheered Scotland's fight.
Then fell that spotless banner white,

The Howard's lion fell ;
Yet still Lord Marmion's falcon flew
With wavering flight, while fiercer grew
Around the battle yell.

The border slogan rent the sky !
A Home ! a Gordon ! was the cry !
Loud were the clanging blows !
Advanced,—forced back,—now low, now high,
The pennon sunk and rose :
As bends the bark's mast in the gale,
When rent are rigging, shrouds, and sail,
It wavered mid the foes.
No longer Blount, the view could bear :—
“ By heaven, and all its saints, I swear,
I will not see it lost !
Fitz-Eustace, you with Lady Claro
May bid your beads, and patter prayer,
I gallop to the host.”
And to the fray he rode amain,
Followed by all the archer train.
The fiery youth, with desperate charge,
Made, for a space, an opening large,—
The rescued banner rose,—
But darkly closed the war around,
Like pine-tree, rooted from the ground,
It sunk among the foes.
Then Eustace mounted too :—yet staid,
As loth to leave the helpless maid,
When, fast as shaft can fly,
Blood-shot his eyes, his nostrils spread,
The loose rein dangling from his head,
Housing and saddle bloody red,
Lord Marmion's steed rushed by

And Eustace, maddening at the sight,
A look and sign to Clara cast,
'To mark he would return in haste,
Then plunged into the fight.

Ask me not what the maiden feels,
Left in that dreadful hour alone :
Perchance her reason stoops or reels ;
Perchance a courage, not her own,
Braces her mind to desperate tone.—
'The scattered van of England wheels ;
She only said, as loud in air
The tumult roared, "Is Wilton there?"—
They fly, or, maddened by despair,
Fight but to die. "Is Wilton there?"—
With that, straight up the hill there rode
Two horsemen drenched with gore,
And in their arms a helpless load,
A wounded knight they bore.
His hand still strained the broken brand :
His arms were smeared with blood and sand :
Dragged from among the horses' feet,
With dented shield, and helmet beat,
The falcon-crest and plumage gone.
Can that be haughty Marmion ?
Young Blount his armour did unlace,
And, gazing on his ghastly face,
Said—"By Saint George, he's gone !
That spear-wound has our master sped,
And see the deep cut on his head !
Good night to Marmion."—

“Unnurtured Blount ! thy brawling cease :
He opes his eyes,” said Eustace : “ peace ! ”—

When, doffed his casque, he felt free air,
Around gan Marmion wildly stare :—
“ Where’s Harry Blount ? Fitz-Eustace where
Linger ye here, ye hearts of hare :
Redeem my pennon,—charge again !
Cry—‘ Marmion to the rescue ! ’—Vain !
Last of my race, on battle plain
That shout shall ne’er be heard again !—
Yet my last thought is England’s :—fly
To Dacre bear my signet-ring ;
Tell him his squadrons up to bring :—
Fitz-Eustace, to Lord Surrey hie ;
Tunstall lies dead upon the field,
His life-blood stains the spotless shield.
Edmund is down :—my life is reft ;—
The Admiral alone is left.
Let Stanley charge with spur of fire,—
With Chester charge, and Lancashire,
Full upon Scotland’s central host,
Or victory and England’s lost.—
Must I bid twice ?—hence, varlets ! fly !
Leave Marmion here alone—to die.”—
They parted, and alone he lay ;
Clare drew her from the sight away,
Till pain wrung forth a lowly moan,
And half he murmured,—“ Is there none

SCOTT.

Of all my halls have nurst,
Page, squire, or groom, one cup to bring
Of blessed water, from the spring,
 'To slake my dying thirst !”

O, woman ! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light-quivering aspen made :
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou !—
Scarce were the piteous accents said,
When, with the Baron's casque, the maid
 To the nigh streamlet ran ;
Forgot were hatred, wrongs, and fears ;
The plaintive voice alone she hears,
 Sees but the dying man.
She stooped her by the runnel's side,
 But in abhorrence backward drew :
For, oozing from the mountain's side,
Where raged the war, a dark red tide
 Was curdling in the streamlet blue.
Where she' she turn !—behold her mark
 A little fountain cell.
Where water, clear as diamond spark,
 In a stone basin fell.
Above, some half-worn letters say,
Drink, weary, pilgrim, drink, and pray,
For, the, kind, soul, of, Sybil, Grey,
 Who, built, this cross, and, well.

She filled the helm, and back she hied,
And with surprise and joy espied
A Monk supporting Marmion's head;
A pious man, whom duty brought,
To dubious verge of battle fought,
To shrive the dying, bless the dead.

Deep drank Lord Marmion of the wave,
And, as she stooped his brow to lave—
“Is it the hand of Claro,” he said,
“Or injured Constance, bathes my head!”
Then, as remembrance rose,—
“Speak not to me of shrift or prayer!

I must redress her woes.
Short space, few words, are mine to spare;
Forgive and listen, gentle Claro!”—
“Alas!” she said, “the while,—
O think of your immortal weal!
In vain for Constance is your zeal;
She——died at Holy Isle.”

Lord Marmion started from the ground,
As light as if he felt no wound;
Though in the action burst the tide,
In torrents from his wounded side.
“Then it was truth!”—he said—“I knew
That the dark presage must be true.—
I would the Fiend, to whom belongs
The vengeance due to all her wrongs,

Would spare me but a day ;
 For wasting fire, and dying groan,
 And priests slain on the altar stone,
 Might bribe him for delay.

It may not be !—this dizzy trance—
 ('urse on yon base marauder's lance,
 And doubly cursed my failing brand !
 A sinful heart makes feeble hand,"—
 'Then, fainting, down on earth he sunk,
 Supported by the trembling Monk.

With fruitless labour, Clara bound,
 And strove to stanch the gushing wound :
 The Monk, with unavailing cares,
 Exhausted all the Church's prayers.
 Ever, he said, that, close and near,
 A lady's voice was in his ear,
 And that the priest he could not hear,

• For that she ever sung,
*" In the lost battle, borne down by the flying,
 Where mingles war's rattle with groans of the dying ! "*

So the notes rung :—

" Avoid thee, Fiend ;—with cruel hand,
 Shake not the dying sinner's sand !—
 O look, my son, upon yon sign
 Of the Redeemer's grace divine :

O think on faith and bliss !
 By many a death-bed I have been,
 And many a sinner's parting scene,
 But never aught like this." -

'The war, that for a space did fail,
Now trebly thundering swelled the gale,
And—STANLEY! was the cry;—
A light on Marmion's visage spread,
And fired his glazing eye:
With dying hand, above his head
He shook the fragment of his blade,
And shouted "Victory!—
Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!
Were the last words of Marmion.

By this, though deep the evening fell
Still rose the battle's deadly swell;
For still the Scots around their king,
Unbroken, fought in desperate ring.
Where's now their victor vaward wing?
Where Huntley, and where Home?
Oh! for a blast of that dread horn,
On Fontarabian echoes borne,
That to King Charles did come.
When Roland brave, and Oliver,
And every paladin and peer,
On Roncesvalles died!
Such blast might warn them not in vain,
To quit the plunder of the slain,
And turn the doubtful day again,
While yet on Flodden side.
Afar, the Royal Standard flies,
And round it toils; and bleeds, and dies,
Our Caledonian pride!

In vain the wish, for far away,
 While spoil and havoc mark their way,
 Near Sybil's Cross the plunderers stray,
 "Oh! lady," cried the Monk, "away!"

And placed her on her steed;

And led her to the chapel fair

Of Tilmouth upon Tweed.

There all the night they spent in prayer,

And, at the dawn of morning, there

She met her kinsman, Lord Fitz-Clare.

But as they left the dark'ning heath,

More desperate grew the strife of death.

The English shafts in volleys hailed,

In headlong charge their horse assailed;

Front, flank, and rear, the squadrons sweep,

To break the Scottish circle deep,

That fought around their king.

But yet, though thick the shafts as snow,

Though charging knights like whirlwinds go,

Though bill-men ply the ghastly blow,

Unbroken was the ring,

Each stepping where his comrade stood,

The instant that he fell.

No thought was there of dastard flight;—

Linked in the serried phalanx tight,

Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,

As fearlessly and well;

Till utter darkness closed her wing

O'er their thin host and wounded king.

Then skilful Surrey's sage commands
Led back from strife his shattered bands ;
And from the charge they drew,
As mountain waves, from wasted lands,
Sweep back to ocean blue.
Then did their loss his foemen know ;
Their king, their lords, their mightiest, low,
They melted from the field as snow,
When streams are swoln and south winds blow
Dissolves in silent dew.
Tweed's echoes heard the ceaseless plash,
While many a broken band,
Disordered, through her currents dash,
To gain the Scottish land :
To town and tower, to down and dale,
To tell red Flodden's dismal tale,
And raise the universal wail.
Tradition, legend, tune, and song,
Shall many an age that wail prolong
Still from the sire the son shall hear
Of the stern strife, and carnage drear,
Of Flodden's fatal field,
Where shivered was fair Scotland's spear,
And broken was her shield.

Day dawns upon the mountain's side :--
There, Scotland, lay thy bravest pride,
Chiefs, knights, and nobles, many a one,
The sad survivors all are gone.

View not that corpse mistrustfully,
Defaced and mangled though it be;
Nor to yon Border castle high
Look northward with upbraiding eye ;
Nor cherish hope in vain,
That, journeying far on foreign strand,
The Royal Pilgrim to his land
May yet return again.
He saw the wreck his rashness wrought;
Reckless of life, he desperate fought,
And fell on Flodden plain :
And well in death his trusty brand,
Firm clenched within his manly hand,
Beseeemed the monarch slain.
But, oh! how changed since yon blithe night
Gladly I turn me from the sight,
Unto my tale again.

WORDSWORTH.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH. Born 1770; Died 1850.

Wordsworth, in youth and early manhood, was stirred by the revolutionary feelings of the time, and felt a keen sympathy with the French Revolution, a sympathy which animated his genius at this period of his life. When the excesses of the Revolution and the ambition of the French nation had produced a revulsion of feeling, he turned the more earnestly to the poetry of nature and contemplation, in which his work—work which is unsurpassed for depth and delicacy—for the future lay.

ODE.

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY CHILDHOOD.

I.

There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore:—
Twin whencesoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more

II.

The Rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the Rose,

The Moon doth with delight
 Look round her when the heavens are bare :
 Waters on a starry night
 Are beautiful and fair ;
 The sunshine is a glorious birth,
 But yet I know, where'er I go,
 That there hath passed away a glory from the earth,

III.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,
 And while the young lambs bound
 As to the tabor's sound,
 To me alone there came a thought of grief :
 A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
 And I again am strong :
 The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep ;
 No more shall grief of mine the season wrong ;
 I hear the Echoes through the mountains strong,
 The Winds come to me from the fields of sleep,
 And all the earth is gay ;
 Land and sea
 Give themselves up to jollity,
 And with the heart of May
 Doth every Beast keep holiday ;—
 Thou Child of Joy,
 Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy
 Shepherd-boy !

IV.

Ye blessed Creatures, I have heard the call
 Ye to each other make ; I see
 The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee ,

My heart is at your festival,
My head hath its coronal,
The fulness of your bliss, I feel—I feel it all.
Oh evil day ! if I were sullen
While earth herself is adorning,
This sweet May-Morning,
And the Children are culling
On every side,
In a thousand valleys far and wide,
Fresh flowers ; while the sun shines warm,
And the Babe leaps up on his Mother's arm :—
I hear, I hear, with joy I hear !
—But there's a Tree, of many, one,
A single Field which I have looked upon,
Both of them speak of something that is gone :
The Pansy at my feet
Doth the same tale repeat :
Whither is fled the visionary gleam ?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream ?

V.

Our birth is but a sleep, and a forgetting :
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar :
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home :
Heaven lies about us in our infancy !

Shades of the prison-house begin to close
 Upon the growing Boy,
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
 He sees it in his joy ;
The Youth, who daily farther from the east
 Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,
 And by the vision splendid
 Is on his way attended ;
At length the Man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

VI.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own ;
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
And, even with something of a Mother's mind,
 And no unworthy aim,
 The homely Nurso doth all she can
To make her Foster-child, her Innate Man,
 Forget the glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came.

VII.

Behold the Child among his new-born blisses,
A six years' Darling of a pigmy size !
See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,
Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
With light upon him from his father's eyes !
See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
Some fragment from his dream of human life,
Shaped by himself with newly-learned art ;

A wedding or a festival,
 A mourning or a funeral;
 And this hath now his heart,
 And unto this he frames his song:
 Then will he fit his tongue
 'To dialogues of business, love, or strife;
 But it will not be long
 Ere this be thrown aside,
 And with new joy and pride
 The little Actor cons another part;
 Filling from time to time his 'humorous stage'
 With all the persons, down to palsied Age,
 'That Life brings with her in her equipage;
 As if his whole vocation
 Were endless imitation.

VIII.

'Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
 Thy Soul's immensity;
 'Thou best Philosopher, who yet dost keep
 Thy heritage; thou Eye among the blind,
 'That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
 Haunted for ever by the eternal mind,—
 Mighty Prophet! Seer blest!
 On whom those truths do rest,
 Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
 In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave;
 'Thou, over whom thy Immortality
 Broods like the Day, a Master o'er a Slave,
 A Presence which is not to be put by;

Thou little Child, yet glorious in the night
 Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,
 Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
 The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
 Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?
 Full soon thy Soul shall have her earthly freight,
 And custom lie upon thee with a weight,
 Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

IX.

Oh joy! that in our embers
 Is something that doth live,
 That nature yet remembers
 What was so fugitive!

The thought of our past years in me doth breed
 Perpetual benediction: not indeed
 For that which is most worthy to be blest,
 Delight and liberty, the simple creed
 Of Childhood, whether busy or at rest,
 With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast
 Not for these I raise
 The song of thanks and praise;
 But for those obstinate questionings
 Of sense and outward things,
 Fallings from us, vanishings;
 Blank misgivings of a Creature
 Moving about in worlds not realised,
 High instincts before which our mortal Nature
 Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised!

But for those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
Are yet a master light of all our seeing ;
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal Silence : truths that wake,
To perish never ;
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour
Nor Man nor Boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy !
Hence in a season of calm weather
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither.
Can in a moment travel thither
And see the Children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

x.

Then sing, ye Birds, sing, sing a joyous song !
And let the young Lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound !
We in thought will join your throng,
Ye that pipe and ye that play,
Ye that through your hearts to-day
Feel the gladness of the May !

What though the radiance which was once so bright
Be now for ever taken from my sight,

Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower :

We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind :

In the primal sympathy
Which having been must ever be ;
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering ;

In the faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

XI.

And O, ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills, and Groves,
Forbode not any severing of our loves !

Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might :

I only have relinquished one delight

To live beneath your more habitual sway.

I love the Brooks which down their channels fret,

Even more than when I tripped lightly as they :

The innocent brightness of a new-born Day

Is lovely yet ;

The Clouds that gather round the setting sun

Do take a sober colouring from an eye

That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality ;

Another race hath been, and other palms are won.

Thanks to the human heart by which we live,

Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears ;

To me the meanest flower that blows can give

Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

THE FOUNTAIN ; A CONVERSATION.

We talked with open heart, and tongue,
Affectionate and true,
A pair of friends, though I was young,
And Matthew seventy-two.

We lay beneath a spreading oak,
Beside a mossy seat ;
And from the turf a fountain broke,
And gurgled at our feet.

'Now, Matthew !' said I, 'let us match
'This water's pleasant tune
With some old border-song, or catch,
That suits a summer's noon ;

O! of the church-clock and the chimes
Sing here beneath the shade,
'That half-mad thing of witty rhymes
Which you last April made !'

In silence Matthew lay, and eyed,
'The spring beneath the tree ;'
And thus the dear old man replied,
'The grey-haired man of glee :

'No check, no stay, this Streamlet fears ;
How merrily it goes !
'Twill murmur on a thousand years,
And flow as now it flows !

And here, on this delightful day,
 I cannot choose but think
 How oft, a vigorous man, I lay
 Beside this fountain's brink.

My eyes are dim with childish tears,
 My heart is idly stirred,
 For the same sound is in my ears
 Which in those days I heard,

Thus fares it still in our decay :
 And yet the wiser mind
 Mourns less for what age takes away
 Than what it leaves behind.

The blackbird amid leafy trees,
 The lark above the hill,
 Let loose their carols when they please,
 Are quiet when they will.

With Nature never do they wage
 A foolish strife; they see -
 A happy youth, and their old age
 Is beautiful and free.

But we are pressed by heavy laws;
 And often, glad no more,
 We wear a face of joy, because
 We have been glad of yore.

If there be one who need bemoan
 His kindred laid in earth,
 The household hearts that were his own
 It is the man of mirth.

My days, my Friend, are almost gone,
My life has been approved,
And many love me ; but, by none
Am I enough beloved.'

' Now both himself and me he wrongs,
The man who thus complains!
I live and sing my idle songs
Upon these happy plains,

And Matthew, for thy children dead
I'll be a son to thee !'
At this he grasped my hand, and said,
' Alas ! that cannot be.'

We rose up from the fountain-side ;
And down the smooth descent
Of the green sheep-track did we glide ;
And through the wood we went.

And, ere we came to Leonard's rock,
He sang those witty rhymes -
About the crazy old church-clock,
And the bewildered chimes.

UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

Earth has not anything to show more fair,
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty :
This city now doth like a garment wear

The beauty of the morning, silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky,
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill ;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep !
The river glideth at his own sweet will ;
Dear God ! the very houses seem asleep ;
And all that mighty heart is lying still !

The World is too much with us ; late and soon
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers ;
Little we see in Nature that is ours ;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon !
This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon,
The winds that will be howling at all hours
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers,
For this, for everything, we are out of tune ;
It moves us not.—Great God ! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn,—
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea ;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn.

To MILTON.

Milton ! thou shouldst be living at this hour :
 England hath need of thee : she is a fen
 Of stagnant waters : altar, sword, and pen,
 Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower
 Have forfeited their ancient English dower
 Of inward happiness. We are selfish men ;
 Oh ! raise us up, return to us again ;
 And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
 Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart ;
 Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea ;
 Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
 So didst thou travel on life's common way,
 In cheerful godliness ; and yet thy heart
 The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

TENTH ABNEY.

Five years have past ; five summers, with the length
 Of five long winters ! and again I hear
 These waters, rolling from their mountain-springs
 With a soft inland murmur.—Once again
 Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,
 That on a wild secluded scene impress
 Thoughts of more deep seclusion ; and connect
 The landscape with the quiet of the sky.
 The day is come when I again repose
 Here, under this dark sycamore, and view
 These plots of cottage-ground, these orchard tufts,

Which at this season, with their unripe fruits,
 Are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves
 'Mid groves and copses. Once again I see
 These hedge-rows, hardly hedge-rows, little lines
 Of sportive wood run wild: these pastoral farms,
 Green to the very door; and wreaths of smoke
 Sent up, in silence, from among the trees!
 With some uncertain notice, as might seem
 Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods,
 Or of some Hermit's cave, where by his fire
 The Hermit sits alone.

These beauteous forms,
 Through a long absence, have not been to me
 As is a landscape to a blind man's eye:
 But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din
 Of towns and cities, I have owed to them
 In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
 Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart,
 And passing even into my purer mind,
 With tranquil restoration: feelings too
 Of unremembered pleasure: such, perhaps,
 As have no slight or trivial influence
 On that best portion of a good man's life,
 His little, nameless, unremembered acts
 Of kindness and of love. Nor less I trust
 To them I may have owed another gift,
 Of aspect more sublime; that blessed mood,
 In which the burthen of the mystery,
 In which the heavy and the weary weight
 Of all this unintelligible world,

Is lightened :—that serene and blessed mood,
In which the affections gently lead us on,—
Until, the breath of this corporeal frame
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul :
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things.

If this

Be but a vain belief, yet, oh ! how oft—
In darkness and amid the many shapes
Of joyless daylight ; when the fretful stir
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
Have hung upon the beatings of my heart—
How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee,
O sylvan Wye ! thou wanderer thro' the woods,
How often has my spirit turned to thee !

And now, with gleams of half-extinguished thought,
With many recognitions dim and faint,
And somewhat of a sad perplexity,
The picture of the mind revives again :
While here I stand, not only with the sense
Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts
That in this moment there is life and food
For future years. And so I dare to hope,
Though changed, no doubt, from what I was when first
I came among these hills ; when like a roe
I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides

Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,
Wherever nature led : more like a man
Flying from something that he dreads, than one
Who sought the thing he loved. For Nature then
(The coarser pleasures of my boyish days,
• And their glad animal movements all gone by)
To me was all in all.—I cannot paint
What then I was. The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion : the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colours and their forms, were then to me
An appetite ; a feeling and a love,
That had no need of a remoter charm,
By thought supplied, nor any interest
Unborrowed from the eye.—That time is past,
And all its aching joys are now no more,
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur ; other gifts
Have followed ; for such loss, I would believe,
Abundant recompense. For I have learned
To look on Nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth ; but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts ; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,

And the blue sky, and in the mind of man :
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. . . Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods,
And mountains ; and of all that we behold
From this green earth ; of all the mighty world
Of eye, and ear, — both what they half create,
And what perceive ; well pleased to recognise
In nature and the language of the sense,
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being.

Nor perchance,
If I were not thus taught, should I the more
Suffer my genial spirits to decay :
For thou art with me here upon the banks
Of this fair river ; thou most dearest Friend,
My dear, dear Friend ; and in thy voice I catch
The language of my former heart, and read
My former pleasures in the shooting lights
Of thy wild eyes. Oh ! yet a little while
May I behold in thee what I was once,
My dear, dear Sister ! and this prayer I make,
Knowing that Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her ; 'tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy ; for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed

With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon
Shine on thee in thy solitary walk !
And let the misty mountain-winds be free
To blow against thee : and, in after years,
When these wild ecstasies shall be matured
Into a sober pleasure ; when thy mind
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
Thy memory be as a dwelling-place
For all sweet sounds and harmonies ; oh ! then,
If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,
Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts
Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,
And these my exhortations ! Nor, perchance—
If I should be where I no more can hear,
Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes these gleams
Of past existence—wilt thou then forget
That on the banks of this delightful stream
We stood together ; and that I, so long
A worshipper of Nature, hither came
Unwearied in that service : rather say
With warmer love—oh ! with far deeper zeal
Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then forget,
That after many wanderings, many years
Of absence, these steep woods and lofty cliffs,
And this green pastoral landscape, were to me
More dear, both for themselves and for thy sake !

COLERIDGE.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE. Born 1772; Died 1834.

The son of a Devonshire clergyman, he was educated at Christ's Hospital, and Cambridge; but left the university to enlist in a regiment of dragoons. From this he was restored to his friends, and at first entered ardently into the movements which the impulse of the French Revolution stirred in England. But with these he lost sympathy, and took his place in literature as one of the "Lake School" of poets, of which Wordsworth was the chief.

He was strongly influenced in his poetry by his philosophical studies. He had an intellect of extraordinary range, but, through weakness of will, accomplished little in proportion either to his ability, or to the number of literary schemes which he projected.

HYMN BEFORE SUNRISE IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNI.

HAST thou a charm to stay the morning-star
In his steep course? so long he seems to pause
On thy bald awful head, O sovran Blanc!
The Arvé and Arveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful form!
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines
How silently! Around thee and above
Deep is the air, and dark, substantial, black,
An ebony mass: methinks thou piercest it,
As with a wedge! but when I look again,
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity!

O dread and silent mount! I gazed upon thee,
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thought: entranced in prayer
I worshipped the invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,
So sweet, we know not we are listening to it,
Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my thought,
Yea, with my life, and life's own secret joy:
Till the dilating soul, enrapt, transfused,
Into the mighty vision passing—there,
As in her natural form, swolled vast to heaven!

Awake, my soul! not only passive praise
Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears,
Mute thanks and secret ecstasy! Awake!
Voice of sweet song! Awake, my heart, Awake
Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my hymn.

Thou first and chief, sole sovran of the vale!
O struggling with the darkness all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky, or when they sink;
Companion of the morning-star at dawn,
Thyself earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
Co-herald! wako, O wako, and utter praise!
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth?
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?

And you, ye five wild torrents, fiercely glad!
Who called you forth from night and utter death,
From dark and icy caverns called you forth,

Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,
For ever shattered and the same for ever?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury and your joy,
Unceasing thunder and eternal foam?
And who commanded—and the silence came—
“Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest?”

Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge!
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven,
Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?—
God! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer; and let the ice-plains echo, God!
God! sing, ye meadow-streams, with gladsome voice!
Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!
And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder—God!

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost!
Ye wild-goats sporting round the eagle's nest!
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain storm!
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
Ye signs and wonders of the element!
Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise!

Thou too, hoar mount! with thy sky-pointing peaks,
Oft from whose feet, the avalanche, unheard,

Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene
Into the depth of clouds that veil thy breast—
Thou too again, stupendous mountain! thou
That as I raise my head, awhile bowed low
In adoration, upward from thy base
Slow-travelling, with dim eyes suffused with tears,
Solemnly seemest, like a vapoury cloud,
To rise before me—rise, O ever rise,
Rise, like a cloud of incense, from the earth!
Thou kingly spirit, throned among the hills,
Thou dread ambassador from earth to heaven,
Great hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God!

BYRON.

LORD BYRON. Born 1788; Died 1824.

An unwise education of the sort most likely to unling a character in which strong passion and most keen sensitiveness were combined, did much to destroy the balance of Byron's mind. At the age of eleven he succeeded to a title and large estates; but this served only to confirm the waywardness of which his baneful education had laid the foundation. Unhappiness drove him to excess, and remorse darkened his life. He died when on the eve of a new career, as a volunteer in the cause of Greek independence.

In 1811, the poems, "Childe Harold," "The Giaour," and "The Bride of Abydos," won for him a rapid and brilliant fame, which his later poems confirmed. His genius was stormy and turbulent; but combines, to a degree unsurpassed, powerful and melodious language with intense feeling, and vivid imagination.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

THERE'S not a joy the world can give like that it takes
away,

When the glow of early thought declines in feeling's
dull decay;

'Tis not on youth's smooth cheek the blush alone,
which fades so fast,

But the tender bloom of heart is gone, ere youth itself
be past.

Then the few whose spirits float above the wreck of
happiness

Are driven o'er the shoals of guilt or ocean of excess:

The magnet of their course is gone, or only points in
vain

The shore to which their shiver'd sail shall never
stretch again,

Then the mortal coldness of the soul like death itself
comes down;

It cannot feel for others' woes, it dare not dream its
own;

That heavy chill has frozen o'er the fountain of our
tears,

And though the eye may sparkle still, 'tis where the ice
appears.

Though wit may flash from fluent lips, and mirth dis-
tract the breast,

Through midnight hours that yield no more their
former hope of rest;

'Tis but as ivy-leaves around the ruin'd turret wreath,
All green and wildly fresh without, but worn and grey
beneath.

Oh could I feel as I have felt,—or be what I have been,
Or weep as I could once have wept o'er many a vanish'd
scene;

As springs in deserts found seem sweet, all brackish
though they be,

So, midst the wither'd waste of life, those tears would
flow to me.

MY NATIVE LAND—GOOD NIGHT.

ADIEU, adieu! my native shore
Fades o'er the waters blue;
The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,
And shrieks the wild sea-mew.
Yon sun that sets upon the sea
We follow in his flight;
Farewell awhile to him and thee,
My Native Land—Good Night!

A few short hours and he will rise
To give the morrow birth;
And I shall hail the main and skies,
But not my mother earth.
Deserted is my own good hall;
Its hearth is desolate;
Wild weeds are gathering on the wall;
My dog howls at the gate.

“Come hither, hither, my little page!
Why dost thou weep and wail?
Or dost thou dread the billows' rage,
Or tremble at the gale?
But dash the tear-drop from thine eye;
Our ship is swift and strong:
Our fleetest falcon scarce can fly
More merrily along.”

‘Let winds be shrill, let waves roll high,
I fear not wave nor wind:
Yet marvel not, Sir Childe, that I
Am sorrowful in mind;

For I have from my father gone,
A mother whom I love,
And have no friend, save these alone,
But thee—and One above.

“My father blessed me fervently,
Yet did not much complain;
But sorely will my mother sigh
Till I come back again.”—

“Enough, enough, my little lad!
Such tears become thine eye;
If I thy guileless bosom had,
Mine own would not be dry.

“Come hither, hither, my staunch yeoman,
Why dost thou look so pale?
Or dost thou dread a French foeman?
Or shiver at the gale?”—

“Deem'st thou I tremble for my life?
Sir Childe, I'm not so weak,
But thinking on an absent wife
Will blanch a faithful cheek.

“My spouse and boys dwell near thy hall,
Along the bordering lake,
And when they on their father call,
What answer shall she make?”—

“Enough, enough, my yeoman good,
Thy grief let none gainsay;
But I, who am of lighter mood,
Will laugh to flee away.”

For who would trust the seeming sighs
Of wife or paramour ?
Fresh feeres will dry the bright blue eyes
We late saw streaming o'er.
For pleasures past I do not grieve,
Nor perils gathering near ;
My greatest grief is that I leave
No thing that claims a tear.

And now I'm in the world alone,
Upon the wide, wide sea :
But why should I for others groan,
When none will sigh for me ?
Perchance my dog will whine in vain,
Till fed by stranger hands ;
But long ere I come back again
He'd tear me where he stands.

With thee, my bark, I'll swiftly go
Athwart the foaming brine ;
Nor care what land thou bear'st me to,
So not again to mine.
Welcome, welcome, ye dark-blue waves !
And when you fail my sight,
Welcome, ye deserts and ye caves !
My Native Land—Good Night !

"ROME AND HER IMITATORS."

Oh Rome! my country! city of the soul!
The orphans of the heart must turn to thee,
Lone mother of dead empires! and control
In their shut breasts their petty misery.
What are our woes and sufferance? Come and see
The cypress, hear the owl, and plod your way
O'er steps of broken thrones and temples, Ye!
Whose agonies are evils of a day—
A world is at our feet as fragile as our clay.

The Niobe of nations! there she stands,
Childless and crownless in her voiceless woe;
An empty urn within her wither'd hands,
Whose holy dust was scattered long ago;
The Scipios' tomb contains no ashes now;
The very sepulchres lie tenantless
Of their heroic dwellers: dost thou flow,
• Old Tiber! through a marble wilderness?
Rise, with thy yellow waves, and mantle her distress.

The Goth, the Christian, Time, War, Flood, and Fire
Have dealt upon the seven-hill'd city's pride;
She saw her glories star by star expire,
And up the steep barbarian monarchs ride,
Where the car climb'd the Capitol; far and wide
Temple and tower went down, nor left a site:
Chaos of ruins! who shall trace the void
O'er the dim fragments cast a lunar light,
And say, "here was, or is," where all is doubly light?

'The double night of ages, and of her,
 Night's daughter, Ignorance, have wrapt and wrap
 All round us ; we but feel our way to err :
 The ocean hath its chart, the stars their map,
 And Knowledge spreads them on her ample lap
 But Rome is as the desert, where we steer
 Stumbling o'er recollections ; now we clap
 Our hands, and cry " Eureka ! " it is clear—
 When but some false mirage of ruin rises near

Alas ! the lofty city ! and alas !
 The trebly hundred triumphs ! and the day
 When Brutus made the dagger's edge surpass
 The conqueror's sword in bearing fame away !
 Alas, for Tully's voice, and Virgil's lay,
 And Livy's pictured page !—but these shall be
 Her resurrection ; all beside—decay.
 Alas, for Earth, for never shall we see
 That brightness in her eye she bore when Rome was
 free !

Oh thou, whose chariot roll'd on Fortune's wheel,
 Triumphant Sylla ! Thou who didst subdue
 Thy country's foes ere thou wouldst pause to feel
 The wrath of thy own wrongs, or reap the due
 Of hoarded vengeance till thine eagles flew
 O'er prostrate Asia ;—thou, who with thy frown
 Annihilated senates—Roman, too,
 With all thy vices, for thou didst lay down
 With an atoning smile a more than earthly crown—

The dictatorial wreath—couldst thou divine
 To what would one day dwindle that which made
 Thee more than mortal? and that so supine
 By aught than Romans Rome should thus be laid?
 She who was named Eternal, and array'd
 Her warriors but to conquer—she who veil'd
 Earth with her haughty shadow, and display'd,
 Until the o'er-canopied horizon fail'd,
 Her rushing wings—Oh! she who was Almighty hail'd.

Sylla was first of victors; but our own,
 The sagest of usurpers, Cromwell!—he
 Too swept off senates while he how'd the throne
 Down to a block—immortal rebel! See
 What crimes it costs to be a moment free,
 And famous through all ages! but beneath
 His fate the moral lurks of destiny;
 His day of double victory and death
 Beheld him win two realms, and, happier, yield his
 breath.

The third of the same moon whose former course
 Had all but crown'd him, on the self-same day
 Deposed him gently from his throne of force,
 And laid him with the earth's preceding clay.
 And show'd not Fortune thus how fame and sway,
 And all we deem delightful, and consume
 Our souls to compass through each arduous way,
 Are in her eyes less happy than the tomb?
 Were they but so in man's, how different were his doom!

And thou, dread statue! yet existent in
The austere form of naked majesty,
Thou who beheldest, 'mid the assassins' din,
At thy bathed base the bloody Cæsar lie,
Folding his robe in dying dignity,
An offering to thine altar from the queen
Of gods and men, great Nemesis! did he die,
And thou, too, perish, Pompey? have ye been
Victors of countless kings, or puppets of a scene?

And thou, the thunder-stricken nurse of Rome!
She-wolf! whose brazen-imaged dugs impart
The milk of conquest yet within the dome
Where, as a monument of antique art,
Thou standest;—Mother of the mighty heart,
Which the great founder suck'd from thy wild teat,
Scorch'd by the Roman Jove's ethereal dart,
And thy limbs black with lightning - dost thou yet
Guard thine immortal cubs, nor thy fond charge forget?

Thou dost; but all thy foster-babes are dead—
The men of iron: and the world hath rear'd
Cities from out their sepulchres: men bled
In imitation of the things they fear'd.
And fought and conquer'd, and the same course
steer'd,
At a pish distance; but as yet none have,
Nor could, the same supremacy have rear'd,
Save one vain man, who is not in the grave,
But, vanquish'd by himself, to his own slaves a slave -

The fool of false dominion—and a kind
 Of bastard Cæsar, following him of old
 With steps unequal; for the Roman's mind
 Was modell'd in a less terrestrial mould,
 With passions fiercer, yet a judgment cold,
 • And an immortal instinct which redeem'd
 The frailties of a heart so soft, yet bold,
 Alcides with the distaff now he seem'd
 At Cleopatra's feet,—and now himself he beam'd

And came—and saw—and conquered! But the man
 Who would have tamed his eagles down to flee,
 Like a train'd falcon, in the Gallie van,
 Which he, in sooth, long led to victory,
 With a deaf heart which never seem'd to be
 A listener to itself, was strangely fram'd;
 With but one weakest weakness—vanity,
 Coquettish in ambition, still he aim'd—
 • What? can he avouch, or answer what he claim'd?

And would be all or nothing—nor could wait
 For the sure grave to level him? few years
 Had fix'd him with the Cæsars in his fate,
 On whom we tread: For *this* the conqueror rears
 The arch of triumph! and for this the tears
 And blood of earth flow on as they have flow'd,
 An universal deluge, which appears
 Without an ark for wretched man's abode,
 And ebbs but to reflow! Renew thy rainbow, God!

THE OCEAN.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll !
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain ;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore ;—upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths, with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths,—thy fields
Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost arise
And shake him from thee ; the vile strength he wields
For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray
And howling, to his gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to earth :—there let him lay.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they ?
Thy waters washed them power while they were free,
And many a tyrant since ; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage ; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts :—not so thou,
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play—
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow—
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests ; in all time,
Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Teing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving ;—boundless, endless, and sublime—
• The image of Eternity—the throne
Of the Invisible ; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made ; each zone
Obeys thee ; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean ! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward ; from a boy
I wanton'd with thy breakers—they to me
Were a delight ; and if the fresh'ning sea
Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear,
For I was as it were a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane, as I do here.

GREECE.

Fair clime ! where every season smiles
Benignant o'er those blessed isles,
Which, seen from far Colonna's height,
Make glad the heart that hails the sight,
And lend to loneliness delight.
There mildly dimpling, Ocean's cheek
Reflects the tints of many a peak
Caught by the laughing tides that lave
These Edens of the eastern wave.

And if at times a transient breeze
Break the blue crystal of the seas,
Or sweep one blossom from the trees,
How welcome is each gentle air
That wakes and wafts the odours there !
For there the Rose, o'er crag or vale,
Sultana of the Nightingale,

 The maid for whom his melody,

 His thousand songs are heard on high,
Blooms blushing to her lover's tale :
His queen, the garden queen, his Rose,
Unbent by winds, unchill'd by snows,
Far from the winters of the west,
By every breeze and season blest,
Returns the sweets by nature given
In softest incense back to heaven ;
And grateful yields that smiling sky
Her fairest hue and fragrant sigh.
And many a summer flower is there,
And many a shade that love might share,
And many a grotto, meant for rest,
That holds the pirate for a guest ;
Whose bark in sheltering cove below
Lurks for the passing peaceful prow,
Till the gay mariner's guitar
Is heard, and seen the evening star ;
Then stealing with the muffled oar,
Far shaded by the rocky shore,
Rush the night-prowlers on the prey,
And turn to groans his roundelay.

Strange—that where Nature loved to trace,
As if for gods, a dwelling place,
And every charm and grace hath mix'd
Within the paradise she fix'd,
There man, enamour'd of distress,
Should mar it into wilderness,
And trample, brute-like, o'er each flower
That tasks not one laborious hour;
Nor claims the culture of his hand
To bloom along the fairy land,
But springs as to preclude his care,
And sweetly woos him—but to spare!
Strange—that where all is peace beside,
There passion riots in her pride,
And lust and rapine wildly reign
To darken o'er the fair domain.
It is as though the fiends prevail'd
Against the seraphs they assail'd,
And, fix'd on heavenly thrones, should dwell
The freed inheritors of hell;
So soft the scene, so form'd for joy,
So curst the tyrants that destroy!

He who hath bent him o'er the dead
Ere the first day of death is fled,
The first dark day of nothingness,
The last of danger and distress,
(Before Decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,)

And mark'd the mild angelic air,
The rapture of repose that's there,
The fix'd yet tender traits that streak
The languor of the placid cheek,
And—but for that sad shrouded eye,
That fires not, wins not, weeps not, now,
And but for that chill, changeless brow,
Where cold Obstruction's apathy
Appals the gazing mourner's heart,
As if to him it could impart
The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon;
Yes, but for these and these alone,
Some moments, ay, one treacherous hour,
He still might doubt the tyrant's power;
So fair, so calm, so softly seal'd,
The first, last look by death reveal'd!
Such is the aspect of this shore;
'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more!
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start, for soul is wanting there.
Hers is the loveliness in death,
That parts not quite with parting breath;
But beauty with that fearful bloom,
That hue which haunts it to the tomb,
Expression's last receding ray,
A gilded halo hovering round decay,
The farewell beam of Feeling pass'd away!
Spark of that flame, perchance of heavenly birth,
Which gleams, but warms no more its cherish'd earth!

Clime of the unforgotten brave !
 Whose land from plain to mountain-cave
 Was Freedom's home or Glory's grave !
 Shrine of the mighty ! can it be,
 That this is all remains of thee ?
 Approach, thou craven crouching slave :
 Say, is not this Thermopylæ ?
 'Those waters blue that round you lave, --
 Oh servile offspring of the free,
 Pronounce what sea, what shore is this ?
 The gulf, the rock of Salamis !
 'These scenes, their story not unknown,
 Arise, and make again your own ;
 Snatch from the ashes of your sires :
 'The embers of their former fires ;
 And he who in the strife expires
 Will add to theirs a name of fear
 • That tyranny shall quake to hear,
 And leave his sons a hope, a fame,
 They too will rather die than shame :
 For Freedom's battle once begun,
 Bequeath'd by bleeding Sire to Son,
 Though baffled oft is ever won.
 Bear witness, Greece, thy living page !
 Attest it many a deathless age !
 While kings, in dusty darkness hid,
 Have left a nameless pyramid,
 Thy heroes, though the general doom
 Hath swept the column from their tomb,

A mightier monument command,
The mountains of their native land !
'There points thy Muse to stranger's eye
The graves of those that cannot die !
'Twere long to tell, and sad to trace,
Each step from splendour to disgrace ;
Enough—no foreign foe could quell
'Thy soul, till from itself it fell ;
Yes ! Self-abasement paved the way
'To villain-bonds and despot sway.

FROM THE DRAMA OF MANFRED.

MANFRED *speaks.*

'The stars are forth, the moon above the tops
Of the snow-shining mountains.—Beautiful !
I linger yet with Nature, for the Night
Hath been to me a more familiar face
'Than that of man ; and in her starry shade
Of dim and solitary loveliness,
I learn'd the language of another world.
I do remember me, that in my youth,
When I was wandering,—upon such a night
I stood within the Coliseum's wall,
'Midst the chief relics of almighty Rome ;
'The trees which grew along the broken arches
Waved dark in the blue midnight, and the stars
Shone through the rents of ruin ; from afar
'The watch-dog bay'd beyond the Tiber ; and

More near from out the Cæsars' palace came
The owl's long cry, and, interruptedly,
Of distant sentinels the fitful song
Begun and died upon the gentle wind.
Some cypresses beyond the time-worn breach
•Appear'd to skirt the horizon, yet they stood
Within a bowshot. Where the Cæsars dwelt,
And dwell the tuneless birds of night, amidst
A grove which springs through levell'd battlements,
And twines its roots with the imperial hearths,
Ivy usurps the laurel's place of growth ;
But the gladiators' bloody Circus stands,
A noble wreck in ruinous perfection,
While Cæsar's chambers, and the Augustan halls,
Grovel on earth in indistinct decay.
And thou didst shine, thou rolling moon, upon
All this, and cast a wide and tender light,
Which soften'd down the hoar austerity
Of rugged desolation, and fill'd up,
As't were anew, the gaps of centuries ;
Leaving that beautiful which still was so,
And making that which was not, till the place
Became religion, and the heart ran o'er
With silent worship of the great of old, —
The dead but sceptred sovereigns, who still rule
Our spirits from their urns.

SHELLEY.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY. Born 1792; Died 1822.

His usage at school developed in Shelley the first seeds of that hatred of society and its institutions which is visible throughout all his poetry. He became the apostle of revolution in religion and philosophy; and the more he fell under the ban of society, the fiercer became his protest against it.

His poetry bears the impress of his own nature in its intensity of feeling, its wealth of imagination, and the sublimity of its thought.

TO A SKYLARK.

HAIL, to thee, blithe spirit!

Bird thou never wert,

That from heaven, or near it,

Pourest thy full heart.

In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher

From the earth thou springest

Like a cloud of fire

The blue deep thou wingest,

And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning

Of the sunken sun,

O'er which clouds are brightening,

Thou dost float and run;

Like an unbodied Joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight ;
Like a star of heaven
In the broad day-light
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is over-
[flowed.

What thou art we know not ;
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden.
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not:

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her power :

Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its ærial hue
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the
[view .

Like a rose embowered
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-winged
[thieves.

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous and clear and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine :
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal,
Or triumphal chant,
Matched with thine would be all
But an empty vaunt - -
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind! what ignorance of pain

With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be;
Shadow of annoyance
• Never came near thee:
Thou lovest; but ne'er know love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not;
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest
[thought

Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear;
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures,
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

THE CLOUD.

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shades for the leaves when laid
In their noon-day dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under,
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast ;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skiey bowers,
Lightning my pilot sits,
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
It struggles and howls at fits ;
Over earth and ocean with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea ;
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The spirit he loves remains ;
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
When the morning star shines dead.
As on the jag of a mountain crag,
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle alit one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings.

And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,
 Its ardours of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
 From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest, on mine airy nest,
 As still as a brooding dove.

That orb'd maiden, with white fire laden,
 Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
 By the midnight breezes strewn ;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
 Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof
 The stars peep behind her and peer ;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
 Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
 Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
 Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with the burning zone,
 And the moon's with a girdle of pearl ;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim
 When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
 Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,
 The mountains its columns be.

The triumphal arch through which I march,
 With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the powers of the air are chained to my chair
 Is the million-coloured bow ;
The sphere-fire above its soft colours wave,
• While the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of earth and water,
 And the nursling of the sky :
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores ;
 I change, but I cannot die.
For after the rain, when with never a stain,
• The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams,
 Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
 And out of the caverns of rain
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
 I arise and unbuild it again.

KEATS.

JOHN KEATS. Born 1796; Died 1820.

Keats was of humble birth, and was at first apprenticed to a surgeon. He became an ardent student, and in classical mythology he found the first stimulant to the strong poetic power which he possessed.

His genius was fervent and luxuriant, but untrained. His early death prevented his realising the promise given in the exquisite beauty of the poems he has left.

To AUTUMN.

SEASON of mists and mellow fruitfulness!

Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;

Conspiring with him how to load and bless

With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run:

To bend with apples the mossed cottage-trees,

And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;

To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells

With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,

And still more, later flowers for the bees,

Until they think warm days will never cease,

For Summer has o'er-brimmed their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?

Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find

Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,

Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;

Or on a half-reaped furrow sound asleep,
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
Spares the next swathe and all its twined flowers
And sometime, like a gleaner, thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook ;
Or by a cider-press with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Aye, where are they :
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,
While barrèd clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue ;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river salallows, borne aloft,
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies :
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn ;
Hedge-cricketts sing ; and now with treble soft
The redbreast whistles from a garden-croft ;
• And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER.

MUCH have I travelled in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen ;
Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold :

Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
 When a new planet swims into his ken ;
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
 He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
 Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

ON THE GRASSHOPPER AND CRICKET.

The poetry of earth is never dead :
 When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
 And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead :
That is the Grasshopper's—he takes the lead
 In summer luxury,—he has never done
 With his delights, for when tired out with fun,
He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.
The poetry of earth is ceasing never :
 On a lone winter evening, when the frost
Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills
The cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,
 And seems to one in drowsiness half-lost,
The Grasshopper's among some grassy hills.

HALLAM.

HENRY HALLAM. Born 1778; Died 1859.

The three great works of Hallam, *The View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages*, *The Constitutional History of England*, and *The View of European Literature*, have raised him to the first order of English historians. He belonged neither to the colder and more academic style usual in the previous century, nor to the school of historical partizans; but is especially distinguished by the judicial and impartial spirit which, united to sound learning and careful research, he brings to the judgment of historical questions.

THE ENGLISH REVOLUTION.

It was in the turn of feeling, in the change, if I may so say, of the heart, far more than in any positive statutes and improvements of the law, that I consider the Revolution to have been eminently conducive to our freedom and prosperity. Laws and statutes as remedial, nay, more closely limiting the prerogative than the Bill of Rights and Act of Settlement, might possibly have been obtained from James himself, as the price of his continuance on the throne, or from his family as that of their restoration to it. But what the Revolution did for us was this: it broke a spell that had charmed the nation. It cut up by the roots all that theory of indefeasible rights of paramount prerogative, which had put the crown in continual opposition to the people. A contention had now subsisted for five hundred years,

but particularly during the last four reigns, against the aggressions of arbitrary power. The sovereigns of this country had never patiently endured the control of parliament; nor was it natural for them to do so, while the two Houses of Parliament appeared historically, and in legal language, to derive their existence as well as privileges from the crown itself. They had at their side the pliant lawyers, who held the prerogative to be uncontrollable by statutes, a doctrine of itself destructive to any scheme of reconciliation and compromise between the king and his subjects; they had the churchmen, whose casuistry denied that the most intolerable tyranny could excuse resistance to a lawful government. These two propositions could not obtain general acceptance without rendering all national liberty precarious.

It has been always reckoned among the most difficult problems in the practical science of government to combine an hereditary monarchy with security of freedom, so that neither the ambition of kings shall undermine the people's rights, nor the jealousy of the people overturn the throne. England had already experience of both these mischiefs. And there seemed no prospect before her, but either their alternate recurrence, or a final submission to absolute power, unless by one great effort she could put the monarchy for ever beneath the law, and reduce it to an integrant portion instead of the primary source and principle of the constitution. She must reverse the favoured maxim, "*A deo rex, à rege lex;*" and make the crown itself appear the crea-

ture of the law. But our ancient monarchy, strong in a possession of seven centuries, and in those high and paramount prerogatives which the consenting testimony of lawyers and the submission of parliaments had recognised, a monarchy from which the House of Commons and every existing peer, though not perhaps the aristocratic order itself, derived its participation in the legislature, could not be bent to the republican theories which have been not very successfully attempted in some modern codes of constitution. It could not be held, without breaking up all the foundations of our policy, that the monarchy emanated from the parliament, or, in any historical sense, from the people. But by the Revolution, and by the Act of Settlement, the rights of the actual monarch, of the reigning family, were made to emanate from the parliament and the people. In technical language, in the grave and respectful theory of our constitution, the crown is still the fountain from which law and justice spring forth. Its prerogatives are in the main the same as under the Tudors and the Stuarts: but the right of the House of Brunswick to exercise them can only be deduced from the Convention of 1688.

The great advantage, therefore, of the Revolution, as I would especially affirm, consists in that which was reckoned its reproach by many, and its misfortune by more,—that it broke the line of succession. No other remedy could have been found, according to the temper and prejudices of those times, against the unceasing conspiracy of power. But when the very tenure of

power was conditional, when the crown, as we may say, gave recognizances for its good behaviour, when any violent and concerted aggressions on public liberty would have ruined those who could only resist an inveterate faction by the arms which liberty put in their hands, the several parts of the constitution were kept in cohesion by a tie far stronger than statutes – that of a common interest in its preservation. The attachment of James to Popery, his infatuation, his obstinacy, his pusillanimity, nay, even the death of the Duke of Gloucester, the life of the Prince of Wales, the extraordinary permanence and fidelity of his party, were all the destined means through which our present grandeur and liberty, our dignity of thinking on matters of government, have been perfected. Those liberal tenets, which at the era of the Revolution were maintained but by one denomination of English party, and rather perhaps on authority of not very good precedents in our history, than of sound general reasoning, became in the course of the next generation almost equally the creed of the other whose long exclusion from government taught them to solicit the people's favour : and by the time that Jacobitism was extinguished, had passed into received maxims of English politics.

MACAULAY.

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THOMAS BABINGTON, LORD MACAULAY. Born 1800; Died 1859.

Distinguished as a statesman, as an orator, and as an essayist; but above all as a historian. His History of England, after a preliminary sketch of the earlier period, deals more in detail with the events that led up to, and those that followed, the Revolution of 1688. The chief character, and we might almost say the hero, of the book, is William III.; but the history was interrupted by the author's death before the account of William's reign had been brought to a conclusion. In brilliancy of illustration, in graphic description, and in charm of style, Macaulay has never been surpassed.

THE LAST DAYS OF ARGYLE.

AND now commenced the brightest part of Argyle's career. His enterprise had hitherto brought on him nothing but reproach and derision. His great error was that he did not resolutely refuse to accept the name without the power of a general. Had he remained quietly at his retreat in Friesland, he would in a few years have been recalled with honour to his country, and would have been conspicuous among the ornaments and the props of constitutional monarchy. Had he conducted his expedition according to his own views, and carried with him no followers but such as were prepared implicitly to obey all his orders, he might possibly have effected something great. For what he wanted as a captain seems to have been, not courage,

nor activity, nor skill, but simple authority. He should have known that of all wants this is the most fatal. Armies have triumphed under leaders who possessed no very eminent qualifications. But what army commanded by a debating club ever escaped discomfiture and disgrace?

The great calamity which had fallen on Argyle had this advantage, that it enabled him to show, by proofs not to be mistaken, what manner of man he was. From the day when he quitted Friesland to the day when his followers separated at Kilpatrick, he had never been a free agent. He had borne the responsibility of a long series of measures which his judgment disapproved. Now at length he stood alone. Captivity had restored to him the noblest kind of liberty—the liberty of governing himself in all his words and actions according to his own sense of the right and of the becoming. From that moment he became as one inspired with new wisdom and virtue. His intellect seemed to be strengthened and concentrated, his moral character to be at once elevated and softened. The insolence of the conquerors spared nothing that could try the temper of a man proud of ancient nobility and of patriarchal dominion. The prisoner was dragged through Edinburgh in triumph. He walked on foot, bareheaded, up the whole length of that stately street, which, overshadowed by dark and gigantic piles of stone, leads from Holyrood House to the castle. Before him marched the hangman bearing the ghastly instrument which was to be used at the quartering block. The victorious

party had not forgotten that, thirty-five years before this time, the father of Argyle had been at the head of the faction which put Montrose to death. Before that event the Houses of Graham and Campbell had borne no love to each other, and they had ever since been at deadly feud. Care was taken that the prisoner should pass through the same gate and the same streets through which Montrose had been led to the same doom. When the Earl reached the castle his legs were put in irons, and he was informed that he had but a few days to live. It had been determined not to bring him to trial for his recent offence, but to put him to death under the sentence pronounced against him several years before; a sentence so flagitiously unjust, that the most servile and obdurate lawyers of that bad age could not speak of it without shame.

But neither the ignominious procession up the High Street, nor the near view of death, had power to disturb the gentle and majestic patience of Argyle. His fortitude was tried by a still more severe test. A paper of interrogatories was laid before him by order of the Privy Council. He replied to those questions to which he could reply without danger to any of his friends, and refused to say more. He was told that unless he returned fuller answers he should be put to the torture. James, who was doubtless sorry that he could not feast his own eyes with the sight of Argyle in the boots, sent down to Edinburgh positive orders that nothing should be omitted which could wring out of the traitor information against all who had been concerned in the

treason. But menaces were vain. With torments and death in immediate prospect MacCallum More thought far less of himself than of his poor clansmen. "I was busy this day," he wrote from his cell, "treating for them and in some hopes. But this evening orders came that I must die upon Monday or Tuesday; and I am to be put to the torture if I answer not all questions upon oath. Yet I hope God shall support me."

The torture was not inflicted. Perhaps the magnanimity of the victim had moved the conquerors to unwonted compassion. He himself remarked that at first they had been very harsh to him, but that they soon began to treat him with respect and kindness. God, he said, had melted their hearts. It is certain that he did not, to save himself from the utmost cruelty of his enemies, betray any of his friends. On the last morning of his life he wrote these words: "I have named none to their disadvantage. I thank God he hath supported me wonderfully."

He composed his own epitaph, a short poem, full of meaning and spirit, simple and forcible in style, and not contemptible in versification. In this little piece he complained that, though his enemies had repeatedly decreed his death, his friends had been still more cruel. A comment on these expressions is to be found in a letter which he addressed to a lady residing in Holland. She had furnished him with a large sum of money for his expedition, and he thought her entitled to a full explanation of the causes which had led to his failure. He acquitted his adjutors of treachery, but described

their folly, their ignorance, and their factious perverseness, in terms which their own testimony has since proved to have been richly deserved. He afterwards doubted whether he had not used language too severe to become a dying Christian, and, in a separate paper, begged his friend to suppress what he had said of these men. "Only this I must acknowledge," he mildly added; "they are not governable."

Most of his few remaining hours were passed in devotion, and in affectionate intercourse with some members of his family. He professed no repentance on account of his last enterprise, but bewailed, with great emotion, his former complaisance in spiritual things with the pleasure of the government. He had, he said, been justly punished. One who had so long been guilty of cowardice and dissimulation was not worthy to be the instrument of salvation to the State and Church. Yet the cause, he frequently repeated, was the cause of God, and would assuredly triumph. "I do not," he said, "take on myself to be a prophet, but I have a strong impression on my spirit, that deliverance will come very suddenly." It is not strange that some zealous Presbyterians should have laid up his saying in their hearts, and should, at a later period, have attributed it to Divine inspiration.

So effectually had religious faith and hope, co-operating with natural courage and equanimity, composed his spirits, that, on the very day on which he was to die, he dined with appetite, conversed with gaiety at table, and, after his last meal, lay down, as he

was wont, to take a short slumber, in order that his body and mind might be in full vigour when he should mount the scaffold. At this time one of the Lords of the Council, who had probably been bred a Presbyterian, and had been seduced by interest to join in oppressing the Church of which he had once been a member, came to the castle with a message from his brethren, and demanded admittance to the Earl. It was answered that the Earl was asleep. The Privy Councillor thought that this was a subterfuge, and insisted on entering. The door of the cell was softly opened; and there lay Argyle on the bed, sleeping, in his irons, the placid sleep of infancy. The conscience of the renegade smote him. He turned away sick at heart, ran out of the castle, and took refuge in the dwelling of a lady of his family who lived hard by. There he flung himself on a couch, and gave himself up to an agony of remorse and shame. His kinswoman, alarmed by his looks and groans, thought that he had been taken with sudden illness, and begged him to drink a cup of sack. "No, no," he said; "that will do me no good." She prayed him to tell her what had disturbed him. "I have been," he said, "in Argyle's prison. I have seen him within an hour of eternity, sleeping as sweetly as ever man did. But as for me—"

And now the Earl had risen from his bed, and had prepared himself for what was yet to be endured. He was first brought down the High Street to the Council House, where he was to remain during the short interval which was still to elapse before the execution.

During that interval he asked for pen and ink, and wrote to his wife: "Dear heart, God is unchangeable: He hath always been good and gracious to me; and no place alters it. Forgive me all my faults; and now comfort thyself in Him, in whom only true comfort is to be found. The Lord be with thee, bless and comfort thee, my dearest. Adieu."

It was now time to leave the Council House. The divines who attended the prisoner were not of his own persuasion; but he listened to them with civility, and exhorted them to caution their flocks against those doctrines which all Protestant Churches unite in condemning. He mounted the scaffold, where the rude old guillotine of Scotland, called the Maiden, awaited him, and addressed the people in a speech, tinctured with the peculiar phraseology of his sect, but breathing the spirit of serene piety. His enemies, he said, he forgave, as he hoped to be forgiven. Only a single acrimonious expression escaped him. One of the episcopal clergymen who attended him went to the edge of the scaffold, and called out in a loud voice, "My Lord dies a Protestant." "Yes," said the Earl, stepping forward, "and not only a Protestant, but with a heart-hatred of Popery, of Prelacy, and of all superstition." He then embraced his friends, put into their hands some tokens of remembrance for his wife and children, kneeled down, laid his head on the block, prayed during a few minutes, and gave the signal to the executioner. His head was fixed on the top of the Tolbooth, where the head of Montrose had formerly decayed.

*CONTEMPORARY WRITERS.***CHARLES DICKENS.****A SHIPWRECK.**

It was a murky confusion—here and there blotted with a colour like the colour of the smoke from damp fuel—of flying clouds tossed up into most remarkable heaps, suggesting greater heights in the clouds than there were depths below them to the bottom of the deepest hollows in the earth, through which the wild moon seemed to plunge headlong, as if, in a dread disturbance of the laws of nature, she had lost her way and were frightened. There had been a wind all day ; and it was rising then, with an extraordinary great sound. In another hour it had much increased, and the sky was more overcast, and it blew hard.

But, as the night advanced, the clouds closing in and densely overspreading the whole sky, then very dark, it came on to blow, harder and harder. It still increased, until our horses could scarcely face the wind. Many times, in the dark part of the night (it was then late in September; when the nights were not short), the leaders turned about, or came to a dead stop; and we were often in serious apprehension that the coach would be blown over. Sweeping gusts of rain came

up before this storm like showers of steel; and at those times, when there was any shelter of trees or lee walls to be got, we were fain to stop, in a sheer impossibility of continuing the struggle.

When the day broke, it blew harder and harder. I had been in Yarmouth when the seamen said it blew great guns, but I had never known the like of this, or anything approaching to it. We came to Ipswich—very late, having had to fight every inch of ground since we were ten miles out of London; and found a cluster of people in the market-place, who had risen from their beds in the night, fearful of falling chimneys. Some of these, congregating about the inn-yard while we changed horses, told us of great sheets of lead having been ripped off a high church-tower, and flung into a by-street, which they then blocked up. Others had to tell of country people, coming in from neighbouring villages, who had seen great trees being torn out of the earth, and whole ricks scattered about the roads and fields. Still, there was no abatement in the storm, but it blew harder.

As we struggled on, nearer and nearer to the sea, from which this mighty wind was blowing dead on shore, its force became more and more terrific. Long before we saw the sea, its spray was on our lips, and showered salt rain upon us. The water was out, over miles and miles, over the flat country adjacent to Yarmouth; and every sheet and puddle lashed its banks, and had its stress of little breakers setting heavily towards us. When we came within sight of

the sea, the waves on the horizon, caught at intervals above the rolling abyss, were like glimpses of another shore with towers and buildings. When at last we got into the town, the people came out to their doors, all-aslant, and with streaming hair, making a wonder of the mail that had come through such a night.

I put up at the old inn, and went down to look at the sea; staggering along the street, which was strown with sand and seaweed, and with flying blotches of sea-foam; afraid of falling slates and tiles; and holding by people I met at angry corners. Coming near the beach, I saw, not only the boatmen, but half the people of the town, lurking behind buildings; some, now and then, braving the fury of the storm to look away to sea, and blown sheer out of their course in trying to get zigzag back.

Joining these groups, I found bewailing women whose husbands were away in herring or oyster boats, which there was too much reason to think might have foundered before they could run in anywhere for safety. Grizzled old sailors were among the people, shaking their heads as they looked from water to sky, and muttering to one another; shipowners, excited and uneasy; children huddling together, and peering into older faces; even stout mariners, disturbed and anxious, levelling their glasses at the sea from behind places of shelter, as if they were surveying an enemy.

The tremendous sea itself, when I could find sufficient pause to look at it, in the agitation of the blinding wind, the flying stones and sand, and the awful noise,

confounded me. As the high watery walls came rolling in, and, at their highest, tumbled into surf, they looked as if the least would engulf the town. As the receding wave swept back with a hoarse roar, it seemed to scoop out deep caves in the beach, as if its purpose were to undermine the earth. When some white-headed billows thundered on, and dashed themselves to pieces before they reached the land, every fragment of the late whole seemed possessed by the full might of its wrath, rushing to be gathered to the composition of another monster. Undulating hills were changed to valleys, undulating valleys (with a solitary storm-bird sometimes skimming through them) were lifted up to hills; masses of water shivered and shook the beach with a booming sound; every shape tumultuously rolled on, as soon as made, to change its shape and place, and beat another shape and place away; the ideal shore on the horizon, with its towers and buildings, rose and fell; the clouds flew fast and thick; I seemed to see a rending and upheaving of all nature.

Not finding Ham among the people whom this memorable wind—for it is still remembered down there as the greatest ever known to blow upon that coast—had brought together, I made my way to his house. It was shut; and as no one answered to my knocking, I went, by backways and by-lanes, to the yard where he worked. I learned, there, that he had gone to Lowestoft, to meet some sudden exigency of ship-repairing in which his skill was required; but that he would be back to-morrow morning, in good time.

I went back to the inn; and when I had washed and dressed, and tried to sleep, but in vain, it was five o'clock in the afternoon. I had not sat five minutes by the coffee-room fire, when the waiter coming to stir it, as an excuse for talking, told me that two colliers had gone down, with all hands, a few miles away; and that some other ships had been seen labouring hard in the Roads, and trying, in great distress, to keep off shore. Mercy on them, and on all poor sailors, said he, if we had another night like the last!—

The waiter's dismal intelligence about the ships immediately connected itself, without any effort of my volition, with my uneasiness about Ham. I was persuaded that I had an apprehension of his returning from Lowestoft by sea, and being lost. This grew so strong with me, that I resolved to go back to the yard before I took my dinner, and ask the boat-builder if he thought his attempting to return by sea at all likely? If he gave me the least reason to think so, I would go over to Lowestoft and prevent it by bringing him with me.

I hastily ordered my dinner, and went back to the yard. I was none too soon; for the boat-builder, with a lantern in his hand, was locking the yard-gate. He quite laughed, when I asked him the question, and said there was no fear; no man in his senses, or out of them, would put off in such a gale of wind, least of all Ham Peggotty, who had been born to seafaring.

So sensible of this, beforehand, that I had really felt ashamed of doing what I was nevertheless impelled

to do, I went back to the inn. If such a wind could rise, I think it was rising. The howl and roar, the rattling of the doors and windows, the rumbling in the chimneys, the apparent rocking of the very house that sheltered me, and the prodigious tumult of the sea, were more fearful than in the morning. But there was now a great darkness besides; and that invested the storm with new terrors real and fanciful.

I could not eat, I could not sit still, I could not continue steadfast to anything. Something within me, faintly answering to the storm without, tossed up the depths of my memory, and made a tumult in them. Yet, in all the hurry of my thoughts, wild running with the thundering sea,—the storm and my uneasiness regarding Ham, were always in the foreground.

My dinner went away almost untasted, and I tried to refresh myself with a glass or two of wine. In vain I fell into a dull slumber before the fire, without losing my consciousness, either of the uproar out of doors, or of the place in which I was. Both became overshadowed with a new and indefinable horror; and when I awoke—or rather when I shook off the lethargy that bound me in my chair—my whole frame thrilled with objectless and unintelligible fear.

I walked to and fro, tried to read an old gazette, listened to the awful noises: looked at faces, scenes, and figures in the fire. At length, the steady ticking of the undisturbed clock on the wall tormented me to that degree that I resolved to go to bed.

It was re-assuring, on such a night, to be told that

some of the inn servants had agreed together to sit up until morning. I went to bed, exceedingly weary and heavy; but, on my lying down, all such sensations vanished, as if by magic, and I was broad awake, with every sense refined.

For hours I lay there, listening to the wind and water; imagining now, that I heard shrieks out at sea; now, that I distinctly heard the firing of signal guns; and now, the fall of houses in the town. I got up, several times, and looked out; but could see nothing, except the reflection in the window-panes of the faint candle I had left burning, and of my own haggard face looking in at me from the black void.

At length, my restlessness attained to such a pitch, that I hurried on my clothes and went downstairs. In the large kitchen, where I dimly saw bacon and ropes of onions hanging from the beams, the watchers were clustered together, in various attitudes, about a table, purposely moved away from the great chimney, and brought near the door.

I remained there, I dare say, two hours. Once, I opened the yard-gate, and looked into the empty street. The sand, the seaweed, and the flakes of foam, were driving by, and I was obliged to call for assistance before I could shut the gate again, and make it fast against the wind.

There was a dark gloom in my solitary chamber, when I at length returned to it; but I was tired now, and getting into bed again, fell—off a tower and down a precipice—into the depths of sleep. I have an

impression that for a long time, though I dreamed of being elsewhere and in a variety of scenes, it was always blowing in my dream. At length, I lost that feeble hold upon reality, and was engaged with two dear friends, but who they were I don't know, at the siege of some town in a roar of cannonading.

The thunder of the cannon was so loud and incessant that I could not hear something I much desired to hear, until I made a great exertion and awoke. It was broad day—eight or nine o'clock; the storm raging, in lieu of the batteries; and some one knocking and calling at my door.

"What is the matter?" I cried.

"A wreck! Close by!"

I sprung out of bed, and asked what wreck?

"A schooner, from Spain or Portugal, laden with fruit and wine. Make haste, sir, if you want to see her! It's thought, down on the beach, she'll go to pieces every moment."

The excited voice went clamouring along the staircase; and I wrapped myself in my clothes as quickly as I could, and ran into the street.

Numbers of people were there before me, all running in one direction, to the beach. I ran the same way, outstripping a good many, and soon came facing the wild sea.

The wind might by this time have lulled a little, though not more sensibly than if the cannonading I had dreamed of, had been diminished by the silencing of half a dozen guns out of hundreds. But, the sea,

having upon it the additional agitation of the whole night, was infinitely more terrific than when I had seen it last. Every appearance it had then presented bore the expression of being *swelled*; and the height to which the breakers rose, and, looking over one another bore one another down, and rolled in, in interminable hosts, was most appalling.

In the difficulty of hearing anything but wind and waves, and in the crowd, and the unspeakable confusion, and my first breathless efforts to stand against the weather, I was so confused that I looked out to sea for the wreck, and saw nothing but the foaming heads of the great waves. A half-dressed boatman, standing next me, pointed with his bare arm (a tattoo'd arrow on it, pointing in the same direction) to the left. Then (O great Heaven, I saw it, close in upon us!—

One mast was broken short off, six or eight feet from the deck, and lay over the side, entangled in a maze of sail and rigging; and all that ruin, as the ship rolled, and beat—which she did without a moment's pause, and with a violence quite inconceivable—beat the side as if it would stave it in. Some efforts were even then being made, to cut this portion of the wreck away; for, as the ship, which was broadside on, turned towards us in her rolling, I plainly descried her people at work with axes, especially one active figure with long curling hair, conspicuous among the rest. But, a great cry, which was audible even above the wind and water, rose from the shore at this moment; the sea, sweeping over the rolling wreck, made a clean breach,

and carried men, spars, casks, planks, bulwarks, heaps of such toys into the boiling surge.

The second mast was yet standing, with the rags of a rent sail, and a wild confusion of broken cordage flapping to and fro. The ship had struck once, the same boatman hoarsely said in my ear, and then lifted in and struck again. I understood him to add that she was parting amidships, and I could readily suppose so, for the rolling and beating were too tremendous for any human work to suffer long. As he spoke, there was another great cry of pity from the beach; four men arose with the wreck out of the deep, clinging to the rigging of the remaining mast; uppermost, the active figure with the curling hair.

There was a bell on board; and as the ship rolled and dashed, like a desperate creature driven mad, now showing us the whole sweep of her deck, as she turned on her beam-ends towards the shore, now nothing but her keel, as she sprung wildly over and turned towards the sea, the bell rang; and its sound, the knell of those unhappy men, was borne towards us on the wind. Again we lost her, and again she rose. Two men were gone. The agony on shore increased. Men groaned, and clasped their hands; women shrieked, and turned away their faces. Some ran wildly up and down along the beach, crying for help where no help could be. I found myself one of these, frantically imploring a knot of sailors whom I knew, not to let those two lost creatures perish before our eyes.

They were making out to me, in an agitated way—

I don't know how, for the little I could hear I was scarcely composed enough to understand—that the life-boat had been bravely manned an hour ago, and could do nothing; and that as no man would be so desperate as to attempt to wade off with a rope, and establish a communication with the shore, there was nothing left to try; when I noticed that some new sensation moved the people on the beach, and saw them part, and Ham come breaking through them to the front.

I ran to him—as well as I know, to repeat my appeal for help. But, distracted though I was, by a sight so new to me and terrible, the determination in his face, and his look, out to sea, awoke me to a knowledge of his danger. I held him back with both arms; and implored the men with whom I had been speaking, not to listen to him, not to do murder, not to let him stir from off that sand!

Another cry arose on shore; and looking to the wreck, we saw the cruel sail, with blow on blow, beat off the lower of the two men, and fly up in triumph round the active figure left alone upon the mast.

Against such a sight, and against such determination as that of the calmly desperate man who was already accustomed to lead half the people present, I might as hopefully have entreated the wind. “Mas'r Davy,” he said, cheerily grasping me by both hands, “if my time is come, 'tis come. If 't an't I'll bide it. Lord above bless you, and bless all! Mates, make me ready! I'm a going off!”

I was swept away, but not unkindly, to some distance.

where the people around me made me stay ; urging, as I confusedly perceived, that he was bent on going, with help or without, and that I should endanger the precautions for his safety by troubling those with whom they rested. I don't know what I answered, or what they rejoined ; but, I saw hurry on the beach, and men running with ropes from a capstan that was there, and penetrating into a circle of figures that hid him from me. Then I saw him standing alone, in a seaman's frock and trousers ; a rope in his hand, or slung to his wrist ; another round his body ; and several of the best men holding, at a little distance, to the latter, which he laid out himself, slack upon the shore, at his feet.

The wreck, even to my unpractised eye, was breaking up. I saw that she was parting in the middle, and that the life of the solitary man upon the mast hung by a thread. Still, he clung to it. He had a singular red cap on,—not like a sailor's cap, but of a finer colour ; and as the few yielding planks between him and destruction rolled and bulged, and his anticipative death-knell rung, he was seen by all of us to wave it. I saw him do it now, and thought I was going distracted, when his action brought an old remembrance to my mind of a once dear friend.

Ham watched the sea, standing alone, with the silence of suspended breath behind him, and the storm before, until there was a great retiring wave, when with a backward glance at those who held the rope which was made fast round his body, he dashed in after

it, and in a moment was buffetting with the water; rising with the hills, falling with the valleys, lost beneath the foam; then drawn again to land. They hauled in hastily.

He was hurt. I saw blood on his face, from where I stood; but he took no thought of that. He seemed hurriedly to give them some directions for leaving him more free—or so I judged from the motion of his arm—and was gone as before.

And now he made for the wreck, rising with the hills, falling with the valleys, lost beneath the rugged foam, borne in towards the shore, borne on towards the ship, striving hard and valiantly. The distance was nothing, but the power of the sea and wind made the strife deadly. At length he neared the wreck. He was so near, that with one more of his vigorous strokes he would be clinging to it,—when, a high, green, vast hill-side of water, moving on shoreward, from beyond the ship he seemed to leap up into it with a mighty bound, and the ship was gone!

Some eddying fragments I saw in the sea, as if a mere cask had been broken, in running to the spot where they were hauling in. Consternation was in every face. They drew him to my very feet—insensible—dead. He was carried to the nearest house; and, no one preventing me now, I remained near him, busy, while every means of restoration were tried; but he had been beaten to death by the great wave, and his generous heart was stilled for ever.

As I sat beside the bed, when hope was abandoned

and all was done, a fisherman, who had known me when I was a child and ever since, whispered my name at the door.

"Sir," said he, with tears starting to his weather-beaten face, which, with his trembling lips, was ashy pale, "will you come over yonder?"

The old remembrance that had been recalled to me, was in his look. I asked him, terror-stricken, leaning on the arm he held out to support me:

"Has a body come ashore?"

He said, "Yes."

"Do I know it?" I asked then.

He answered nothing.

But, he led me to the shore. And on that part of it where we had looked for shells, two children--on that part of it where some lighter fragments of the old boat, blown down last night, had been scattered by the wind--I saw him lying with his head upon his arm, as I had often seen him lie at school.

FREDERICK DENISON MAURICE.

THE FRIENDSHIP OF BOOKS.

THERE were two members of the club to which Dr. Samuel Johnson belonged, to each of whom he was sincerely attached, and who were attached to each other, though in their habits, occupations, talents, modes of thinking, they were as unlike him, and unlike each other, as any two men could be. They had,

indeed, a common origin. Oliver Goldsmith and Edmund Burke were both Irishmen. But Goldsmith carried his country about with him wherever he went; he was always blundering and reckless, and good-natured. Burke only showed where he had been born by his zeal for the improvement of his country whenever its affairs came under discussion. I believe that these two men, with the vast differences that there are between them, may both become our friends, and that we shall not thoroughly enjoy the 'Deserted Village,' or the 'Vicar of Wakefield,' or the 'Speeches on American Taxation,' or the 'Reflections on the French Revolution,' unless they do. All Goldsmith's friends were always scolding him, laughing at him, and learning from him. They found that he had a fund of knowledge which he had picked up they could not tell how; but apparently by sympathising with all the people that he came into contact with, and so getting to be really acquainted with them. He compiled histories without much learning about the people he was writing of; yet he did not make them false or foolish, because he had more notion than many diligent historians have of what men must be like in any latitudes. In his poetry he never goes out of his depth; he speaks of things which he has seen and felt himself, and so it tells us of him if it does not tell us of much else. In spite of all his troubles he is as good-natured as Addison; only he mixed with a different class of people from Addison, and can tell us of country vicars, and their wives and daughters, though he may not

know much of a Sir Roger de Coverley. His books, I think, must be always pleasant, as well as profitable, friends, provided we do not expect from them, as we ought not to expect from any friend, more than they profess to give.

• Burke is a friend of another order. Johnson said of him, "that if you met him under a gateway in a shower of rain, you must perceive that he was a remarkable man." I do not think we can take up the most insignificant fragment of the most insignificant speech or pamphlet he ever put forth, without arriving at the same conviction. But he does what is better than make us acknowledge him as a remarkable man. He makes us acknowledge that we are small men, that we have talked about subjects of which we had little knowledge, and the principles of which we had imperfectly sounded.

He told the electors of Bristol that they might reject him if they pleased, but that he should maintain his position as an English statesman and an honest man. They did reject him, of course, but his speech remains as a model for all true men to follow; as a warning to all who adopt another course, that they may make friends for the moment, but that they will not have a friend in their own conscience, and that their books, if they leave any, will be no friends to those who read them in the times to come.

Away from the club in which Johnson, Burke, and Goldsmith, were wont to meet, in a little village in Buckinghamshire, dwelt another poet, who was not

uninterested in their doings, and who had in his youth mixed with London wits. William Cowper inspired much friendship among men, and still more among women, during his lifetime; they found him the pleasantest of all companions in his bright hours, and they did not desert him in his dark hours. His books have been friends to a great many since he left the earth, because they exhibit him very faithfully in both; some of his letters and some of his poems being full of mirth and quiet gladness, some of them revealing awful struggles and despair. Whatever estimate may be formed of his poetry in comparison with that of earlier or later writers, every one must feel that his English is that of a scholar and a gentleman; that he had the purest enjoyment of domestic life, and of what one may call the domestic or still life of nature. One is sure also that he had the most earnest faith, which he cherished for others when he could find no comfort in it for himself. These would be sufficient explanations of the interest which he has awakened in so many simple and honest readers, who turn to books for sympathy and fellowship, and do not like a writer at all the worse because he also demands their sympathy with him. Cowper is one of the strongest instances, and proofs, how much more qualities of this kind affect Englishmen than any others. The gentleness of his life might lead some to suspect him of effeminacy; but the old Westminster school-boy and cricketer, comes out in the midst of his 'Meditation on ^{*}Sofas;' and the deep tragedy which was at the bottom of his whole life, and

which grew more terrible as the shadows of evening closed upon him, shows that there may be unutterable struggles in those natures which seem least formed for the rough work of the world. In one of his later poems he speaks of himself as one

• "Who, tempest-tossed, and wrecked at last,
Comes home to port no more."

But his nephew, who was with him on his death-bed, says that there was a look of holy surprise on his features after his eyes were closed, as if there were very bright visions for him behind the veil that was impenetrable to him here.

• • THOMAS CARLYLE.

CHILDHOOD.

• "HAPPY season of Childhood! Kind Nature, that art to all a bountiful mother; that visitest the poor man's hut with auroral radiance; and for thy nursing hast provided a soft swathing of Love and infinite Hope, wherein he waxes and slumbers, danced-round by sweetest dreams! If the paternal cottage still shuts us in, its roof still screens us; with a father we have as yet a prophet, priest and king, and an obedience that makes us free.

"The young spirit has awakened out of Eternity, and knows not what we mean by Time; as yet time is no fast-hurrying stream, but a sportful sunlit ocean;

years to the child are as ages: Ah! the secret of Vicissitude, of that slower or quicker decay, and ceaseless down-rushing of the universal world-fabric, from the granite mountain to the man or day-moth, is yet unknown; and in a motionless universe, we taste, what afterwards, in the quick-whirling universe is for ever denied us, the balm of rest. Sleep on, thou fair child, for thy long rough journey is at hand! A little while, and thou too shalt sleep no more, but thy very dreams shall be mimic battles; thou, too, with old Arnauld, wilt have to say in stern patience; 'Rest! Rest! Shall I not have all Eternity to rest in?' Celestial repenthe! though a Pyrrhus conquer empires, and an Alexander sack the world, he finds thee not; and thou hast once fallen gently, of thy own accord, on the eyelids, on the heart of every mother's child. For as yet, sleeping and waking are one; the fair Life-garden rustles infinite around, and everywhere is dewy fragrance, and the budding of hope; which budding, if in youth, too frostnipped, it grows to flowers, will in manhood yield no fruit, but a prickly, bitter-rinded stone-fruit, of which the fewest can find the kernel."

THE CHARACTER OF BURNS.

Properly speaking, there is but one era in the life of Burns, and that the earliest. We have not youth and manhood, but only youth: for, to the end, we discern no decisive change in the complexion of his character; in his thirty-seventh year, he is still, as it were, in youth. With all that resoluteness of judgment, that

penetrating insight, and singular maturity of intellectual power, exhibited in his writings, he never attains to any clearness regarding himself; to the last he never ascertains his peculiar aim, even with such distinctness as is common among ordinary men; and therefore never can pursue it with that singleness of will, which insures success and some contentment to such men. To the last, he wavers between two purposes: glorying in his talent, like a true poet, he yet cannot consent to make this his chief and sole glory, and to follow it as the one thing needful, through poverty or riches, through good or evil report. Another far meaner ambition still cleaves to him; he must dream and struggle about a certain 'Rock of Independence;' which, natural and even admirable as it might be, was still but a warring with the world, on the comparatively insignificant ground of his being more completely or less completely supplied with money, than others; of his standing at a higher or a lower altitude in general estimation than others. For the world still appears to him, as to the young, in borrowed colours: he expects from it what it cannot give to any man; seeks for contentment, not within himself, in action and wise effort, but from without, in the kindness of circumstances, in love, friendship, honour, and pecuniary ease. He would be happy, not actively and in himself, but passively and from some ideal cornucopia of enjoyments, not earned by his own labour, but showered on him by the beneficence of Destiny. Thus, like a young man, he cannot gird

himself up for any worthy well-calculated goal, but swerves to and fro, between passionate hope and remorseful disappointment: rushing onwards with a deep tempestuous force, he surmounts or breaks asunder many a barrier; travels, nay advances far, but advancing only under uncertain guidance, is ever and anon turned from his path; and to the last, cannot reach the only true happiness of a man, that of clear decided activity in the sphere for which, by nature and circumstances, he has been fitted and appointed.

We do not say these things in dispraise of Burns; nay, perhaps, they but interest us the more in his favour. This blessing is not given soonest to the best; but rather, it is often the greatest minds that are latest in obtaining it; for where most is to be developed, most time may be required to develop it. A complex condition had been assigned him from without; as complex a condition from within: no 'pre-established harmony' existed between the clay soil of Mossiel and the empyrean soul of Robert Burns; it was not wonderful that the adjustment between them should have been long postponed, and his arm long cumbered, and his sight confused, in so vast and discordant an economy as he had been appointed steward over. Byron was, at his death, but a year younger than Burns; and through life, as it might have appeared, far more simply situated: yet in him too, we can trace no such adjustment, no such moral manhood; but at best, and only a little before his end, the beginning of what seemed such.

By much the most striking incident in Burns' life is

his journey to Edinburgh; but perhaps a still more important one is his residence at Irvine, so early as in his twenty-third year. Hitherto his life had been poor, toil-worn; but otherwise not ungenial, and with all its distresses, by no means unhappy. In his parentage, deducting outward circumstances, he had every reason to reckon himself fortunate. His father was a man of thoughtful, intense, earnest character, as the best of our parents are; valuing knowledge, possessing some, and, what is far better and rarer, open-minded for more: a man with a keen insight and devout heart; reverent towards God, friendly therefore at once, and fearless towards all that God has made; in one word, though but a hard-handed peasant, a complete and fully unfolded *Man*. Such a father is seldom found in any rank in society; and was worth descending far in society to seek. Unfortunately, he was very poor; had he been even a little richer, almost never so little, the whole might have issued far otherwise. Mighty events turn on a straw; the crossing of a brook decides the conquest of the world. Had this William Burns' small seven acres of nursery-ground anywise prospered, the boy Robert had been sent to school; had struggled forward, as so many weaker men do, to some university; come forth, not as a rustic wonder, but as a regular, well-trained intellectual workman, and changed the whole course of British Literature,—for it lay in him to have done this! But the nursery did not prosper, poverty sank his whole family below the help of even our cheap school system. Burns remained a hard-

worked ploughboy, and British literature took its own course. Nevertheless, even in this rugged scene there is much to nourish him. If he drudges, it is with his brother, and for his father and mother, whom he loves, and would fain shield from want. Wisdom is not banished from their poor hearth, nor the balm of natural feeling: the solemn words, *Let us worship God*, are heard there from a "priest-like father;" if threatenings of unjust men throw mother and children into tears, these are tears not of grief only, but of holiest affection; every heart in that humble group feels itself the closer knit to every other; in their hard warfare they are there together, a "little band of brethren." Neither are such tears, and the deep beauty that dwells in them, their only portion. Light visits the hearts as it does the eyes of all living: there is a force, too, in this youth, that enables him to trample on misfortune; nay, to bind it under his feet to make him sport. For a bold, warm, buoyant humour of character has been given him; and so the thick-coming shapes of evil are welcomed with a gay, friendly irony, and in their closest pressure, he bates no jot of heart or hope. Vague yearnings of ambition fail not, as he grows up; dreamy fancies hang like cloud-cities around him; the curtain of existence is slowly rising in many-coloured splendour and gloom: and the auroral light of first love is gilding his horizon, and the music of song is on his path; and so he walks •

———— in glory and in joy,
Behind his plough, upon the mountain side

JOHN RUSKIN.

MAN'S USE AND FUNCTION.

MAN's use and function (and let him who will not grant me this, follow me no farther, for this I purpose always to assume) are, to be the witness of the glory of God, and to advance that glory by his reasonable obedience and resultant happiness.

Whatever enables us to fulfil this function is, in the pure and first sense of the word, useful to us; pre-eminently, therefore, whatever sets the glory of God more brightly before us. But things that only help us to exist are, in a secondary and mean sense, useful; or rather, if they be looked for alone, they are useless, and worse, for it would be better that we should not exist, than that we should guiltily disappoint the purposes of existence.

And yet people speak in this working age, when they speak from their hearts, as if houses and lands, and food and raiment, were alone useful; and as if Sight, Thought, and Admiration were all profitless, so that men insolently call themselves Utilitarians, who would turn, if they had their way, themselves and their race into vegetables; men who think, as far as such can be said to think, that the meat is more than the life, and the raiment than the body, who look to the earth

as a stable, and to its fruit as fodder; vine-dressers and husbandmen, who love the corn they grind, and the grapes they crush, better than the gardens of the angels upon the slopes of Eden; hewers of wood, and drawers of water, who think that it is to give them wood to hew, and water to draw, that the pine-forests cover the mountains like the shadow of God, and the great rivers move like His eternity. And so comes upon us that woe of the preacher, that though God "hath mado everything beautiful in His time, also He hath set the world in their heart, so that no man can find out the work that God maketh from the beginning to the end."

This Nebuchadnezzar curse, that sends men to grass like oxen, seems to follow but too closely on the excess or continuance of national power and peace. In the perplexities of nations, in their struggles for existence, in their infancy, their impotence, or even their disorganisation, they have higher hopes, and nobler passions. Out of the suffering comes the serious mind; out of the salvation, the grateful heart; out of endurance, fortitude; out of deliverance, faith; but when they have learned to live under providence of laws, and with decency and justice of regard for each other, and when they have done away with violent and external sources of suffering, worse evils seem to arise out of their rest; evils that vex less and mortify more, that suck the blood though they do not shed it, and ossify the heart though they do not torture it. And deep though the causes of thankfulness must be to every people at peace with others, and at unity in itself;

there are causes of fear, also, a fear greater than of sword and sedition: that dependence on God may be forgotten, because the bread is given and the water sure; that gratitude to Him may cease, because His constancy of protection has taken the semblance of a natural law; that heavenly hope may grow faint amidst the full fruition of the world; that selfishness may take the place of undemanded devotion, compassion be lost in vain glory, and love in dissimulation; that enervation may succeed to strength, apathy to patience, and the noise of jesting words and foulness of dark thoughts, to the earnest purity of the girded loins and the burning lamp. About the river of human life there is a wintry wind, though a heavenly sunshine; the iris colours its agitation, the frost fixes upon its repose. Let us beware that our rest become not the rest of stones, which, so long as they are torrent-tossed and thunder-stricken, maintain their majesty; but when the stream is silent, and the storm passed, suffer the grass to cover them and the lichen to feed on them, and are ploughed down into dust.

And though I believe that we have salt enough of ardent and holy mind amongst us, to keep us in some measure from this moral decay, yet the signs of it must be watched with anxiety, in all matters, however trivial, in all directions, however distant. And at this time, when the iron roads are tearing up the surface of Europe, as grapeshot do the sea, when their great net is drawing and twitching the ancient frame and strength together contracting all its various life, its rocky arms

and rural heart, into a narrow, finite, calculating metropolis of manufactures; when there is not a monument throughout the cities of Europe that speaks of old years and mighty people, but is being swept away to build cafés and gaming-houses; when the honour of God is thought to consist in the poverty of His temple; and the column is shortened, and the pinnacle shattered, the colour is denied to the casement, and the marble to the altar, while exchequers are exhausted in luxury of boudoirs and pride of reception-rooms; when we ravage without a pause all the loveliness of Creation which God, in giving, pronounced good, and destroy without a thought all those labours which men have given their lives and their sons' sons' lives to complete, and have left for a legacy to all their kind, a legacy of more than their hearts' blood, for it is of 'their souls' travail; there is need, bitter need, to bring back into men's minds, that to live is nothing, unless to live be to know Him by Whom we live; and that He is not to be known by marring His fair works, and blotting out the evidence of His influences upon His creatures; not amidst the hurry of crowds and crash of innovation, but in solitary places, and out of the glowing intelligences which he gave to men of old. He did not teach them how to build for glory and for beauty, He did not give them the fearless, faithful, inherited energies that worked on and down from death to death, generation after generation, that we might give the work of their poured-out spirit to the axe and the hammer; He has not cloven the earth with rivers, that their white

wild waves might turn wheels and push paddles, nor turned it up under, as it were fire, that it might heat wells and cure diseases; He brings not up His quails by the east-wind, only to let them fall in flesh about the camp of men; He has not heaped the rocks of the mountain only for the quarry, nor clothed the grass of the field only for the oven.

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE.

QUEEN ELIZABETH AT OXFORD.

THE approaching session could not fail to be a stormy one; and Elizabeth knew, though others might affect to be ignorant, that if she was forced into a recognition of Mary Stuart, a Catholic revolution would not be many months distant.

At the beginning of August, to gather strength and spirit for the struggle, she went on progress, not to the northern counties where the Queen of Scots had hoped to meet her, but first to Stamford on a visit to Cecil, thence round to Woodstock, her old prison in the perilous days of her sister, and finally, on the evening of the 31st, she paid Oxford the honour which two years before she had conferred on the sister University. The preparations for her visit were less gorgeous, the reception itself far less imposing, yet the fairest of her cities in its autumnal robe of sad and mellow loveliness, suited the queen's humour, and her stay there had a peculiar interest.

She travelled in a carriage. At Wolvercot, three miles out on the Woodstock road, she was met by the heads of houses in their gowns and hoods. The approach was by the long north avenue leading to the north gate; and as she drove along it, she saw in front of her the black tower of Bocardo, where Cranmer had been long a prisoner, and the ditch where, with his brother martyrs, he had given his life for the sins of the people. The scene was changed from that chill sleety morning, and the soft glow of the August sunset was no unfitting symbol of the change of times; yet how soon such another season might tread upon the heels of the departing summer, none knew better than Elizabeth. She went on, under the archway and up the corn-market between rows of shouting students. The students cried in Latin "Vivat Regina." Elizabeth, amidst bows and smiles, answered in Latin also, "Gratias ago, gratias ago."

At Carfax, where Bishop Langlands, forty years before had burnt "Tyndal's Testaments," a professor greeted her with a Greek speech, to which, with unlooked-for readiness, she replied again in the same language. A few more steps brought her down to the great gate of Christ Church, the splendid monument of Wolsey, and of the glory of the age that was gone. She left the carriage, and with de Silva at her side, she walked under a canopy across the magnificent quadrangle to the Cathedral. The dean, after evening service, entertained her at his house.

The days of her stay were spent as at Cambridge—

in hearing plays, or in attending the exercises of the University. The subjects chosen for disputation in the schools mark the balance of the two streams of ancient and modern thought, and show the matter with which the rising mind of England was beginning to occupy itself. There were discussions on the tides—whether or how far they were caused by the attraction of the moon. There were arguments on the currency—whether a debt contracted, when the coin was pure, could be liquidated by the payment of debased money of the same nominal value. The keener intellects were climbing the stairs of the temple of Modern Science, though as yet they were few and feeble, and they were looked upon askance with orthodox suspicion. At their side the descendants of the schoolmen were working on the old safe methods, proving paradoxes by laws of logic amidst universal applause. The professor of medicine maintained in the queen's presence that it was not the province of the physician to cure disease, because diseases were infinite, and the infinite was beyond the reach of art; or again, because medicine could not retard age, and age ended in death, and therefore medicine could not preserve life. With trifles such as these, the second childhood of the authorities was content to drowse away the hours. More interesting than either science or logic, were perilous questions of politics, which Elizabeth permitted to be agitated before her.

The Puritan formula, that it was lawful to take arms against a bad sovereign was argued by examples

from the Bible, and from the stories of the patriot tyrannicides of Greece and Rome. Dr. Humfrey deserted his friends to gain favour with the queen, and protested his horror of rebellion; but the defenders of the rights of the people held their ground, and remained in possession of it. Pursuing the question into the subtilities of theology, they even ventured to say that God Himself might instigate a regicide, when Bishop Jewel, who was present, stepped down into the dangerous arena, and closed the discussion with a vindication of the divine right of kings.

More critically, even in that quiet haven of peaceful thought, the great subject of the day, which Elizabeth called her death-knell, still pursued her. An eloquent student discoursed on the perils to which a nation was exposed when the sovereign died with no successor declared. The comparative advantages were argued of elective and hereditary monarchy. Each side had its hot defenders; and though the votes of the University were in favour of the natural laws of succession, the champion of election had the best of the argument, and apparently best pleased the queen. When in the peroration of his speech he said he would maintain his opinion "with his life, and, if need were, with his death," she exclaimed, "Excellent—oh, excellent."

At the close of the exercises she made a speech in Latin, as at Cambridge. She spoke very simply, deprecating the praises which had been heaped upon her. "She had been educated well," she said, "though the seed had fallen on a barren soil; but she loved

study if she had not profited by it; and for the Universities, she would do her best that they should flourish while she lived, and after her death continue long to prosper."

So five bright days passed swiftly, and on the sixth she rode away over Magdalen Bridge to Windsor. As she crested Headington Hill, she reined-in her horse and once more looked back. There at her feet lay the city in its beauty, the towers and spires springing from amidst the clustering masses of the College elms; there wound beneath their shade the silvery lines of the Cherwell and the Isis.

"Farewell, Oxford," she cried, "farewell, my good subjects there!—farewell, my dear scholars, and may God prosper your studies!—farewell, farewell!"

TENNYSON.

MORTE D'ARTHUR.

So all day long the noise of battle roll'd
Among the mountains by the winter sea;
Until King Arthur's table, man by man,
Had fallen in Lyonesse about their lord,
King Arthur: then, because his wound was deep,
The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him,
Sir Bedivere, the last of all his knights,
And bore him to a chapel nigh the field,
A broken chancel with a broken cross,
That stood on a dark strait of barren land.
On one side lay the Ocean, and on one
Lay a great water, and the moon was full.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:
'The sequel of to-day unsolders all
The goodliest fellowship of famous knights
Whereof this world holds record. Such a sleep
They sleep—the men I loved. I think that we
Shall never more, at any future time,
Delight our souls with talk of knightly deeds,
Walking about the gardens and the halls
Of Camelot, as in the days that were.
I perish by this people which I made,—
Tho' Merlin sware that I should come again,

To rule once more—but let what will be, be,
I am so deeply smitten thro' the helm
That without help I cannot last till morn.
Thou therefore take my brand Excalibur,
Which was my pride: for thou rememberest how
In those old days, one summer noon, an arm
Rose up from out the bosom of the lake,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
Holding the sword—and how I row'd across
And took it, and have worn it, like a king:
And, whosoever I am sung or told
In aftertime, this also shall be known:
But now delay not: take Excalibur,
And fling him far into the middle mere:
Watch what thou seest, and lightly bring me word.'

To him replied the bold Sir Bedivere:
'It is not meet, Sir King, to leave thee thus,
Aidless, alone, and smitten thro' the helm.
A little thing may harm a wounded man.
Yet I thy hest will all perform at full,
Watch what I see, and lightly bring thee word.'

So saying, from the ruin'd shrine he stept
And in the moon athwart the place of tombs,
Where lay the mighty bones of ancient men,
Old knights, and over them the sea-wind sang
Shrill, chill, with flakes of foam. Ho, stepping
down
By zig-zag paths, and juts of pointed rock,
Came on the shining levels of the lake.

There drew he forth the brand Excalibur,
And o'er him, drawing it, the winter moon,
Brightening the skirts of a long cloud, ran forth
And sparkled keen with frost against the hilt :
For all the haft twinkled with diamond sparks,
Myriads of topaz-lights, and jacinth-work
Of subtlest jewellery. He gazed so long
That both his eyes were dazzled, as he stood,
This way and that dividing the swift mind,
In act to throw : but at the last it seem'd
Better to leave Excalibur conceal'd
There in the many-knotted waterflags,
That whistled stiff and dry about the marge.
So strode he back slow to the wounded King.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere ;
' Hast thou perform'd my mission which I gave ?
What is it thou hast seen ? or what hast heard ? '

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere :
' I heard the ripple washing in the reeds,
And the wild water lapping on the crag. '

To whom replied King Arthur, faint and pale :
' Thou hast betray'd thy nature and thy name,
Not rendering true answer, as bescem'd
Thy fealty, nor like a noble knight :
For surer sign had follow'd, either hand,
Or voice, or else a motion of the mere.
This is a shameful thing for men to lie.
Yet now, I charge thee, quickly go again
As thou art lief and dear, and do the thing

I bad thee, watch, and lightly bring me word.'

Then went Sir Bedivere the second time
Across the ridge, and paced beside the mere,
Counting the dewy pebbles, fix'd in thought;
But when he saw the wonder of the hilt,
How curiously and strangely chased, he smote
His palms together, and he cried aloud,

'And if indeed I cast the brand away,
Surely a precious thing, one worthy note,
Should thus be lost for ever from the earth,
Which might have pleased the eyes of many men.
What good should follow this, if this were done?
What harm, undone? deep harm to disobey,
Seeing obedience is the bond of rule.
Were it well to obey then, if a king demand
An act unprofitable, against himself?
The King is sick, and knows not what he does.
What record, or what relic of my lord
Should be to aftertime, but empty breath
And rumours of a doubt? but were this kept,
Stored in some treasure-house of mighty kings,
Some one might show it at a joust of arms,
Saying, "King Arthur's sword, Excalibur,
Wrought by the lonely maiden of the Lake.
Nine years she wrought it, sitting in the deeps
Upon the hidden bases of the hills."
So might some old man speak in the aftertime
To all the people, winning reverence.
But now much honour and much fame were lost.'

So spake he, clouded with his own conceit,
And hid Excalibur the second time,
And so strode back slow to the wounded King.

Then spoke King Arthur, breathing heavily :
' What is it thou hast seen ? or what hast heard ? '

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere :
' I heard the water-lapping on the crag,
And the long ripple washing in the reeds.'

To whom replied King Arthur, much in wrath :
' Ah, miserable and unkind, untrue,
Unknightly, traitor-hearted ! Woe is me !
Authority forgets a dying king,
Laid widow'd of the power in his eye
That bow'd the will. I see thee what thou art,
For thou, the latest-left of all my knights,
In whom should meet the offices of all,
Thou would'st betray me for the precious hilt ;
Either from lust of gold, or like a girl
Valuing the giddy pleasure of the eyes.
Yet, for a man may fail in duty twice,
And the third time may prosper, get thee hence :
But, if thou spare to fling Excalibur,
I will arise and slay thee with my hands.'

Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and ran,
And, leaping down the ridges lightly, plunged
Among the bulrush-beds, and clutch'd the sword,
And strongly wheel'd and threw it. The great brand
Made lightnings in the splendour of the moon,
And flashing round and round, and whirl'd in an arch,

Shot like a streamer of the northern morn,
Seen where the moving isles of winter shock
By night, with noises of the northern sea.
So flash'd and fell the brand Excalibur :
But ere he dipt the surface, rose an arm
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
And caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him
Three times, and drew him under in the mere.
And lightly went the other to the King.

Then spoke King Arthur drawing thicker breath :
' Now see I by thine eyes that this is done.
Speak out : what is it thou hast heard, or seen ? '

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere :
' Sir King, I closed mine eyelids, lest the goms
Should blind my purpose, for I never saw,
Nor shall see, here or elsewhere, till I die,
Not tho' I live three lives of mortal men,
So great a miracle as yonder hilt.
' Then with both hands I flung him, wheeling him ;
But when I look'd again, behold an arm,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
That caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him
Three times, and drew him under in the mere.'

And answer made King Arthur, breathing hard :
' My end draws nigh ; 'tis time that I were gone.
Make broad thy shoulders to receive my weight,
And bear me to the margin ; yet I fear
My wound hath taken cold, and I shall die.'

So saying, from the pavement he half rose,

Slowly, with pain, reclining on his arm,
And looking wistfully with wide blue eyes
As in a picture. Him Sir Bedivere
Remorsefully regarded thro' his tears
And would have spoken, but he found not words,
Then took with care, and kneeling on one knee,
O'er both his shoulders drew the languid hands,
And rising bore him thro' the place of tombs.

But, as he walk'd, King Arthur panted hard,
Like one that feels a nightmare on his bed
When all the house is mute. So sigh'd the King,
Muttering and murmuring at his ear, 'Quick, quick!
I fear it is too late, and I shall die.'

But the other swiftly strode from ridge to ridge,
Clothed with his breath, and looking, as he walk'd,
Larger than human on the frozen hills.

He heard the deep behind him, and a cry
Before. His own thought drove him, like a goad.
Dry clash'd his harness in the icy caves
And barren chasms, and all to left and right
The bare black cliff clang'd round him, as he based
His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang
Sharp-smitten with the dint of armed heels—
And on a sudden, lo! the level lake,
And the long glories of the winter moon.

Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge,
Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,
Beneath them; and descending they were ware
That all the decks were dense with stately forms

Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream—by these
Three Queens with crowns of gold—and from them
 rose

A cry that shiver'd to the tingling stars,
And, as it were one voice an agony
Of lamentation, like a wind, that shrills
All night in a waste land, where no one comes,
Or hath come, since the making of the world.

Then murmur'd Arthur, 'Place me in the barge,'
And to the barge they came. There those three
 Queens

Put forth their hands, and took the King, and wept.
But she, that rose the tallest of them all
And fairest, laid his head upon her lap,
And loosed the shatter'd casque, and chafed his hands,
And call'd him by his name, complaining loud,
And dropping bitter tears against his brow
Striped with dark blood : for all his face was white
And colourless, and like the wither'd moon
Smote by the fresh beam of the springing east ;
And all his greaves and cuisses dash'd with drops
Of onset ; and the light and lustrous curls—
That made his forehead like a rising sun
High from the dais-throne—were parched with dust ;
Or, clotted into points and hanging loose,
Mix'd with the knightly growth that fringed his lips.
So like a shatter'd column lay the King ;
Not like that Arthur who, with lance in rest,
From spur to plume a star of tournament,

Shot thro' the lists at Camelot, and charged
Before the eyes of ladies and of kings.

Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere,
'Ah! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go?
Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes?
For now I see the true old times are dead,
When every morning brought a noble chance,
And every chance brought out a noble knight.
Such times have been not since the light that led
The holy Elders with the gift of myrrh.
But now the whole ROUND TABLE is dissolved
Which was an image of the mighty world;
And I, the last, go forth companionless,
And the days darken round me, and the years,
Among new men, strange faces, other minds.'

And slowly answered Arthur from the barge:
'The old order changeth, yielding place to now,
And God fulfils Himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.
'Comfort thyself: what comfort is in me?
I have lived my life, and that which I have done
May He within Himself make pure! but thou,
If thou shouldst never see my face again,
Pray for my soul.' More things are wrought by
prayer

Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,

If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.
But now farewell. I am going a long way
With these thou seest—if indeed I go—
(For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)
To the island valley of Avilion;
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard-lawns
And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea,
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound.'

So said he, and the barge with oar and sail
Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted swan
That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,
Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood
With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere
Revolving many memories, till the hull
Look'd one black dot against the verge of dawn,
And on the mere the wailing died away.

NOTES TO BOOK VI.

CHAUCER.

PAGE 1. *Fro* = from; the form still retained in the phrase "to and fro."

— *Chivalry*. The duties of a knight.

— *Freedom* = liberality; just as liberal means properly "free."

— *Ferre*. The comparative of (Saxon) *fer*, far.

— *Tramissene*. A Moorish town in Africa.

— *This ilke* = this same. Compare "of that ilk" used in Scotland after the name of a landed proprietor, to show that his estate bears the family name.

P. 2. *Palatye* = Palatia, in Asia Minor.

— *He never yet no villany ne said*. No = not. Notice the repetition of the negative, adding to its force. Villany (from *villanus*, the farm labourer) is conduct unbecoming a gentleman, and fit for a boor only.

— *No manner wight*. Compare in the passage from Hooker (p. 20), "All manner laws."

— *Gipon*. A frock or cassock. Compare French *jupon*.

— *Ycome*. Compare on page 3, *Ypreved*, and page 5, *Ylorn*. The prefix marks the past tense, as in the German *reduplicato*.

— *Viage*. Journeyings, from Latin *via*, a road.

— *Deliver*. Active, supple.

— *Chevachie*. From the French, properly an expedition of horsemen: hence for war generally.

— *Floures* = flowers. *Rede* = Red.

P. 3. *Endite*, write poetry, as to the *dictation* of the muse.

— *Just*. Compare joust or tournament.

P. 3. *Pourtray*, paint.

— *Carf*. The past tense of *kerven* : to carve.

— *Full loth were him*, &c. It pleased him not to curse those that did not pay his tithes.

— *Of his offering, and eke of his substance* = of what was freely given to him, and also of what was the legal income of his benefice.

P. 4. *Leived* or *lowd*, means originally an unlearned man or layman, opposed to a man of letters or a priest.

— *Chanterie*. An endowment to pay a priest to sing masses for the soul of some one deceased.

— *Dispitous* = without pity.

— *Dangerous ne digne* = not distant nor haughty.

P. 5. *Spiced conscience* = Over dainty or hypocritical scruples. Compare "spiced holiness."

— *Ylorn* = lost.

— *Lite* = little. Compare page 3, "Moch and lite."

P. 6. *Blyve* or *blive* = quickly. Compare Burns's 'Cotter's Saturday Night,' (see p. 210,) "belyve the elder bairns," &c.

— *Suffice to thee thy good* = let what riches you have be sufficient unto you.

— *Press hath envy, and weal is blent over all* = the world is full of envy, and prosperity is often all overcast.

P. 7. *In trust of her*, &c., i.e., fortune.

— *Light business*. Not too much interference in other men's affairs.

— *As doth a croke with a wall*. As an earthen pot with a stone wall.

— *Daunt thou thyself* = subdue thyself.

— *In buzunness* = in a submissive spirit. Buxom is originally pliant or (of the mind) yielding, obedient.

— *Thy ghost* = thy reason, thy better part.

SPENSER.

P. 9. *A garland well beseen* = A garland fair to see.

— *Chauffed*, taken directly from the French.

— *Yold*. The archaic form of the past tense of *yield*.

P. 10. *A ram, the same which over Hellespontus swam*. The ram with the golden fleece, which carried away Phrixus and Helle; and whose fleece was afterwards the object of the Argonautic expedition.

- P. 10. *Europa floating through th' Argolic floods.* Zeus, assuming the form of a bull, carried Europa over the sea to Crete.
 — *The twins of Leda.* Castor and Pollux.
- P. 11. *As bargemen wont to fare, i.e., in rowing.*
 — *Which feigns demurest grace;* bowing and retiring obsequiously.
 — *The beast that whilom did forray the Nemean forest.* The lion slain by Heracles, the son of Amphitryon. Amphitryonide is a patronymic.
- P. 12. *Assoil,* to weigh or determine; also to absolve or set free.
 — *Orion.* The hunter of Boeotia, slain by Diana for an offence against chastity, or by Earth for the slaughter of her animals.
 — *Centaur,* in ancient mythology, was a creature half man, half horse.
- P. 14. *Mochel.* Compare the Scotch *muckie*.
- P. 16. *With painted words,* as we say, "in highly coloured language."
 — *Primrose.* Notice the use of this word in its strict sense, "the rose of spring."
- P. 17. *Enaunter,* like "peradventure," from the French.
 — *And often crossed with the priestes crew.* Referring to the Druidical rites of the ancient Britons. *Priestes* is the old genitive case.

HOOKER.

- P. 19. *Lively.* Here an adverb; but later used only as an adjective.
 — *Which one in Sophocles.* The chorus in the *Œdipus Tyrannus*. The passage is thus rendered by Mr. Arnold:
 "Laws that in the highest empyrean had their birth, of which Heaven is the father alone, neither did the race of mortal men beget them, nor shall oblivion ever put them to sleep."

SHAKESPEARE.

- P. 29. *The most unkindest cut of all.* A double superlative. Compare in this play, "With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome." So with the comparative, "a more larger list of sceptres."
 P. 30. *This many summers.* Many is here a noun substantive

and "of" has to be supplied before summers. Compare "A many merry men," *As You Like It*; "A many thousand warlike French," *King John*.

P. 31. *And their ruin, i.e., the ruin which the loss of their favour brings.*

P. 32. *The voice goes, i.e., the rumour runs thus.*

P. 33. *Give me leave to speak him.* Shakespeare sometimes omits the preposition after "speak:" as here, where it means "speak of him;" and in *Romeo and Juliet*, "speak him fair," where it means "to him."

— *Stomach* = pride.

— *Pitiful* here "feeling pity," but in modern usage generally "worthy of pity or contempt."

P. 34. *Ipswich and Oxford.* Besides the school at Ipswich, the foundation of Cardinal College (now Christ Church) attests Wolsey's interest in education.

* P. 35. *All which it inherit* = All those who inherit it (the globe).

— *Back* = wrook.

— *Show likest God's.* For this use of *show*, compare "Which shows like grief itself," *Richard II.*

P. 36. *She determines herself the glory of a creditor, i.e., makes the glory of a creditor centre in herself.*

TAYLOR.

P. 41. *His motion made irregular * * * than it could recover.*

Notice the change from masculine to neuter, which is characteristic of the careless ease of Taylor's prose.

MILTON.

P. 45. *Mewing*, from the Latin *muto*, referring to the casting or changing of the feathers. Compare "moulting."

P. 46. *Engrossers.* The persons appointed to license all publications.

— *Or hear'st thou rather.* A classical idiom, "Dost thou chose rather to be called?"

— *The Stygian pool* = hell. From Styx, the river of the infernal regions in classical mythology.

— *Middle darkness* = the gulf between hell and heaven.

— *With other notes than to the Orphean lyre.* A hymn to Night was attributed to Orpheus, in a strain different from the sacred one of Milton.

P. 47. *So thick a drop serene * * * or dim suffusion,* alluding

to the blindness produced, according to medical language, by the *gutta serena* (drop serene) or by *suffusio* (suffusion).

P. 47. *Yet not the more cease I to wander* = yet I still wander as before.

— *Nor sometimes forget* = and at times recall.

— *Equal'd with me in fate*. Upon whom blindness fell, as on me.

— *Thamyris*. A bard of Thrace, who contended with the Muses, and by them was blinded for his presumption.

— *Hæmonides* = Homer.

— *Tiresias and Phineus*. Blind soothsayers of Thebes, and of Thrace.

— *Then feed on thoughts, &c.*, i.e., then (I) feed on thoughts that voluntary (= of themselves, without effort) flow into poetry.

— *Sings darkling* = sings in the gloom. Darkling is not a participle, but an adverbial form. Compare in Johnson's 'Vanity of Human Wishes,' "Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate:" and Keats, "Darkling I listen: and for many a time I have been half in love with easeful death."

— *Cheerful ways of men*. Compare Tennyson's *Tithonus*:

"Why should a man desire in any way
To vary from the kindly ways of men?"

where kindly may bear its original meaning of "natural."

— *For the book of knowledge*. For = instead of.

LYCIDAS.

The following descriptive title was added in 1645, when the retribution threatened by Milton had actually come, and the nation was plunged in civil war.

"In this monody the author bewails a learned friend, unfortunately drowned in his passage from Chester, on the Irish seas, 1637. And by occasion foretells the ruin of our corrupted clergy, then in their height."

The learned friend was Milton's fellow-collegian, Edward King.

P. 48. *Bitter constraint* = sad necessity.

— *Sad occasion dear*. *Dear* passes from its meaning of "loved," to that which excites any strong emotion. Compare in *Julius Cesar*,

"Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death?"

- P. 48. *To disturb your season due* = to disturb you before the due season.
- *Build the lofty rhyme.* *Build* is here a translation from the Latin idiom, as in Horace, "*Condis amabile carmen.*"
- *Melodious tear* = an elegy. So Spencer, "Tears of the Muse."
- *Sisters of the sacred well* (the Pierian fountain) = the Muses.
- *Favour my destined urn* = do the same kindly office for me when I am in my grave.
- *Sable shroud* = my dark tomb or grave.
- *For we were nursed*, &c. Referring to college companionship.
- P. 49. *Gray-fly* is the same as the trumpet-fly, whose noontide hum is here called her 'sultry-horn.'
- *Battening* = feeding.
- *Westering* = going westwards.
- *Meanwhile the rural ditties*, &c. This is an elaborate way of expressing their companionship in studies and in youthful poetical efforts.
- *Old Dametas.* A name taken from the pastoral poetry of the ancients, and here referring to their college tutor.
- *Desert caves* = the caves that miss thy presence.
- *Gadding rine.* Wandering about or straying in luxuriant growth.
- *On the steep.* Perhaps Penmaenmawr, which overhangs the coast between the mouth of the Dee and Anglesea.
- *Mona* = Anglesea.
- P. 50. *Deva* = the Dee, whose wizard stream seems to have been traditionally held as specially weird and strange.
- *What could the Muse herself*, i.e., "What could she do or avail." The Muse that Orpheus bore = Calliope.
- *When, by the rout*, &c. Orpheus, lamenting for his wife, was torn to pieces by the Thracian women in their Bacchanalian orgies.
- *To tend the * * shepherd's trade.* Here, the poet's calling.
- *Meditate.* Suggested by the Latin word used by Virgil for playing on the oaten pipe.
- *As others use*, i.e., are wont to do. This verb is now only used in the past tense.
- *That last infirmity of noble mind.* So Tacitus says, "Ever

- by the wise, desire of glory is the last to be stript off," which explains the sense in which *last* is used by Milton.
- P. 50. *The blind Fury with the abhorred shears*, In Greek mythology the goddess that cut the thread of life was a *Fate*, not a *Fury*, but the latter name is used to express greater abhorrence.
- *Phœbus replied*, &c. Phœbus or Apollo, god of poetry.
- *Glistening foil* = bright gilding.
- P. 51. *Fountain Arethuse*. A fountain in Syracuse. It is here invoked as recalling *Theocritus*, the bucolic poet of Syracuse.
- *Mincius*. A river near Mantua: hence recalling Virgil, who was born at Mantua.
- *That came in Neptune's plea* = that came, sent by Neptune to hold a trial.
- *Hippotades*. A patronymic for Æolus. The ruler of the winds.
- *Not a blast was " " " strayed*. We should now say "had strayed."
- *Sleek Panope with all her sisters* = the Nereids.
- *In the eclipse* = at a time of ill-luck.
- *Rigged with curses dark*. The curses are as sails to the ship.
- *Camus* = the river Can.
- *Footing* = stopping. *To foot* is to move with any peculiar motion; here a slow and halting one, but usually, as in the phrase "footing it," with a light and dancing step.
- *That sanguine flower*, &c. = the hyacinth.
- *My dearest pledge*. Pledge is used (like the Latin word *pignus*, which has a similar meaning) of a loved object.
- *The pilot of the Galilean lake* = St. Peter.
- *Of metals twain* = of gold and iron.
- *Amain* = with force.
- P. 52. *Blind mouths* = mouths of men who are blind.
- *Scrannel* = thin or meagre.
- *The grim wolf* = the Church of Rome.
- *But that two-handed engine at the door*, &c. Probably only a general denunciation of coming retribution: "The strong hand of heaven's vengeance stands ready to smite once for all."

P. 52. *Return, Alpheus.* A river of Arcadia, whose streams were believed to mingle with the fountain of Arethusa, in Syracuse.

— *The dread voice*, i.e., that of St. Peter.

— *Where the whispers use.* Use = are wont to linger. Compare above "As others use."

— *Swart Star* = parching star; the dogstar.

P. 53. *Raths primrose*, &c. Ratho = early; so rather = sooner.

— *Freaked.* We have from the same root, and in the same sense, *freckled*.

— *The laureat hearse* = the laurel-covered bier.

— *The monstrous world* = the world where monsters dwell.

— *Bellerus.* A giant, a name coined by Milton from Bellerium the Latin name for a promontory in Cornwall.

— *The great vision* = St. Michael, who, according to tradition, gazes from the headland of St. Michael's Mount, upon Namancos and Bayona, on the coast of Galicia.

— *Your sorrow* = he for whom you sorrow.

P. 54. *The unexpressive nuptial song.* *Unexpressive* = that cannot be expressed, ineffable.

— *The uncouth swain* = the unknown swain.

— *His Doric lay:* like Theocritus, who was a native of the Doric city of Syracuse.

— *Had stretched out all the hills* = had made their shadow long.

WHEN THE ASSAULT WAS INTENDED TO THE CITY.

P. 54. Written before the expected assault on the city, in 1642 when the Royalists had advanced as far as Brentford. Milton's house was in Aldersgate Street.

P. 55. *Emathian conqueror* = Alexander the Great. Emathia, a district of Macedonia, here stands for the whole. We are told that in B.C. 335, when Thebes was destroyed, the house of Pindar, the Theban poet, was spared by Alexander, who, by the favour he showed to Greek literature, increased his political influence amongst the states of Greece.

— *Sad Electra's poet* = Euripides; the singing of a chorus out of whose tragedy, the *Electra*, heard by the Spartan conquerors in 404 B.C., is said by Plutarch to have averted the destruction of Athens.

ON HIS BLINDNESS.

- P. 55. *One talent.* See Matthew xxv. Milton's *one* talent in his poetical faculty.

TO CYRIAC SKINNER.

- P. 55. *This three years day.* For three years this day. Conscience = consciousness.
- P. 56. *My noble task.* The "*Defence on behalf of the English people*," written in Latin, in answer to the book in which Salmasius, a professor at Leyden, had attacked the execution of Charles I.

CLARENDON.

- P. 58. *Without at all affecting the execution that was then principally to be attended* = without having any love for such action as was then to be expected.
- P. 59. *Enamoured on peace.* For *on*, modern usage would substitute *of*.

DRYDEN.

- P. 65. *Achitophel.* Anthony Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury, was prominent amongst those who, during the agitation produced by the rumours of a Popish plot, attempted to keep the Duke of York (afterwards James II.) from the Throne by means of the Exclusion Bill. He supported the claims of Monmouth (who is *Absalom* in the *Satire*); and when, on the turn of the tide, the Court felt itself strong enough to bring a charge of high treason against him, the Bill was thrown out by the grand jury of London (1681).
- P. 66. *The triple bond.* The alliance of England with Holland and Sweden, which was broken off during the "Cabal" ministry (to which Shaftesbury belonged) for an alliance with France (*the foreign yoke*).
- *Zimri.* George Villiers, 2nd Duke of Buckingham, the son of the first duke, who was minister to James I. and Charles I., and was assassinated in 1627. Buckingham was one of the cabal; and, when driven from office in 1674, went vehemently into opposition. He had ridiculed Dryden in the play called *Rehearsal*. The lines quoted, Dryden himself thought the best in the whole poem.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST.

- P. 68. *Timotheus.* A musician of Bœotia, one of Alexander the Great's favourites.

NOTES TO BOOK VI.

P. 68. *Quire*. We should now write "Choir."

P. 73. *Cecilia came, inventress of the vocal frame*. St. Cecilia was held to have invented the organ.

DEFOE.

P. 77. *A SKIRMISH OF DRAGOONS*. This is from the *Memoirs of a Cavalier*, a book which, though it gives an account of events which occurred twenty years before the author's birth, yet impresses us with an air of reality, by means of its graphic detail, and circumstantiality.

SWIFT.

P. 80. *THE SPIDER AND THE BEE*. This is taken from the 'Battle of the Books,' an account of a fight between the books in the Royal Library at St. James's, which Swift contributed to the controversy, then fashionable, as to the merits of the ancient and modern authors.

P. 81. *Was adventured out*; an older form of what we would express by "had ventured out."

P. 84. *TEMPLE OF FAME*. Compare Pope's *Temple of Fame*, of which part is printed in Book V. of this series.

P. 86. *The artisans*, i.e., those who attempt to attain fame by work of a mechanical kind.

P. 88. *Quintus Curtius, Arrian, and Plutarch*, three historians who have each contributed to the biography of Alexander.

* P. 89. *Julius Cæsar* * * * * *would have no conductor but himself*. In allusion to his being the author of the *Commentaries*, as well as the chief actor in the events which they record.

ADDISON.

P. 96. *PEDANTRY*. With this piece, compare the *Moral Essays* of Pope (Epistle I).

"Yes, you despise the man to Books confin'd,
Who from his study ralls at human kind;
Tho' what he learns he speaks, and may advance
Some general maxims, or be right by chance.

* * * * *

And yet the fate of all extremes is such.
Men may be read as well as Books, too much;" &c.

- P. 97. *Either of the kings of Spain or Poland.* The disputed successions in both these countries were questions that about this time agitated every Court in Europe.

POPE.

ESSAY ON MAN.

- P. 99. *My St. John.* Henry St. John, Lord Bolingbroke, the friend of Pope: Statesman under Queen Anne, but afterwards banished for his treacherous dealings with the Jacobites.
- P. 100. *Vindicate the ways of God to man.* Compare "Justify the ways of God to man." Milton, *Paradise Lost*, Book i. line 26.
- *Circle other suns.* Compare Milton's "Thy saints circling thy mount" (*Paradise Lost*, vi. 742).
- *Yonder argent fields.* So again, Milton, "those argent fields."
- *Satellites.* In four syllables.
- P. 101. *Where all must full or not coherent be*, i.e., "Where there can be no gap, unless there is to be a want of cohesion."—*Ward.*
- *Egypt's god* = Apis, the sacred bull kept at Memphis.
- P. 103. *Gust* = taste or pleasure.
- P. 104. *A Borgia or a Catiline.* Cæsar Borgia, the son of Alexander VI., one of the most infamous of the Popes (died 1507). Catiline, the conspirator at Rome in the Consulship of Cicero (B.C. 62).
- *Young Ammon.* Alexander the Great was saluted by the priests of the Libyan god, Ammon, as his son.
- P. 106. *Or touch if tremblingly alive * * * aromatic pain.* These lines are faulty in point of grammar, because elliptical. "O, what the use, if touch were tremblingly alive, &c., or, by a quick effluvia darting, &c., to die in aromatic pain."
- *The music of the spheres.* A notion beginning with the Pythagoreans, repeated throughout classical literature, and thence borrowed by our 17th and 18th century poets.
- *On the tainted green.* Compare in Scott, "tainted gale."
- *Nice bee.* Nice here = keenly discriminating.
- P. 107 (line 1). *Barrier.* A dissyllable.
- *What thin partitions.* Compare Dryden, "and thin partitions do their bounds divide."
- P. 109. *Abus'd or disabus'd.* Abus'd = deceived. From the

Satires. The piece quoted is from the 'Epistle of Dr. Arbuthnot, or the Prologue to the Satires.'

- P. 110. *John*, i.e., John Scarl, his old servant, whom he remembered in his will.

— *Mint*. A sanctuary for insolvent debtors.

- P. 111. *This prints my letters*. Some of Pope's letters had been surreptitiously printed in 1726.

— *Maro* = Virgil.

— *Granville the Polite*, i.e., George Granville, afterwards Lord Lansdowne, a wit and poet of the time of Queen Anne (lived till 1785).

— *Walsh*, who was the first to recognise in Pope the dawning of genius.

— *Garth*. Dr. Samuel Garth. An author, and an early friend of Pope.

— *Congreve*. William Congreve (died 1729), one of the wittiest comedians in the language.

- P. 112. *Talbot*. Duke of Shrewsbury, died 1718.

— *Somers*. Lord Keeper, under William III.

— *Sheffield*. Duke of Buckingham, the friend and patron of Dryden.

— *Mitred Rochester*. Francis Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester.

— *Burnet*. Bishop Burnet, the Whig historian, is here purposely joined with authors of no importance whatever.

— *The bard whom pilfer'd Pastorals, &c.* Ambrose Phillips, who wrote pastorals, (accused by Pope of plagiarism), and who translated Persian tales.

- P. 113. *Tate*. Nahum Tate "author of the worst alterations of Shakespeare, the worst version of the Psalms of David, and the worst continuation of a great poem (Absalom and Achitophel) extant." (*Prof. Craik*.)

— *Peace to all such*. The next lines, the most famous of the poem, are directed against Addison, once Pope's friend, but now estranged. For a criticism of the Satire, see Macaulay's "Essay on Addison."

- P. 115. *Gay*. John Gay (1688-1732) was one of Pope's dearest and most lamented friends. His straits were owing more to carelessness than want of money.

— *Queensbury*. The Duke of Queensbury, in whose house Gay latterly lived.

— *Sir Will.* = Sir William Yonge, Secretary for War.

P. 115. *Bubo* = Bubb Doddington, the adviser of the Prince of Wales, and typical of his age in light-hearted and careless unscrupulousness.

P. 117. *A friend in exile* = Bolingbroke.

THOMSON.

P. 119. *Nature attend! join every living soul.* Compare Coleridge on p. 281 of this book.

P. 120. *Philomela* = the nightingale.

P. 121. *Light ineffable.* Compare Milton on p. 46.

GRAY.

P. 122. 'ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.' "Perhaps the noblest stanzas in our language" (*Palgrave*).

P. 125. *Maddling crowd.* Compare "Maddled land" in Johnson (page 173), and the note to that page.

GOLDSMITH.

P. 137. THE TRAVELLER. Written in 1764, and dedicated to his brother, the Reverend Henry Goldsmith.

— *Idra's cliffs* = Idria, in Carniola.

— *Arno's shelvy side.* Arno, a river in Italy.

P. 140. *Own the kindred soil.* Show by natural luxuriance that the soil is fitted for them.

— *The pregnant quarry teemed with human form,* i.e., the quarry yielded from its bosom the marble from which statues were made. Perhaps in no line has Goldsmith fallen more under the influence of the false artificiality of the day which prevails over his poetry sufficiently to make it only third-rate, while it leaves his prose untouched in its perfect purity and simple art.

P. 142. *He sees his little lot the lot of all.* See preceding note. This line shows how simple Goldsmith could make his language when he chose.

P. 145. *The tall rampire's artificial pride.* Here *rampire* = breakwater. Compare "our rampired gates," in Shakespeare.

P. 150. *Niagara.* Note accentuation on the third syllable.

— *Luke's iron crown.* Of two brothers, George and Luke Dosa, who raised a rebellion in Hungary in 1514, George, and not Luke, suffered the torture of the red-hot crown.

- P. 150. *Damien's bed of steel*. Damiens, tortured for an attempt on the life of Louis XV., in 1757.
- P. 151. THE DESERTED VILLAGE. The dedication is given because it serves admirably to show that aptitude for prose writing which Goldsmith possessed in such signal perfection, whatever the merits of his poetry may be. Throughout the whole dedication there is hardly one word which could be altered without greatly marring the symmetry of the whole. No turn of sarcasm could be more happy than the last words: "one would sometimes wish to be *in the right*."
- P. 160. THE RETALIATION. Written in 1774, only a month before Goldsmith's death. It was provoked by the joocular epitaphs which his foibles had given Goldsmith's friends, especially Garrick, the opportunity of writing upon him.
- Our Dean = Dr. Barnard, Dean of Derry.
- Our Burke = Edmund Burke.
- Our Will = Mr. William Burke, a relative of the preceding.
- And Dick = Mr. Richard Burke, another relative of Edmund Burke.
- Our Cumberland = Richard Cumberland, the dramatist.
- Douglas = Canon Douglas of Windsor.
- Our Garrick = David Garrick, the great actor, friend of Dr. Johnson and Goldsmith.
- Reynolds = Sir Joshua Reynolds.
- Ridge, Hickey. Other members of the club.
- P. 161. Tommy Townshend = Mr. Townshend, M.P., afterwards Lord Sydney.
- P. 163. Kenrick, Kelly, Woodfall. Authors or literary men of the day, of no note.
- Be-Rosciused. Roscius was a great Roman actor, and hence the name has become typical of his profession.

JOHNSON.

- P. 166. *Metaphysical poets*. The title has been often, and very justly, objected to. Johnson seems to use the word morely in the sense of "unnatural;" or, perhaps, "over-subtle;" but neither meaning is defensible.
- P. 167. *The father of criticism* = Aristotle.
- P. 169. *Hyperbole* = exaggeration.
- THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES.
- P. 172. This is an imitation of the Tenth Satire of Juvenal

Of the same satire Dryden had previously written a translation, which appeared along with the translation of the other satires of Juvenal and of those of Persius. The poem does not stand in what we are now accustomed to reckon the first or even the second rank of poetry. But it is well to remember Scott's opinion of it: 'I asked him from what style of composition he derived most pleasure. He answered "Johnson's, and that he had more pleasure in reading *London* and the *Vanity of Human Wishes*, than any other poetical composition he could mention"' (Lockhart's Life). "The last line of MS." (adds Lockhart) "that Scott sent to the press was a quotation from the same piece."

P. 173. *Fate wings with every wish the afflictive dart* = With every wish Fate sends some misfortune. Supply *with* before *each gift* and *each grace*.

—— *Restless fire* = the impetuous ardour of courage.

—— *Massacre of gold* = massacre occasioned by gold.

—— *Nor truth nor safety* = neither truth nor safety.

—— *Let history tell, where rival kings command*. In this paragraph the author probably alludes to the Jacobite rebellion of 1745, in which Lord Lovat and others of rank suffered the penalty of treason, although easy conditions were, for the most part, granted to their followers. The poem was published in 1749.

—— *Maddled land* = Maddened. In the phrase "the maddling crowd's ignoble strife" (Gray's Elegy) we have the neuter used as the verb.

—— *When statutes glean the refuse of the sword* = when law pounces on those rebels whom the sword has spared.

—— *The needy traveller, &c.* A translation of Juvenal's lines on the satire "*Cantabit vacuus coram latrone viator*."

P. 174. *Does envy seize thee, &c.* = If you envy, troy the source of his joy by increasing his wealth depriving him of the boon of poverty.

—— *Vicissitude* = Succession.

—— *Load the tainted gale* = are borne upon the winds which they taint.

—— *Democritus* (460—361 B.C.), a Greek philosopher, who held peace of mind, and superiority to casual ills, to be the great end of human effort.

- P. 174. *Where want enchain'd caprice, &c.* = where the caprices and follies of mankind were limited by want of means, their conceit outrooted by toil, and man showed less variety in folly.
- *Attentive truth and nature to descry* = attentive to descry truth and nature.
- *Whose joys are causeless* = those whose, &c., aid the force.
- P. 175. *Love ends with hope* = as soon as the sycophant has ceased to hope for benefits, he ceases to love.
- *Morning*, an adjective.
- *For growing names* = to please those whose fame is on the rise.
- *The dedicator.* The authors of Johnston's day, and before it, sought to procure a gift, and favour for their book, by dedicating it to some patron of high rank.
- *Palladium of the place.* *Palladium*, originally the image of Pallas at Troy, said to have fallen from heaven, and regarded as the protecting genius of the city. Hence, for anything to be preserved with studious care.
- *The form distorted justifies the fall.* In his ugliness we see a justification of his misfortunes.
- *And detestation rids, &c.* = "An abhorrence of the original makes us free the wall, which is indignant as well as we at the insult it has suffered in having to display such a face." The line is in Johnson's worst and most artificial manner.
- *But will not Britain hear the last appeal?* "Although party cliques may be fickle, yet, when the people of Britain are appealed to, will not they condemn her foes and protect the zeal of her favourites?"
- *No more remonstrance rings.* As in the days of the Grand Remonstrance presented to Charles I. by the parliament of 1629.
- *Septennial ale* = ale distributed at the elections. Parliaments were now, by the Act of 1716, septennial, instead of triennial.
- P. 176. *His followers fly.* All except Thomas Cromwell. See Shakespeare's *Henry VIII.*
- *The mental lord.* • Even noblemen of high rank held offices in his household.
- *The refuge of monastic rest.* He died at Leicester Abbey.

"I am come," said he to the monks, "to lay my bones among you."

P. 177. *Villiers*. Duke of Buckingham, minister of James I. and Charles I.; assassinated by Felton in 1628, on the eve of an expedition against France.

— *Harley*. Earl of Oxford, minister of Queen Anne at the close of her reign; afterwards thrown into prison on account of his treacherous dealings with the Jacobites.

— *Wentworth*. Lord Strafford, the minister of Charles I., who, along with Laud, attempted to trample on the liberties of England by his policy of "thorough," and against whom an Act of Attainder was afterwards carried. He was executed, 1641.

— *Hyde*. Earl of Clarendon, minister of Charles II. for seven years after the Restoration. His daughter was married to the Duke of York, afterwards James II.

— *Bodley's dome*. The library at Oxford, greatly extended by Sir Thomas Bodley, one of Elizabeth's ambassadors.

— *Bacon's mansion*. The tradition of Oxford was, that the study of Roger Bacon, built over a bridge, was to fall when some one more learned than Bacon should pass under it.

— *Thy cell refrain* = keep away from thy cell.

P. 178. *Lydiat*. A theologian and mathematician of some eminence, whom his Royalist sympathies brought into poverty. He died in 1646.

— *Galileo*. Who fell under the persecution of the Inquisition for maintaining that the earth moved round the sun.

— *Rebellion's vengeful talons*. Johnson looked with no favour on the proceedings of the Long Parliament. *Laud*, Archbishop of Canterbury, executed in 1645.

— *The rapid Greek* = Alexander the Great, who endeavoured to unite Greece, and carried his conquests into the East.

— *The Danube and the Rhine*. Referring to the victories of Blenheim and Dettingen in Marlborough's wars.

— *This power has praise, &c.* = praise has such power that virtue (= courage) can scarce warm us, unless fame aid her.

— *Where wasted nations raise a single name* = where nations are wasted that one man may be famous.

— *Mortgaged states* = states burthened with a national debt.

- P. 179. *Swedish Charles* = Charles XII. of Sweden, conqueror of Europe, until, in 1709, Peter the Great scattered his army at Pultowa.
- *Condemned a needy suppliant*, &c. Charles fled to Turkey, where he employed himself in soliciting, bribing, and intriguing with the creatures of the Turkish Court.
- *His fall was destined*, &c. Charles fell at Fredoricsshall in 1718; whether by the hand of an enemy or of a traitor.
- P. 180. *Persia's tyrant* = Xerxes, whose attempt to subjugate Greece is related by Herodotus, and the resistance to whom forms the greatest chapter in Greek history.
- *Bavaria's lord* = Charles, elector of Bavaria, who claimed the Imperial crown against Maria Theresa (fair Austria).
- *The waves he lashes*. He ordered the Hellespont to be scourged for having destroyed his bridge of boats.
- *Hussar*. The light cavalry soldier of Hungary.
- P. 181. *Steals to death*. In 1715.
- P. 182. *Improve his heady rage*. Increase his head-strong rage.
- *Mould his passions, till they make his will*. Notice the pun in *will*.
- *A daughter mourns* = has some bereavement to lament.
- *Kinbred merit* = some worthy kinsman.
- P. 183. *Who set unclouded*, &c. A metaphor drawn from a sunset, seen over a foreground of sea.
- *Marlborough* outlived for eight years two paralytic strokes.
- *Swift*. During the last years of his life, Swift fell into a madness, alternately raging and gloomy.

BURKE.

- P. 192. *I do not enter into these metaphysical distinctions; I hate the very sound of them*. Burke is here resenting the foisting of metaphysics, with their abstract notions, into the domain of practical politics. For this Bentham has blamed him, as trusting to rhetoric rather than to truth; while amongst his contemporaries he appeared over-addicted to theory, just because he showed that there was philosophical grounds for rejecting abstractions.
- P. 193. *A noble lord* = Lord Carmarthen.
- P. 200. *Our Gothic ancestors*. Our ancestors were not Gothic, but Low-Dutch. Burke uses the phraseology common in his time.

- P. 201. *My honourable and learned friend* = Attorney-General Thurlow.

BURNS.

- P. 209. THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

P. 210. *Wi' angry sigh*. Sigh is a moaning sound.

— *Plough* is pronounced with a strong guttural at the end.

— *His weekly moil* = the labours and cares of the week.

— *Stacher through* = stagger through.

— *Flichterin* = fluttering.

— *Belyve, the elder bairns*. *Belyve* is Old English = soon, quick. See Chaucer (p. 6 of this book), "I run blyve."

— *Some tentie rin* : some run carefully.

— *Sair-won penny fee* = her hardly-earned wages.

P. 211. *Each tells the uncoss* = each tells the news. *Unco*, something strange, wonderful, or new.

— *Gars* (= forces) *auld claes* (= old clothes) *look amais* (= almost) *as well's* (= as well as) *the new*.

— *Wi' an eydent hand*. *Eydent* = diligent.

— *The halesome parritch* = the wholesome porridge.

— *Soup*, or *soupe* = spoonful. *Hawkie* = cow with a white face.

— *'Yont the hallan* = beyond the partition wall.

— *Chows her cood* = chews her cud.

— *Her weel-hain'd kebbuck* = her well-saved cheese.

— *Aft he's prest*. Compare Goldsmith's

"And spread his vegetable store,
And gaily press'd, and smiled."

— *How 'twas a twelvemond auld, sin' lint was i' the bill* = how it was a twelvemonth old, from the time that the flax was in the flower.

P. 212. *Ingle* = chimney-corner.

— *His lyart haffets* = the grey locks on his temples.

P. 213. *An honest man's the noblest work of God*. From Pope's 'Essay on Man.'

P. 217. TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY.

— *Amang the stoure* = among the dust. *Stoure* is used in Old English for the hurtle of buffle. "As fit for warlike stoures" (Spenser, page 8).

P. 218. *The histic stibble-field* = the dry stubble-field.

P. 219. *The man's the gowd* (= gold).

— *Wear hoddin grey* = wear grey homespun clothes.

— *Birkie* = consequential fop.

P. 220. *May bear the gree* (= the prize).

COWPER.

P. 225. These lines, perhaps the most touching for themselves and for their occasion in the language, were written by Cowper "*On the receipt of my mother's picture out of Norfolk,*" in 1790. This was just ten years before the poet's death; his mother's death, when he was six years old, had deprived him of that tender care, which he, of all others, most sorely needed.

P. 226. *The pastoral house our own*. Cowper's father was a clergyman.

P. 228. *The howling blasts drice derious*. Cowper often finds a parallel for his unhappiness in one lost at sea. Compare his poem, the *Castaway*.

— *My boast is not that I deduce my birth*, &c. To both these boasts Cowper's birth entitled him.

P. 229. *To Mary* = Mrs. Unwin (see Note on Cowper, p. 223).

SCOTT.

P. 242. *Battle of Flodden Field*. Fought in 1513, between the Scottish forces under James IV., and the English under Lord Surrey. In the battle the chief of the Scottish nobility fell, with their king; in the words of the Scottish ballad "the flowers o' the forest were a' wode away." This description is from Scott's poem of *Marmion*.

P. 258. *O for a blast of that dread horn
On Fontarabien echoes borne, &c.*

According to the 'Song of Rowland,' one of the Carolingian legends which Scott seems here to follow, Roland and Oliver fighting against the Saracens at Roncesvalles, being hard pressed and nigh to death, sound the ivory horn, the signal which, borne on the breeze, tells Charlemagne of his nephew's need of succour.

P. 261. *Nor cherish hope in vain*, &c. Legends were long current that King James survived the battle, and was either murdered or had departed on a pilgrimage.

WORDSWORTH.

- P. 262. ODE ON THE INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY. Much of the main idea which runs through this poem is suggested by the half-philosophic, half-poetic doctrine of "Reminiscence" found in Plato's writings.

BYRON.

- P. 288. *Fresh feeses* = new loved ones.
- P. 289. *The Niobe of nations*. Niobe, daughter of Tantalus, herost of her children by the vengeance of Apollo and Artemis.
- P. 290. *Eureka*. Intended to represent a Greek word meaning "I have found." The word, however, if represented in English letters at all, ought to be *Heureka*.
- — *Brutus made the dagger's edge*, &c. In the assassination of Julius Cæsar.
- — *Tully's voice, Virgil's lay, Livy's pictured page*. The representatives of Rome in oratory, in poetry, and in history.
- — *Sylla*. Lucius Cornelius Sulla (138-78 B.C.), conqueror of Mithridates, and afterwards Dictator.
- P. 291. *His day of double victory and death*, &c. On the third of September Cromwell gained the victory of Dunbar; a year afterwards (on the same day) that of Worcester, "and a few years after, on the same day, which he had ever esteemed the most fortunate for him, died."
- P. 292. *Nemesis*. Divine Vengeance, the main agent in Greek tragedy.
- — *She-wolf*. The statue of the she-wolf at Rome, often asserted to be a monument of antiquity.
- — *The great founder* = Romulus.
- — *Save one vain man*. Napoleon I.
- — *A kind of bastard Cæsar*. He claimed to be the representative of Charlemagne, or Charles the Great, the founder of the Holy Roman Empire of the West.
- P. 293. *Alcides* = Hercules, as the descendant of Alcæus.
- — *And came, and saw, and conquered*. According to the well-known phrase, "*Veni, vidi, vici*."
- P. 294. *There let him lay*. It is enough simply to point out the extraordinary solecism of which Byron is here guilty.
- — *Thy waters washed them power while they were free*. The

other reading (and there has been much dispute as to which is correct) is, "Thy waters wasted them," &c.

P. 298. *When cold obstruction's apathy.* Compare in *Measure for Measure*, "To lie in cold obstruction and to rot."

P. 299. *Thermopylae.* The scene of the immortal resistance offered by Leonidas, King of Sparta, and his three hundred, to the advance of the Persian host.

-- *Salamis.* The scene of the naval battle in which, after Athens had abandoned all for "her wooden walls," the Greeks scattered the fleet of Xerxes (480 B.C.).

KEATS.

P. 310. *The winnowing wind.* Winnowing = fanning. Compare Goldsmith (on p. 140), "To winnow fragrance round the smiling land."

P. 311. Chapman. Georg. Chapman (1557-1634), one of the earliest English translators of Homer, and himself a poet.

P. 312. Cortez, conqueror of Mexico (1485-1554).

HALLAM.

P. 316. *The Duke of Gloucester.* The son of Anna and Prince George of Denmark, who died in his eleventh year (1700).

MACAULAY.

P. 317. *Argyle.* Archibald Campbell, 9th Earl of Argyll, beheaded in the reign of James II., 30th June, 1685.

THE END.

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